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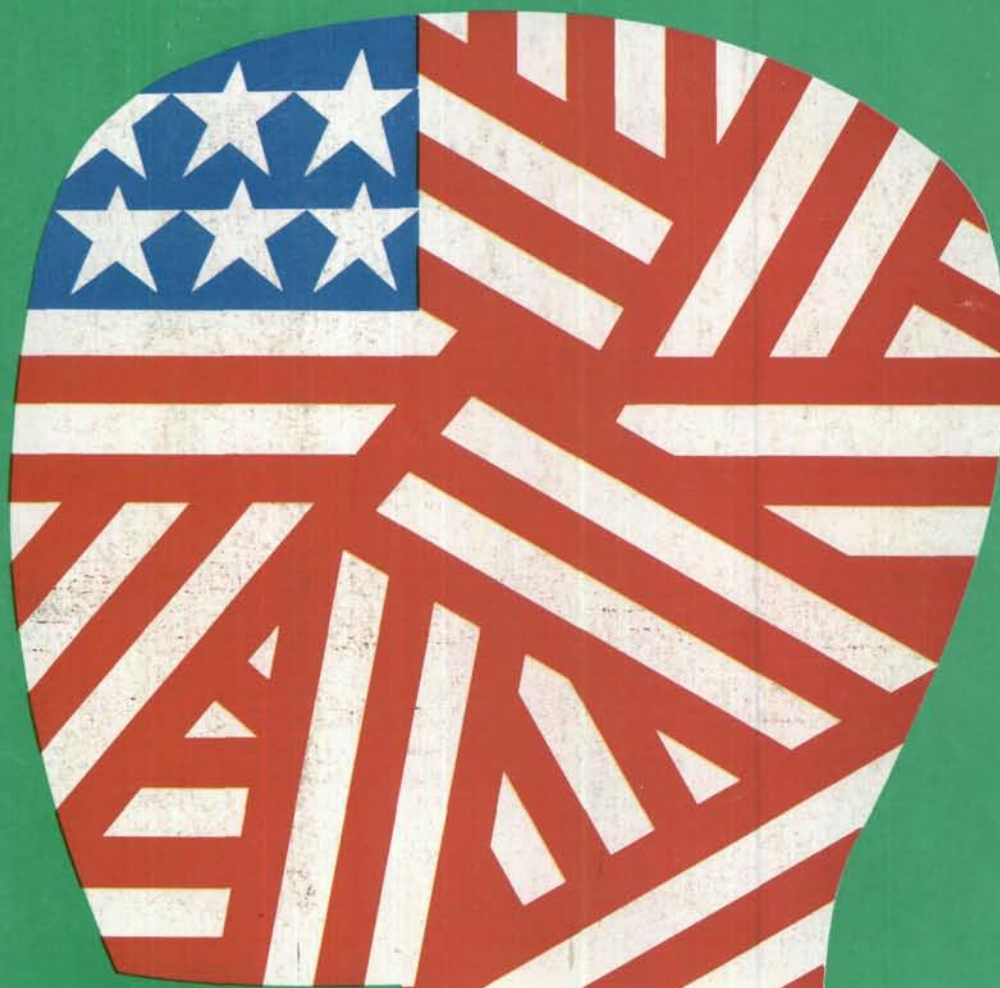
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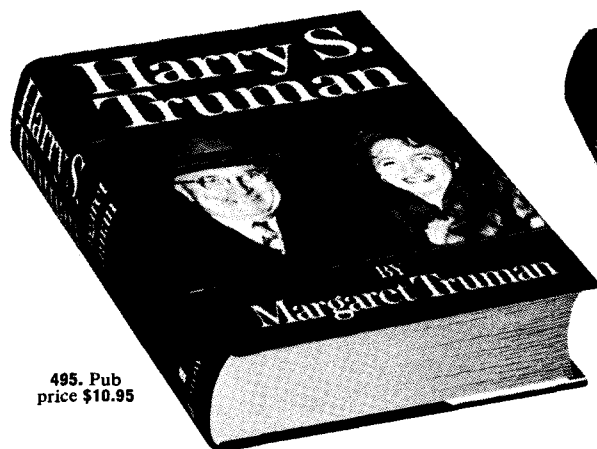
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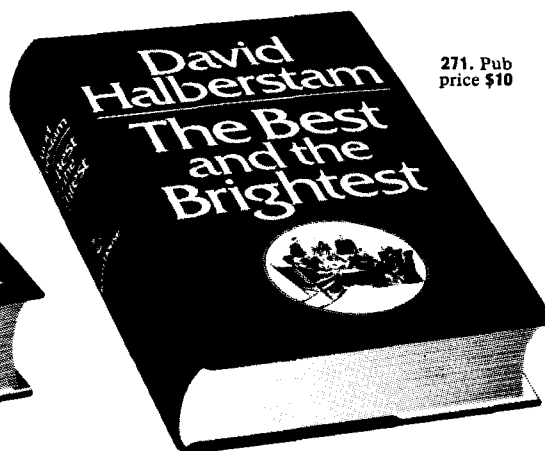
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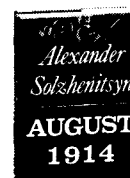


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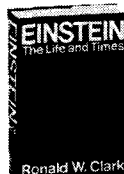
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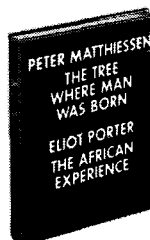
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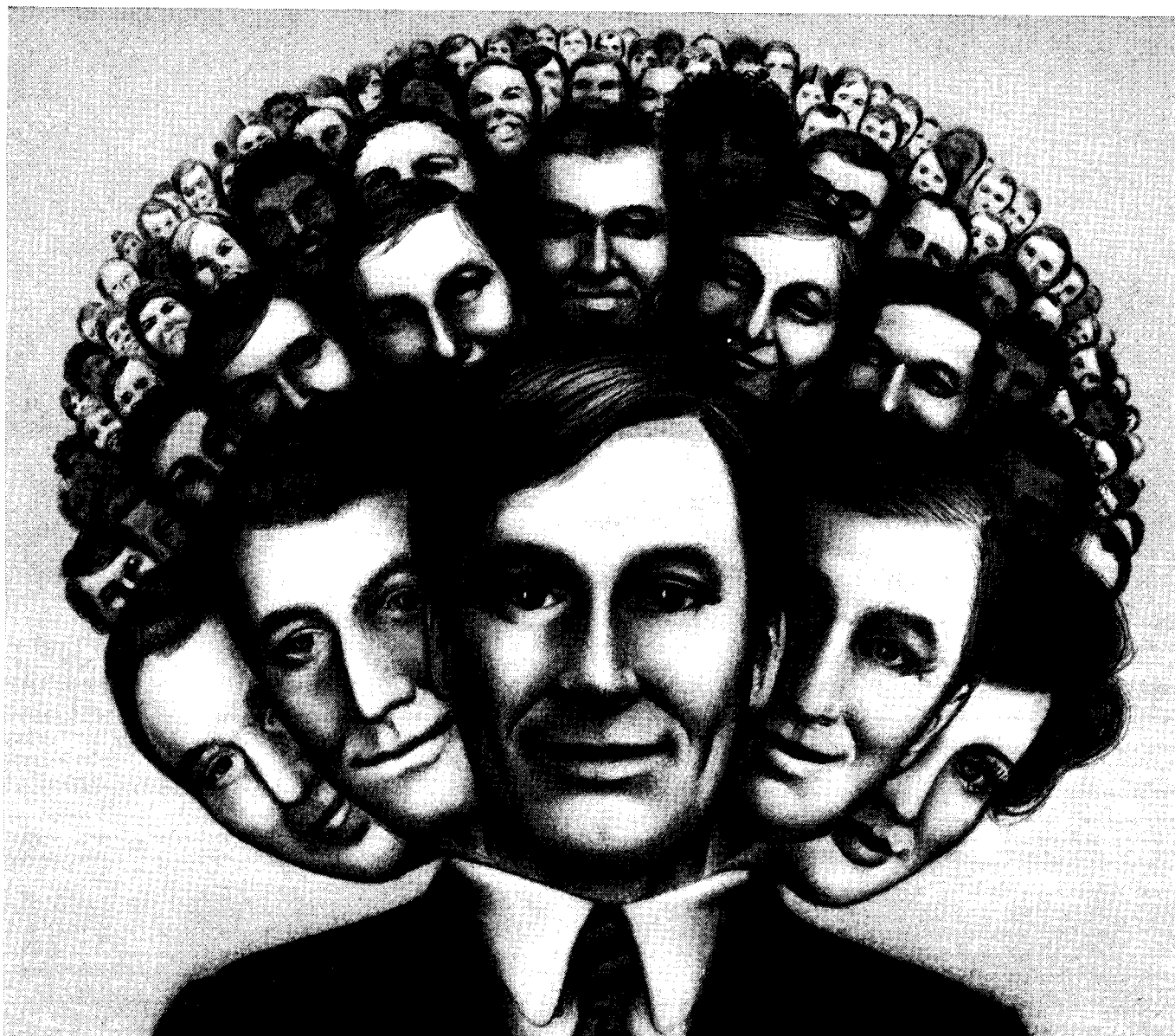
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The power of the press in America is great, but it is a diffuse, disorderly power, wielded by men of differing persuasions, talents, and motivations. It is power to inform, but also to confuse or mislead. Power to withhold information as well as to publish it. Power to strive for perfect understanding, but also to perform imperfectly, even "irresponsibly," whatever that word means in the context of free discussion. Power, as someone once defined it, to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable, but also power to ignore the afflicted and comfort the already comfortable. It is power to serve the national interest, but also to question where that interest lies and, indeed, to oppose what others deem that interest to be. When it does its job, and when it doesn't, it makes a lot of enemies.

The possessors of this power acquire it neither by divine right nor the votes of their peers. We gain it simply by becoming publishers, editors, writers, or broadcasters; by gaining access to a printing press or a narrow band of ether, a few cameras and microphones, and a transmitting tower. We make up an unchosen minority. No wonder that frequently in our history other citizens have questioned our right to publish or broadcast as we please, and that on some occasions people who possess other sorts of power have sought to bridle the press.

Journalists are as subject to fits of paranoia or self-righteousness as the next fellow, perhaps more so, but after allowing for that, many of us feel that one of those bad moments is now upon us. The power of the press is being challenged by a far more pervasive power, that of government. The challenge is real. It is mounted with zeal, with considerable insight into the shortcomings of the press, and with a formidable assault. One arm of government deploys its prosecutors in encircling movements against the First Amendment, which stipulates that the press shall be free. Other government troops, notably the Vice President and important White House advisers, attack frontally in hopes of cowing or shaming journalists or news executives into changing their ways.

With a barrage of subpoenas that have sought to force news reporters and editors to give up their long-assumed right to protect the confidentiality of sources, the Administration has won a Supreme Court decision that, unless it is dispelled by the Congress, deprives journalism of one of its most important tools. Charles Rembar, an attorney who has argued cases before the Supreme Court and written about many aspects of the First Amendment, tells in this issue of *The Atlantic* (p. 45) how this threat to the press, and to the public, has evolved and what it bodes.

The frontal assault has also made inroads. With obvious White House encouragement, the new leadership of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting has, at this writing, doomed many major public affairs programs on the nation's noncommercial TV network. Mr. Nixon's communications adviser has undertaken a campaign to undercut the power of the commercial TV networks. Vice President Agnew's public forays against the citadels of journalism always make news. Covert efforts to punish or intimidate newsmen, editors, or executives whose deeds offend are for the most part an untold story. Many Presidents have been provoked to reprisals against journalism that offends them. Beginning on page 55, David Wise, a journalist and book author with twenty-five years of experience among the Hounds of Gutenberg, tells about some recent cases.

As the two articles show, there's a war on of sorts. In such a contest between the government's right to invoke secrecy and manipulate the news and the public's right to get the facts, the government holds the high cards. It can withhold. It can emit partial truths. It can command front pages and prime TV time almost at will. It can do all that without even bothering to lie, though it does that too. And now it can put journalists in jail for doing their jobs. What does the silent majority have to say about that?

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

Governing, no matter who does it, is always in some part philosophy and in some part exigency, and it is never very easy to assign precise percentages to each component. Presidents, aided by enthusiastic assistants, are usually anxious to offer the public a lofty philosophical framework for their actions, which may in fact be based on a combination of philosophy, politics, payoff, or panic. The Nixon Administration has worked especially hard to assign a conceptual framework to the actions which it takes, and the strain has sometimes showed. Now that it has gone through the early-in-the-term rituals of delivering formal messages on what the President believed was best for his country and what he proposed to do about it, the philosophy and exigency are a bit easier to sort out, and the consequences clearer.

As it happens, his philosophical themes are to be taken seriously, all the more so since they happen to coincide with pragmatic realities of a political strategy, a satisfying electoral victory, and a tight budget. All of these things combined to liberate the President and his aides to do many things that they had wanted to do all along—kill some programs, abolish some agencies, fire some officials—without fear of the consequences in the Congress or the editorial pages of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. It was clear from conversations with some officials at the outset of the first term that the Nixon Adminis-

tration took a dim view of many Great Society ventures, especially the poverty and model cities programs. They would have liked to fire, as they recently did, the long-time head of the Social Security Administration, who had the misfortune of being what has become known as an HOD (Held-Over Democrat). The question for the first Nixon Administration was whether these actions would be worth the hassles with the Congress and the press.

“We beat the bastards”

The Nixon Administration of the first term, narrowly elected and new to Washington, was in fact, according to some of its members, more than a little intimidated by the politicians and journalists who do so much to determine Washington's mood. But in time it learned to give as good as it got. Earlier this year, a spokesman was explaining why the Administration could now do some things it had not done before. “We beat the bastards,” he said. Another put it in slightly more polite terms: “The President ran on a platform of no new taxes and no inflation. He got a 61 percent response. He has every right in the world to say that what he is now proposing is the will of the people.”

Actually the President—except for the brief moment during which Daniel Patrick Moynihan convinced him that he was Disraeli, a Tory capable of important reform, and should support a broad income maintenance scheme—has held to a fairly steady domestic course. He

has let it be known again and again that he sought to reduce the size of the government and the amounts of money the government spends, and to return many decisions about the arrangement of domestic priorities back to state and local governments. His more aggressive espousal of these positions at the beginning of his second term represented the intersection of the upward curve in the courage of his convictions with some practical realities.

It also represented the fundamental Nixonian view of political leadership. Characteristically, he dressed up this view in a philosophical speech, delivered over radio last October 21, during the presidential campaign. “The truth is,” said the President, “that a great many people in politics and elsewhere believe that the people just do not know what's good for them. Putting it bluntly, they have more faith in government than they have in people. They believe that the only way to achieve what they consider social justice is to place power in the hands of a strong central government which will do what they think has to be done, no matter what the majority thinks. To them, the will of the people is the ‘prejudice of the masses.’ They deride anyone who wants to respond to that will of the people as ‘pandering to the crowd.’ A decent respect for the practice of majority rule is automatically denounced as ‘political expediency.’ I totally reject this philosophy.”

There were times, he recognized, when a President had to lead, to go against what appears to be the pre-

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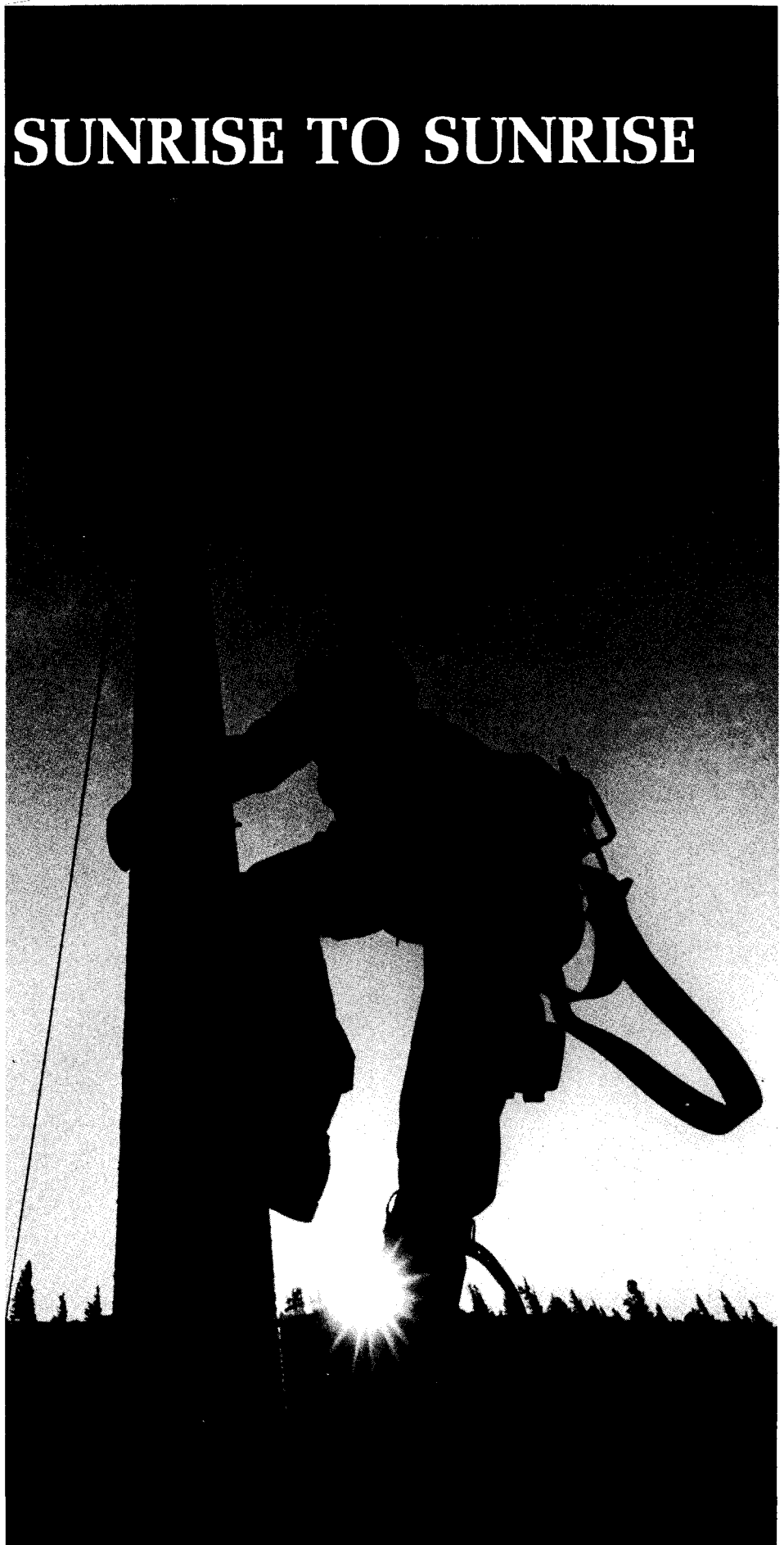
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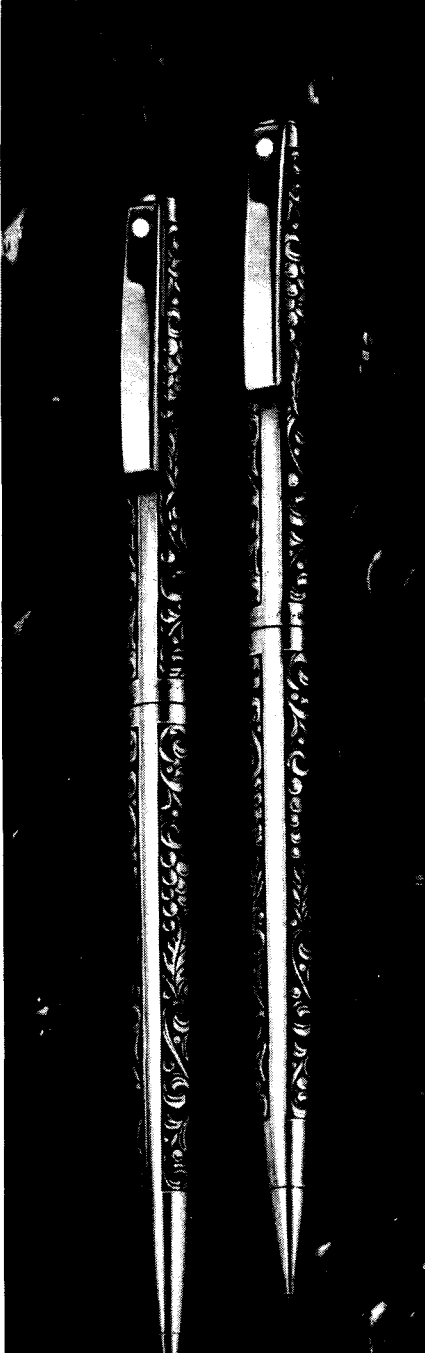
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WASHINGTON

vailing public opinion. The President pointed out that on November 3, 1969, he had gone on television to summon support for his Vietnam policy. And, he recalled, "the great silent majority" of Americans responded to "a call to responsibility, to honor, and to sacrifice." "That is why," he said, "I cannot ally myself with those who habitually scorn the will of the majority, who treat a mature people as children to be ordered about."

There is more than one apparent paradox here. In a post-election interview, the President said: "The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. He is going to do something. If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled, and eventually a very weak individual."

And, as the President tells it, the summons to support his Vietnam policy may not have been quite so courageous. The support for his policy, as he says, was there to be evoked. "Public opinion," whatever that is and however it is to be determined, is likely to be with a President, at least at first, after a major appeal to the nation. That is what makes the office so powerful, and frightening. Moreover, it takes two to tangle, and it might be recalled that key congressional opponents of the President's war policy eschewed taking him on just after the November, 1969, speech, for fear the President had indeed persuaded the people. This fear then became self-fulfilling. Many war opponents looked back at late 1969 as the time when the President gained control over the war issue and established a policy he was to pursue for four years.

In a conversation shortly after the 1972 election, a presidential assistant made it clear that Mr. Nixon sees a distinction between the necessity of exercising leadership in foreign policy and in domestic policy. In domestic policy, "the will of the people" is to be followed. "Does this mean," the President asked in his October 21 speech, "that a Presi-

dent should read all the public opinion polls before he acts, and then follow the opinion of the majority down the line? Of course not."

"This Administration," said a departing and on the whole loyal official a few weeks ago, "is run by the goddamn opinion polls." The exact role of the opinion polls in the President's decision-making—and their role in his decision-making as distinct from that of any other politician's—notwithstanding, the President's October speech was a remarkable statement of majoritarian politics.

An important subtheme in that same speech was what the President's assistant later described as the President's personal concern about the excessive national influence of "elitists." The anti-elitist theme connects the Administration's battles on several fronts: "elitists" had opposed the President while he was trying to negotiate an "honorable settlement" of the war; "elitists" dominate the media; "elitists" run foundations, favor busing (except for their own children), and *they like federal programs*. "The condescending policies of paternalism" which the President decried in his inaugural address this year, said the assistant, are elitism carried into government. The anti-elitist theme is consonant with the Administration's attempt to construct a "New American Majority," including the Wallace vote. Anti-elitism was not and would not be transfigured into anti-intellectualism, the aide explained, because some intellectuals were anti-elitist too. How then, I asked, do you decide who is an "elitist"? He replied, "Does he tell you what he wants you to do, or what you want to do?"

The lineage of the October 21 speech can be traced back to a paper drafted early in the Administration by presidential assistant William Safire and said to have the concurrence of the President. Safire affixed the name "Publius" to the paper, and it found its way into the hands of Washington journalists. "Publius" attempted to define the interconnection between morality and leadership as seen by those who at that point were being called the "New Federalists." "In a proudly diverse, pluralistic society," he

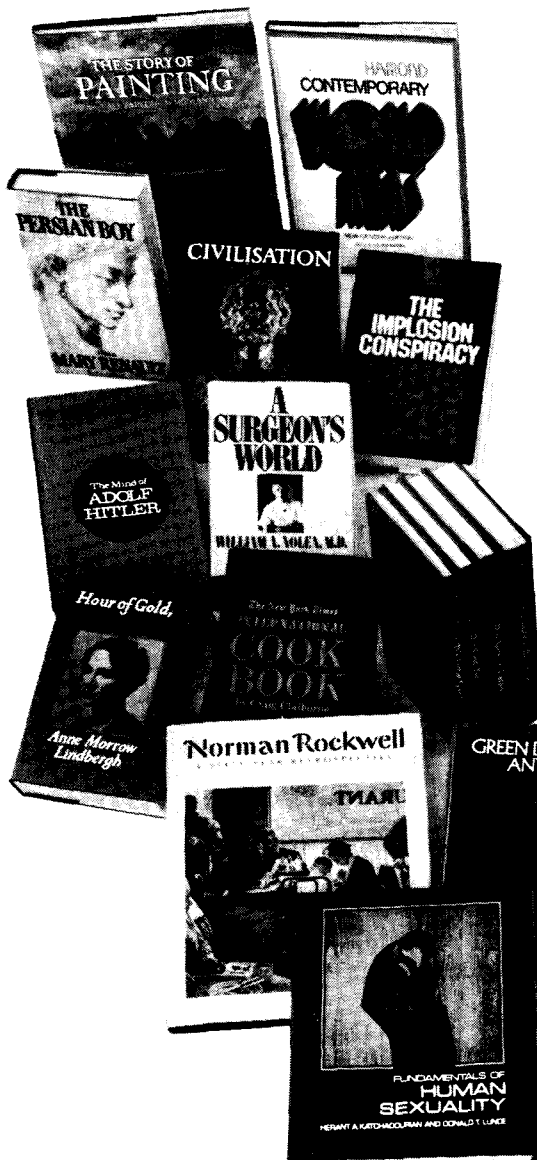
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WASHINGTON

wrote, "what is 'in good conscience' in one place may be in bad conscience somewhere else. 'Good' men differ on marijuana, segregation, and the conflict of rights between free press and fair trial; what determines a 'national' conscience? To the New Federalists, morality in a nation is determined not by government policy, church decree, or social leadership—what is moral is what most people who think about morality at all think is moral at a given time."

And the lineage of majoritarian politics can be traced forward, to the President's inaugural address this year, to the budget message in which the President's program is made explicit.

Chicken and egg

On a Friday afternoon in January, reporters in Washington went through the annual ritual of receiving the brown shopping bags which contain the documents laying out the new budget, and on the following day, a gloomy, rainy Saturday, they made the rounds of the government offices where officials conduct briefings on the details of the documents. The budget is where ideology must be reduced to specific numbers and proposals. "Two years ago," the President said in the budget message, "I spoke of the need for a new American Revolution to return power to people and put the individual *self* back in the idea of *self*-government. The 1974 budget moves us firmly toward that goal." It points the direction, his aides say, in which he intends to go over the next four years.

But one can impute to such documents more philosophy than is there. They are also the result of bureaucratic infighting, of last-minute decisions, of unresolved disputes, and of stark realities. This one, for all of its ideological overlay, was no exception. One can get conflicting chicken-versus-egg versions of the relative importance of reality or theology in this year's budget. "I'll tell you what they've been doing," said an Administration man who was involved on behalf of one of the agencies in the proce-

dures by which the budget was designed. "They tried to take that \$250-billion budget ceiling which the President tried to get through the Congress last session and make cuts to hold to it. After that, making the new budget was easier. They came at the fiscal 1974 budget through the 1972 budget. They are not so much trying to cut down programs they ideologically don't want or jack up programs they ideologically want as to balance the budget. *That's* the ideology. To the extent that ideology plays a role beyond that, it's a minor theme. The ideology was more fiscal than programmatic. The self-reliance theme was not that important."

By several accounts, the budget makers fought the Pentagon as well as the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in seeking to hold the budget down. But outgoing Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was the better bureaucrat, shrewder at dealing with the Office of Management and Budget, more resourceful at putting the budget cutters on the defensive. He could cite to them—and they knew that the military could cite to congressional allies and to the public—the growing Soviet strategic "threat."

Whether or not there is an increased "threat" is debatable, but in terms of the budget-making process, that is not entirely the question. The question is also whether policy makers want to appear to be in the position of not taking the possible threat seriously enough. Thus, the military budget has risen again. It is true, as Administration officials say, that much of this can be ascribed to inflation, and to the steep rise in the cost of military pay. But there are also substantial outlays for new weapons. The military budget does not reflect a post-cold-war, post-domino-theory world. It can and will be argued, of course, that the only way to have such a world is to be prepared for its alternative, for nuclear war with the Soviet Union and for deterrence against aggression with conventional forces. Yet former managers as well as students of the defense budget estimate that even without radical surgery another \$10 billion could be saved there.

Since, as an Administration man put it, social programs are "soft,"

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Storm on the Sun In Einstein's famous equivalence of mass and energy, $E = m C^2$, the C^2 turns out to be a very large number (186,000 mi/sec $\times$ 186,000 mi/sec). This means that the destruction of a very small amount of matter yields a very large amount of energy. The immensely destructive forces released by a small hydrogen bomb are dramatic evidence of this fact.

We can begin to appreciate the staggering amount of energy put forth by our sun when we realize that every second the sun converts 5 million tons of mass into energy and radiates it out into space. Light, heat, X-rays—in fact, the entire electromagnetic spectrum—stream forth from this hydrogen-fueled holocaust. In addition, subatomic particles such as protons and electrons are hurled into space carrying with them magnetic fields. This plasma, called the solar wind, blows through the solar system forming a kind of interplanetary weather.

Our own spacecraft earth courses through the solar wind much like a ship plowing through the sea. At its prow, the belts of radiation trapped by earth's magnetic field (the Van Allen belts) are buffeted then flattened by the solar wind and a bow shock wave is formed. Behind, an electromagnetic wake trails out for thousands of earth radii (see Figure 1).

Ordinarily the speed of the solar wind is relatively steady. Sometimes, however, a storm erupts on the sun, and the wind is whipped to hurricane proportions. When this occurs, the earth experiences the assault of a full-blown magnetic storm.

On August 2, 1972, an enormous storm, the largest ever measured in space, suddenly erupted on the sun. Flares leaped hundreds of thousands of miles above the solar surface, and huge discharges of plasma hurtled into space. As the storm slashed out through the solar system, NASA's Pioneer 9 satellite was in orbit between the earth and the sun; Pioneer 10, on its way to Jupiter, was traveling through the asteroid belt. The alignment of the two spacecraft had been anticipated by Pioneer engineers and scientists as an important opportunity to evaluate the normal flow of solar radiation. The giant storm was an unexpected bonus.

Pioneer 9 clocked the gust of solar wind at 2¼ million miles per hour. By the time it struck Pioneer 10, 76 hours later, the wind had slowed to around 1 million miles per hour. Interestingly, its temperature had shot up to nearly

2 million degrees, and the interplanetary magnetic field was 100 times its normal strength. The effects are suggestive of the magnetic "pinch" that scientists seek to control fusion reactions.

After settling down, the sun erupted again on August 7. During this storm NASA's Pioneer 6 satellite counted the greatest number of high energy particles ever seen, over 4,000 times more than normal. In a one hour period, the storm produced energy equal to the U.S. electrical power consumption for 100 million years. As an aside in parting, it warped the earth's magnetic field so severely that power and communication blackouts occurred in Canada, the northern U.S., Sweden and Alaska.

The data collected by these TRW-built satellites during the solar storms of early August are now being evaluated to determine their effect on current theories of the space environment, the earth's atmosphere, and other aspects of space physics. The information is expected to increase our understanding not only of our own star, the sun, but of other stars in the universe as well.

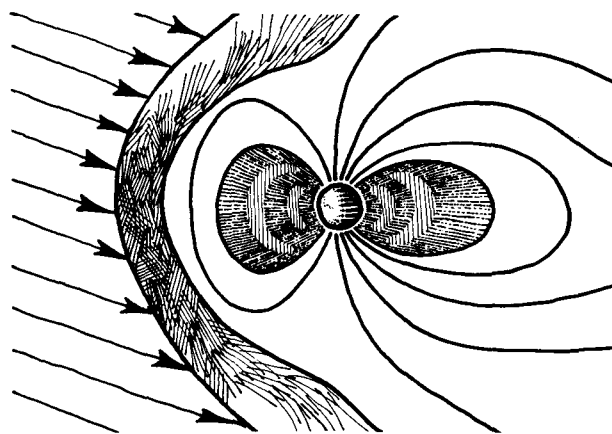


FIGURE 1. THE EARTH IN THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE

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WASHINGTON

not "hard," like the Trident submarine, it is easier for budget makers to cut a program than a weapon, and harder for officials in the respective agencies to defend a program than a weapon. There was a time, back in the Johnson Administration, when it was believed that a government-wide Planning-Programming-Budgeting System could serve up to the policy makers sufficient information about the relative payoffs from various government investments. At the beginning of the Nixon Administration, there was talk about establishing a system by which military and domestic claims could compete. But in fact there still is no structure within the government for balancing off competing claims.

Moreover, as one man at HEW put it, "The budget always reflects political realities. We say, 'That's Dan Flood's favorite program. [Congressman Flood, Democrat of Pennsylvania, is chairman of HEW's appropriations subcommittee.] It's lousy. Let's keep it.' And there are too many programs to choose from to make good choices. A bureaucrat way down in the budget bureau gets involved in a health program and says 'It stinks,' and that becomes policy." Moreover, though they have tried, HEW officials under both the Democrats and Republicans have failed to develop the necessary information for making rational decisions about the relative success or failure of their programs. "We spend many millions on data that produces fifty cents' worth to the policy makers," said one HEW official. "It's a body without a brain." In the debate over whether or not federal programs "work," the truth of the matter is that in most instances nobody really knows.

Another characteristic of the debate over federal programs is that the anecdotal syndrome works both ways. Just as some programs were begun on the basis of a kind of enthusiastic response to isolated success stories, case stories of bad/dumb/scandal-tinged projects will be used in the attempt to end some programs.

Up against a budget ceiling, hard put to defend their expenditures, es-



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL
CASEWORKER REPORT

TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SYLVA

AGE: 4½ YEARS

NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE. SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: BLIND,

ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.

MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT, HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS UNCLE.)

HOME CONDITIONS:
HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.



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These Projects help children of widowed or impoverished parents, and children from broken homes remain with their families. Under the guidance of a trained caseworker, CCF youngsters receive supplementary food and clothing, medical care, school books, family guidance and a variety of special services.

And of course, Marta is only one example of thousands of youngsters

around the world who desperately need your assistance. Could you turn away such a child, and still sleep at night?

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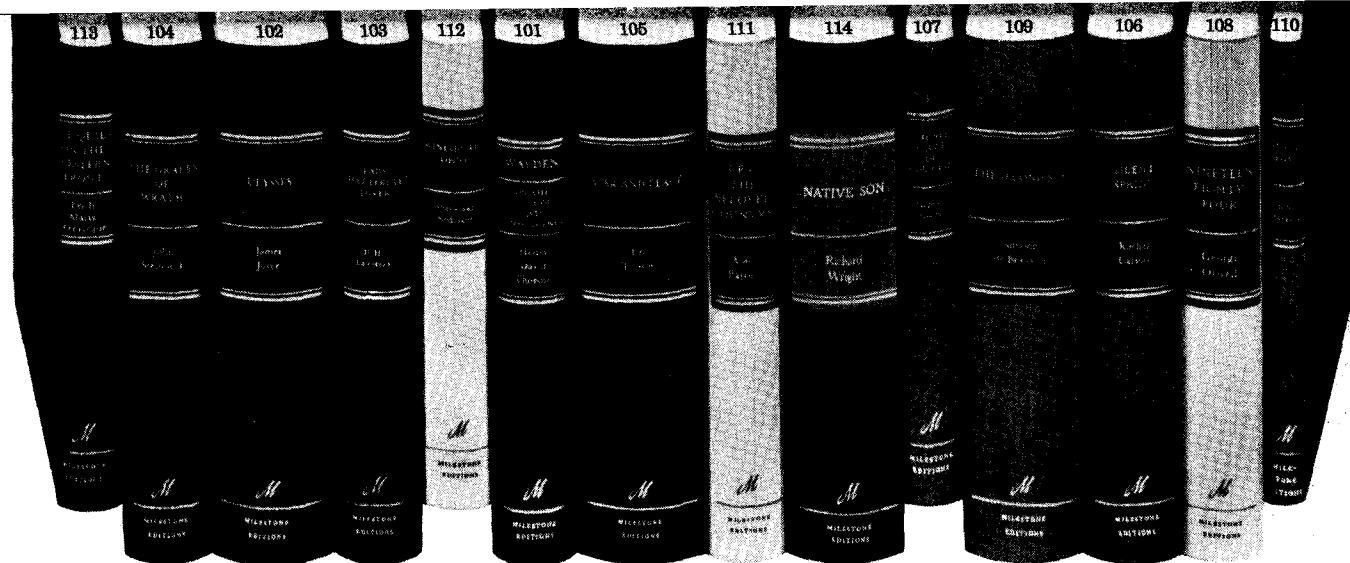
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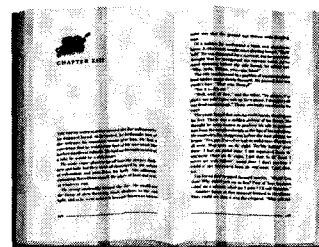
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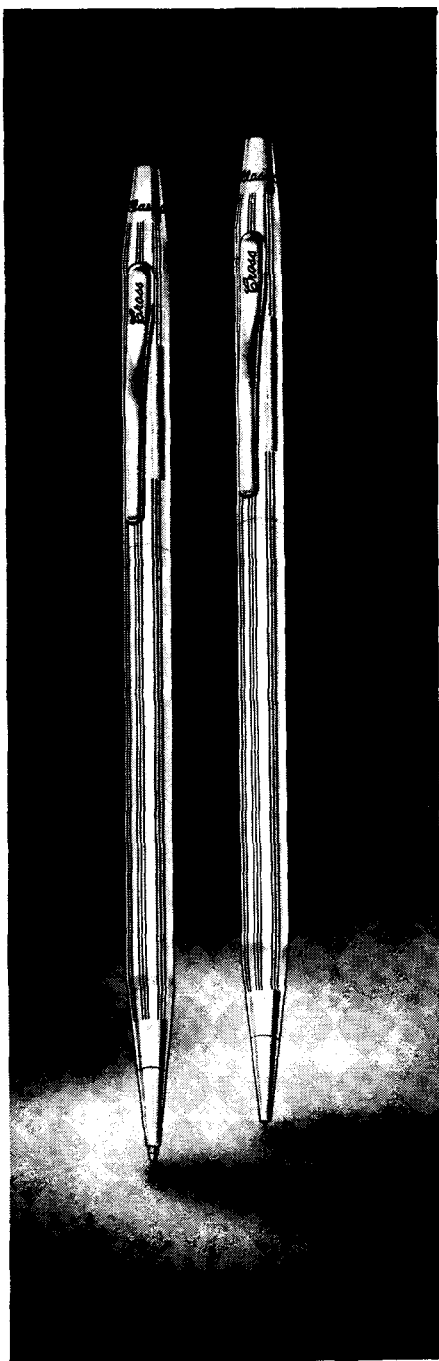
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WASHINGTON

entially, according to various accounts, excluded from White House deliberations in December when key decisions were being made, serving clients without political force in the Nixon Administration, facing a predisposition against social programs on the part of the President and his top assistants, HEW fared poorly in the scramble for scarce federal dollars. Moreover, because of the lack of communication and then last-minute squabbles, the HEW budget is, as one official put it, "jerry-built" in spite of the philosophical draping given it by the Administration.

It also reflects some political realities. Despite cutbacks in spending for health, for example, cancer and heart disease are still singled out as worthy of presidential priority. This can be attributed to the President's instinct for issues with which he believes it is good to be identified, and also to the influence of Elmer Bobst, honorary chairman of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company and the President's "honorary godfather"; of Mary Lasker, the durable, bipartisan, wealthy espouser of these health causes; and of Benno Schmidt, managing partner of J. H. Whitney and Company and, like Mr. Bobst, a Lasker ally. There is to be a new national program dealing with hypertension, also a reflection of Mrs. Lasker's determination and access to power. As in the Democratic administrations, doors are open to her at both HEW and the White House. [See the author's "The Health Syndicate," *The Atlantic*, December, 1967—Ed.]

A general attempt was made throughout the budget to fold several "categorical" programs into a "special revenue sharing" fund, to be spent for an overall purpose, such as community development, crime control, job training, or education. But an exception was to be made in the case of education. HEW officials convinced the White House that the abolition of the basic concept of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, of focusing aid on poor children, would be too controversial. Therefore, in the special revenue sharing for education, what officials refer to as "the disadvantaged component"

is to be maintained. When the budget was released in February, they could not explain, because they had not yet figured out, just how this was to be done. The amount that would be required to be spent on the "disadvantaged" would, however, be reduced. Despite the tight budget, there will be a new program of tax credits for private-school tuition, fulfilling a pledge to the "new majority."

The Nixon approach

The cacophony of objections raised by the overall budget-cutting tended to blur distinctions. There are some budget cuts which earlier administrations tried, but failed, to get through the Congress. The only difference was that the Nixon Administration had the courage to try to cut deeper into such politically popular programs as agricultural subsidies, the Rural Electrification Act's low-cost loans, veterans' pensions, and the Army Corps of Engineers' public works projects. It ventured to raise the grazing fees which ranchers must pay for the use of public lands. Like several Presidents before him, Mr. Nixon is attempting to end a program which gives extra school aid to areas which also have the good fortune to contain government projects.

The Administration is not alone in thinking that it is time to end the twenty-six-year-old Hill-Burton hospital construction program, which builds new hospitals mainly where they are not needed. Few tears came to the eyes—even of former Democratic officials—over the proposal to end the Regional Medical Program of 1965, another project inspired by Mrs. Lasker and her allies to "bring the latest in medical discoveries to the bedside." While the purpose seemed unexceptionable, the methods by which this was to happen were never very clear, and the program became bogged down in local health politics. Even several of the Democrats who conceived them, it must be remembered, have agreed that there are too many federal programs. They too were searching for ways to combine them. They too had the idea of "spinning off" poverty program activities to the various agencies, as the Nixon Administration proposes. But now these activities face an

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uncertain future, and the Community Action Program, highly symbolic and productive of new political leadership for the poor, is scheduled for extinction.

The gutting of the Great Society was not so extensive as indicated by either the President's rhetoric or the collective outcries by defenders of particular programs. Nor, in fact, was overall spending for social purposes reduced. One suspects that the President anticipated the noise and even invited it in order to discount and discredit it. "It only goes to show," said one of his aides during the early uproar over the budget, "the long arm of the bureaucracy." Budgets are also battle plans. If members of Congress should choose to line up against the Administration as spenders, taxers, or "paternalists," that would be their problem.

But the inconsistencies, exceptions, and rhetorical postures notwithstanding, there is a philosophy in the Nixon program, one with profound political and economic implications. The defense budget and the tax code were not attacked with the same vigor as were the domestic programs. The poor, and to an even greater degree the near-poor, were the hardest hit. The Nixon approach would alter fundamentally not just the methods by which the federal government operates but also its purposes. In his budget message, the President says that "most of these programs simply did not do the job." That is one issue. The other issue is whether the job is to be done at all. Most of the programs were begun on the premise that there were some national purposes. By various means, more equity was to be created among people who had different incomes and lived in different areas. This is what the debates over the federal role, during the last twenty years, were all about.

The provision of several services designed to offer more equity is to be phased out or turned over to state and local governments, at varying rates of speed. There are still a number of questions. The brakes were slammed on subsidized housing programs without any indication of what, if anything, was to take their place. The housing programs were often poorly managed,

prone to scandal, expensive, and, perhaps more to the point, enmeshed in racial politics over where they were to be placed. But they were providing housing for the poor and near-poor. Job training programs are being reduced and turned over to the states, which have tended, in job programs over which they already had discretion, not to favor those most in need.

While Elliot Richardson was still Secretary of HEW, his department had been working on an alternative to the programmatic approach of the Great Society. The basic idea was to turn over, to the maximum extent possible, the provision of services—health, education, rat control, or what have you—to the states or to private entities. If necessary, there would be federal help to instigate the supply of services. But central to the plan was the notion that people would be provided with more income with which to purchase these services. "You have to assume," said one of the plan's designers, "that equal access to certain kinds of services is a social goal. One aim of government can be to make individuals as independent as possible. One of the first things you conclude is that the basic barrier to independence is poverty." The purpose of the exercise was to provide a more rational framework for what was to be done at whatever levels of government. The plan might not have cost less, or even reduced the number of federal bureaucrats. The White House was not interested.

The Nixon budget in effect moves toward the phasing out of services, without substituting the income with which to acquire them. The concept of national purposes has been sharply diluted. Decisions over whether to provide these services, for whom to provide them, and how to pay for them will be returned to state and local governments. The various interest and economic groups will have to fight it out over how the combined federal and local resources are to be spent.

When the President says that as far as domestic questions are concerned he is for the work ethic, fewer handouts, smaller government, less federal intervention—however he phrases it—he is to be believed. Though he may not be a decentralizer when centralization

suits him, decentralization of government is clearly the preferred course. When he and his aides say that this year's proposals point the direction of the next four years, they are to be taken at their word. But they may have taken on more fights than they can win. Events can change the best-laid presidential plans. Public opinion can snap around against a President, even when he appears to be riding high. After all, the mandate which the President sees in his reelection victory was not reflected in the results of the 1972 congressional elections.

—ELIZABETH DREW

WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

Disasters come and disasters go, often buried under the glut of other news. Airplane crashes, train accidents, epidemics, and floods, while perhaps the focus of consistent government concern, fade quickly from the public consciousness. They are in the headlines for a while but soon become footnotes to current history, the continuing pre-occupations only of those with a special regional, academic, economic, or personal interest. If the cause is discovered—say, for a plane crash—word of it is likely to be buried deep inside the newspaper or to be given only scant attention at the tail end of a television news broadcast. If a disaster area continues to have grave long-range needs, or if its recovery falters, features on the subject are regarded, by both editors and readers, as less compelling reading or viewing than the latest developments in news areas.

Attention has faded from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, which had a brief—and rare—bit of fame last summer after being devastated by Hurricane Agnes. Federal and state officials have measured, however, and declared that the impact of the flood on the Wyoming Valley, an area about ten miles long and four miles wide straddling the Susquehanna River, amounts to the worst natural disaster in American history.

Some 70 percent of the damage done to Pennsylvania, estimated in billions of dollars, was focused in its northeastern corner. In Luzerne

County alone, of which Wilkes-Barre is the county seat, at least 25,000 dwelling units were affected, displacing more than 72,000 of the county's 342,301 residents and profoundly disrupting the lives of almost all the others. About 28 percent of the victims were over fifty-five years old. Many of the area's new industries, recruited during the late 1950s and early 1960s to fill the economic void left by the decline and depletion of anthracite coal mining, were wiped out.

Viewed in historical perspective, this disaster should not have come as a great surprise. The Wyoming Valley is on the Susquehanna's flood plain. The same factors that made it attractive as the home of American Indians, that made it worth a war between the colonial governments of Connecticut and Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century, that made it the site of a great boom in the mid-nineteenth century and a prosperous haven for immigrants living off the hard-coal mines at the turn of the twentieth, make it vulnerable to the whims of nature. The valley is smack in the path to the sea of the water that flows from the mountains of upstate New York, a zigzag path that cuts southwest to Harrisburg and then sharply southeast across northern Maryland.

Every spring, as the thaw comes to the upper Susquehanna watershed, the river swells and quickens, and the scrawny islands under the Market Street bridge and the North Street bridge in Wilkes-Barre disappear for weeks until the normal lazy flow resumes. It has often overflowed its banks, cresting in 1865 at 33.1 feet above its normal depth, in 1893 at 28.7 feet, in 1901 at 27 feet, in 1902 at 31.4 feet, and in 1936 at 33.1 feet. Those were floods all right, the topics of local legends and family anecdotes, serious setbacks but not disasters.

In June of 1972, after a seemingly endless thaw and unrelenting rains, the Susquehanna rose to 40.6 feet before it began to recede. According to scientific studies—or is it really only regional folklore?—fifty-year floods, seventy-year floods, and one-hundred-year floods punctuate the river's history. But this, it is explained, was a four-hundred-and-fifty-year flood, a bizarre occurrence that could not have been predicted,

prevented, or controlled, surely not with the sandbags that volunteers futilely packed on top of the thirty-eight-foot dikes in the last desperate hours.

Nothing to show

Carl and Janet Fluegel were awakened at 4:30 A.M. on June 23, in their five-year-old home on South Gates Avenue in Kingston, just across the Susquehanna from Wilkes-Barre, with the warning that the river was rising and that the bridge to Wilkes-Barre, and to the interstate highway that would take them to their daughter's home in Binghamton, New York, would be closed at 6 A.M. They would go there, instead of to his sister's funeral in Reading, as they had planned. "All we did was grab" important papers and a few clothes, they recall, assuming at the time that "we'll be back tomorrow."

When they did return several days later, only the bird-feeder, tool shed, carport, and clothesline in their backyard were intact. The water had completely engulfed their

little house and wrenched it off its foundation. About all that could be saved was a dust mop and Mrs. Fluegel's vintage sewing machine, a happy circumstance since she is a seamstress. On August 16, they came back again to watch the Army Corps of Engineers carry out the kitchen and bathroom fixtures ("You just know they are going to take them somewhere and sell them") and then demolish the house. Subsequently, when workmen came to clean out the still flooded basement, the few bottles of liquor that were there—thought to be drinkable because they were sealed—were stolen. In early November, the Fluegels made the final payment on their mortgage, despite having nothing to show for it except pictures.

The Fluegels have been back on their lot since the Labor Day weekend, but now live in a meager mobile home deposited there by the Department of Housing and Urban Development. It leaks, and on one twenty-degree night the heat conked out.

"At first you think, 'How are you

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WILKES-BARRE

ever going to stand this?" Mrs. Fluegel says. "But you get used to it. . . . You kind of get used to anything when you have to." In December, public officials warned against using flammable Christmas decorations, but, she said with a brittle smile, "you can still make it look like Christmas with a few little greens." And it is a relief to the Fluegels that whereas they were almost alone on their block when they first returned, eight families of the original forty have now come back.

Although Mr. Fluegel will retire soon from his job with a super-market chain, they cannot plan their new future until some of the political and bureaucratic decisions well beyond their control have been made: whether they will be relieved of paying their property tax, whether their street will be included in urban renewal, whether one government agency or another will compensate them for the pre-flood value of their losses. They are talk-

ing about retirement communities in the South. But it is hard to pick up and leave the only hometown you have ever known. Many who have left since the flood are already on long waiting lists to come back as soon as new housing is available.

"Rebuild we will"

Wilkes-Barre, as the saying goes, is the sort of place that people "come from." Its relative isolation, geographically (Scranton, fifteen miles away, is "out of town") and culturally, has kept the community from changing dramatically in the mid-twentieth century. The unemployment rate has declined largely because so many of the unemployed have moved away. The drive to New York City and Philadelphia has been shortened by new super-highways, but both cities remain intriguingly foreign to the average family. The crime rate remains one of the lowest in the nation, the drug problem has only just arrived, and even inflation has hit with a weaker punch than in most other places.

As the communal inferiority complex grew and the population shrank in recent years, those who had left found it increasingly difficult to come back. Only if one were well established elsewhere could the parochialism and prejudices be sufficiently overlooked to make a brief visit comfortable.

Coming home now, after the flood, is rather like attending a wake, sad because of the tragedy yet social because of a supportive familiarity. Those who have suffered have a need to tell their personal stories and to exhibit their losses. Some of the tales are pathetic—one man climbed into a tree and refused to come down for more than twenty-four hours—and others poignant—one county judge, a grassroots ethnic politician, was arrested by the military police for violating the curfew and then stoned by his neighbors when he came up with a deluxe mobile home before anyone else. Picture books and special newspaper editions chronicling the flood are best sellers.

On Public Square, the monument to John Wilkes and Isaac Barre (English parliamentarians of the Revolutionary War era who supported the colonies' cause), erected

by the DAR in 1913, is firmly in place on the spot where Fort Wilkes-Barre stood in 1778. But the bandstand where Salvation Army musicians used to entertain checkers players on Saturday afternoons has been replaced by an oversized trailer that houses the well-promoted President's Office of Consumer Affairs.

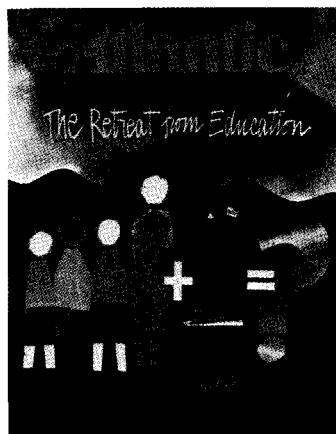
Fowler, Dick & Walker, "The Boston Store" (always a mysterious tie with the outside world), is back in business and booming on South Main Street. Beneath the charming 1920s facades of other buildings, however, what used to be sweet shops, paint stores, and restaurants have become dark caverns caked with dry mud. The windows of some former department stores carry signs announcing that service charges have been suspended, but imploring customers to pay their delinquent bills.

The Spa, which has swans engraved on its expansive mirrors and was a favorite headquarters for childhood birthday parties, is open again, but only pending a Redevelopment Authority decision on whether the building will be torn down. Meanwhile, a sixty-cent chocolate, marshmallow, and peanut sundae at the Spa is still one of the world's best.

The Forty Fort cemetery, where the high school band marched in heavy woolen uniforms every Memorial Day playing John Philip Sousa marches, is now off limits. Even after all of the bodies exhumed by the Susquehanna when it broke through the dike on its west bank have been identified and reburied, it will take months to put the cemetery back into shape.

Neighborhoods, the most basic unit of community identification and organization in Wilkes-Barre and the surrounding boroughs, may never be reconstructed. A visitor returning to his boyhood home finds it a shambles and learns that most of the old neighbors sold their gutted houses at a fraction of their former value to real estate speculators in the first few months after the flood. Other houses have been left to stand as is and may stay that way, without occupants, for years.

Riverside Drive in Wilkes-Barre is where many of the wealthy lived, in fine old mansions or less imposing



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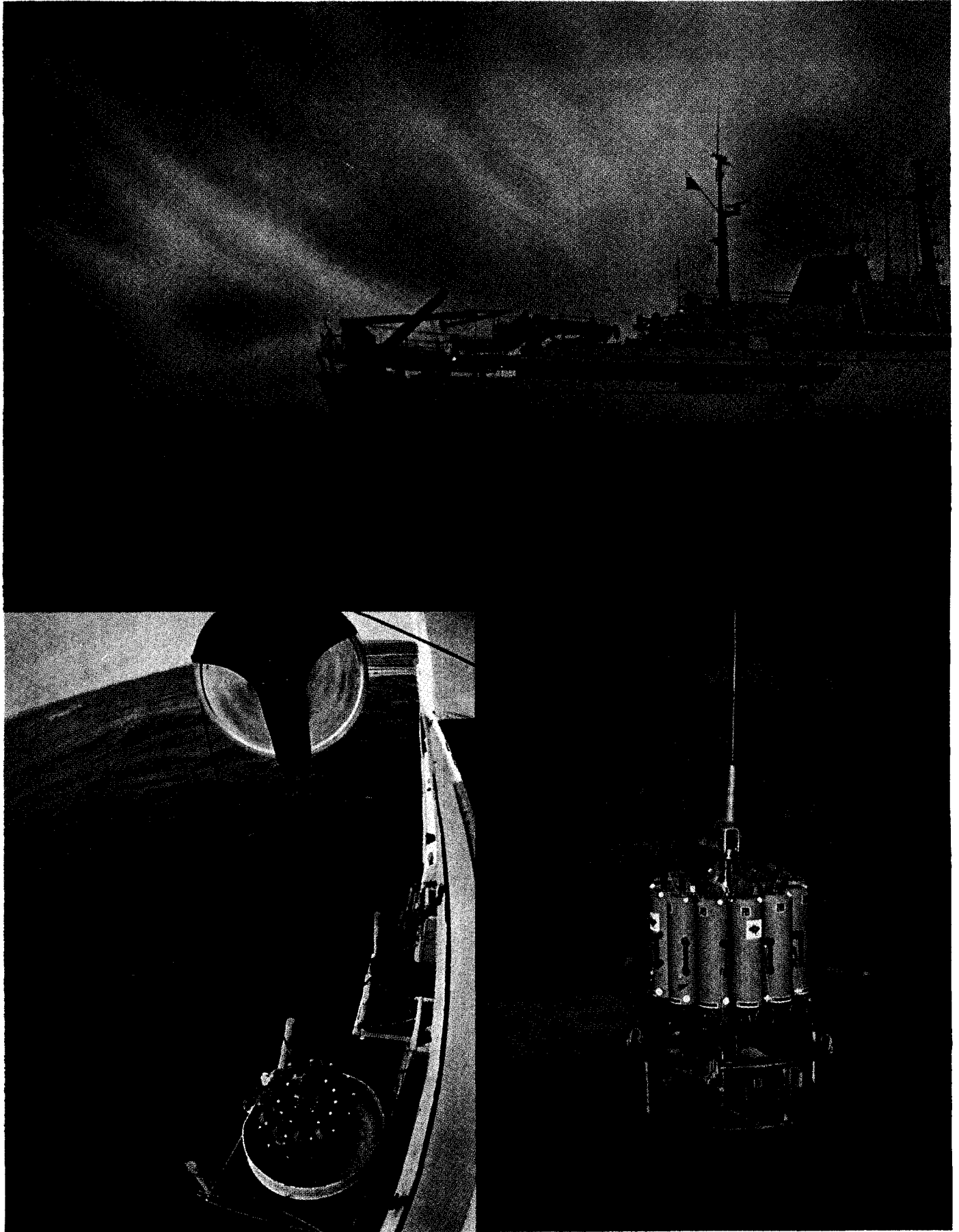
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new ones, along a narrow, quiet street (no trucks allowed) fronting on the river and extending south for about a quarter of a mile from the city commons. A Potemkin village of sorts, with modest multi-family units around almost every corner. Those with Wilkes-Barre's best address had fought for years, first against the erection of a block-house-like pumping station and then against the reinforcement of the dike with stark, ugly steel pilings painted dark green. They made it clear that they did not want to spoil their view of the river itself and of the lovely foliage in Kirby Park on its west bank.

Some time back they compromised, and the pilings stick up only a few feet above the earthen levee in most places. As if some biblical allegory were being played out, when the air-raid sirens went off at 11:45 on that rainy Friday morning last June, the people of Riverside Drive were among the first and hardest hit. The water's

force was enormous, and months after the flood the scene still resembles a war zone. Holes are gouged out of the ground, and trees are pitched at forty-five-degree angles. Some houses are completely off their foundations, and others tilt crazily, with jagged gashes in their brick facades. In some instances, the front steps are so far separated from the door that it has been difficult even to enter and haul out the rubble. Only the television antennae seem intact. A few families have moved mobile homes onto their spacious front lawns, but most of the properties are deserted. In the large picture window of a modern house near the intersection with Old River Road is a sign with one of the new slogans of the recovery effort: "Good People in a Good Community—REBUILD WE WILL."

Most people, however, have not yet decided whether to rebuild. They have dragged their ruined possessions out into the street, cleaned up the mud and muck, and left their uninhabitable houses for the winter. On request, the Army Corps of Engineers or the Office of

Emergency Preparedness drained pipes and boarded up the structures to protect them against the snows. One house after another is posted with a bright cardboard notice indicating, in institutional block letters, that "OEP's WILKES-BARRE WINTER SEAL" has been there. Left behind is an eerie ghost-town atmosphere, interrupted only by a few hangers-on living in upper stories, and by clusters of mobile homes.

Relief

"Never before has there been such massive federal aid to any area," says Bob Ball, manager last fall of the federal Small Business Administration's Wilkes-Barre disaster branch office. Normally the District Counsel for SBA in Oklahoma, he was taking his turn, along with other regional officials of the agency, at running the emergency program, and clearly thriving on the crisis. "I solve more problems before the first coffee break every day here than in thirty days at home," he observed with a laugh, and a drawl that jars in contrast with northeast-

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WILKES-BARRE

ern Pennsylvania's clipped ethnic accents. But then he became grave, acknowledging that "it's going to take a long time to do what we're here to do."

On the Saturday of Thanksgiving weekend, as the SBA disaster office was preparing to close for its first Sunday off since the summer, Ball proudly tabulated the amount that his agency had so far disbursed: \$131,440,631 in home loans and \$22,313,751 in business loans. (As a result of congressional action taken just after the flood, the first \$5000 of each loan need not be repaid, and the rest carries a low interest rate.) Still on hand to be picked up in the SBA office, which occupies nearly the entire ground floor of a large apartment building on South Main Street, were 2353 loan checks for a total of almost \$24 million. Thousands of applications remained to be processed, and estimates were that as many as half of the families and businesses eligible for government loans might not have applied because of the uncertainty of their situations and their needs, or perhaps because of the embarrassment of admitting they are destitute.

On October 30, the Pennsylvania Housing Recovery Office of the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development issued its "victory release," announcing that the agency had provided temporary dwellings for 14,358 families, about half of them mobile homes brought in from other areas of the country. HUD proclaimed that this was the equivalent of "establishing a city of about 50,000 people in less than 12 weeks." Those in the mobile homes will have a choice, after a year without rent, of giving the units back, continuing to rent them at a fair market price, or buying them outright from the federal government. There has been no word, however, on who would pay the cost of moving the units from the "parks" and private property where they are now sitting to permanent locations that will satisfy zoning regulations.

Altogether, the federal flood relief effort is expected to reach almost \$2 billion in the Wyoming Valley alone during the long recovery period. Ac-

cording to SBA official Ball, this is "more than in all previous disasters combined."

What is baffling to some of the relief workers, especially those from out of town, is that the people of Wilkes-Barre do not seem grateful enough for what is being done. Indeed, there are stories galore of the unreasonable demands and quirks of the victims: the woman who insisted on keeping her travel camper as a backyard study for her son, despite warnings that it could not survive the heavy winter; the man whose trailer was burglarized but who refused to pay for a telephone call to the state police; the woman who was outraged to learn that HUD would not pay her child's college tuition; the man who repeatedly disconnected the gas supply in his temporary mobile home and then called the local newspapers to complain that it was not being properly serviced.

Jack McGraw was one of the first federal officials to arrive in Wilkes-Barre after the flood, coming in with six others directly from Buffalo Creek, West Virginia, where he had headed the HUD recovery efforts after the flood there in February, 1972. Now settled in for what is expected to be at least an eighteen-month assignment, he has found his background in the ministry and in psychology absolutely essential to handling his administrative post. McGraw rejects a popular local theory that the problems between the citizens and the flood-relief workers arise out of the peculiar self-reliance and independence of the people of the Wyoming Valley, the vast majority of whom are children of European immigrants who worked hard for everything they own.

In Buffalo Creek and on an earlier disaster assignment in Lubbock, Texas, McGraw says, "the trends and syndromes were almost identical. Only the magnitude is different here." Helpless in the aftermath of a natural disaster, the victims provide "100 percent cooperativeness at the start," he relates. "But then, a person begins to feel sorry for himself. He compares others and finds inequities. . . . There is an immediate credibility gap. Nobody trusts anybody. People don't believe the stuff is on the way" when they are crowded together in evacuation cen-

ters or at the homes of relatives and friends.

By early winter, McGraw feels, the flood victims here reached a predictable stage of "real dependency. They feel 'the government owes me. . . .' Everything becomes a demand. . . . They say, 'HUD is making us live like pigs.'" McGraw, fresh from an appendectomy and resigned to a "very thankless job," sighs deeply and adds, "I can't believe that there's not a lot of good appreciative people out there that you never hear from. . . . But a family that completely loses everything, they've got to find somebody to strike out against. In West Virginia, the coal mine became the object of hostility. In Texas, it became racial."

To an extent, the popular discontent and grumbling is fueled by a subtle competition among government agencies. Caseworkers and staff people, calling on or consulting with victims, inevitably pass the bureaucratic buck and drop nasty remarks about how a different agency is performing. Officials loyal to the Republican Administration in Washington have also competed publicly with those favoring the Democratic one in the state capital of Harrisburg. When HUD moved, for example, to recall the 1800 summer camper units that had been distributed as temporary emergency living quarters, people complained bitterly, and a member of the state Cabinet threatened to seek a court injunction against the federal agency. HUD backed down, and of the last units picked up, 98 percent had been seriously damaged by frost.

Prevention and cure

How did it happen and what can prevent it the next time? Some blame the wealthy Riverside Drive residents who fought the raising of the dikes, or the local sanitation authority which, as one Kingston resident tells it, "punched holes in the dikes" during its efforts to clean up the river.

Rejecting statistical reassurances, many Wyoming Valley flood victims fear that the next "four-hundred-and-fifty-year flood" will defy the law of averages and come this spring or next. The only sure and

convincing protection, say the skeptics, is against the worst. But the Army Corps of Engineers, responsible for repair and maintenance of the levees, says it is economically, aesthetically, and structurally unfeasible to rehabilitate and raise the dikes to that extent; it would require almost the equivalent of medieval city walls along the river, and even they might not hold. An effective long-range solution may have to include the completion of dams and reservoirs in upstate New York, the dredging of a clearer path for the Susquehanna, and, at the least, a meteorological warning system that will permit the orderly evacuation of property to higher ground.

But, as the weekly Wyoming Valley Observer recently pointed out, all the options stir controversy:

Levees are rejected by many because they feel it blocks their view, channel improvements such as cutting out sharp bends and removing islands are objected to by those who love the natural winding river and the beauty of the picturesque growth. Flood plain management is resented by private enterprise who feel it an encroachment on their right to do what they wish with their private property, and reservoirs are frowned on since they usually require people of another area making sacrifices for those downstream for whom they feel no obligation.

In the end, the only total guarantee against future floods would be to abandon the valley permanently.

The immediate question is whether the dikes have been sufficiently repaired to handle this year's spring thaw, the subject of a bitter dispute between Major General Frank Townsend, Luzerne County's civil defense director, and Colonel Louis Prentiss, chief of the Baltimore District of the Corps of Engineers. Townsend contends that the Corps used only weak fill in the five areas where the dikes were washed away last June. If the river were to reach even the twenty-eight-foot level in the near future, he says, they might begin to erode; and he would order a new evacuation of the community if it reached the thirty-foot stage. Supported by outraged community organizations, he is demanding that new steel pilings be driven into the

*"It was sad enough having her call everything off.
But did she have to be so cruel?"*

"Good-bye Nick"

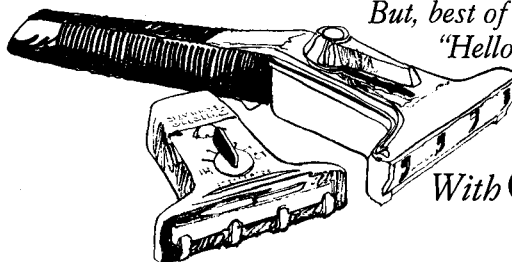
I walked around in the rain for hours after she said good-bye. It was sad enough, having her call everything off. But did she have to be so cruel? "Good-bye, Nick," she said. My name is Tom. Nick was what she called me though, because I always nicked myself when I shaved. The rain was loosening the bandage on my face.

It was late when I arrived at my apartment and found a small, plainly wrapped package at my door. I picked it up and went in. Exhausted, but unable to sleep, I sat down and opened the package.

Inside was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note carried her fragrance into the room and memories flooded my dulled mind. The Techmatic, she wrote, is adjustable so I can change the setting to fit my skin and beard. And instead of blades with corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band. And it's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so I will never have to touch a sharp edge again.

A smooth, safe shave, she wrote.

*But, best of all, she signed it,
"Hello, Tom."*



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it's good-bye Nick

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WILKES-BARRE

ground or that a concrete cap be used to bolster the dikes in every area where they broke.

But the Corps says that it has adequately handled the problem and predicts confidently that the river will not rise very high this time around. Frank Carlucci, a Nixon Administration official born in Wilkes-Barre and the President's post-flood problem-solver, agrees; he says that the Corps of Engineers has a "long, distinguished, commendable record."

Broken heart

Only three people died as a direct result of the flood last summer, all of them while working in rescue or cleanup operations. General Townend, one of the Wilkes-Barre brahmins whose family has been in the area for two hundred years, a lawyer who has been the county's civil defense director for over sixteen years, is proud of his record in evacuating tens of thousands of people in a few hours with almost no advance warning. (Wilkes-Barre's "river watchers" were never informed of the heavy Thursday rains around Elmira and Corning, New York.) He is also pleased that epidemics of disease were avoided and proclaims that the citizens of the Wyoming Valley "are healthier than they've ever been before." "When people are aware of the dangers, they are more careful," Townend says, noting that the local Blue Cross insurance plan, on whose board he sits, "saved a lot of money in July, August, and September."

But others, like Edward Heffron, director of Project Outreach, which is funded by the National Institute of Mental Health, are concerned with the problems of emotional health which seem to have emerged from the flood. Only a few suicides have been documented so far, but a number of people were hospitalized in psychiatric wards because of an inability to cope with flood-related troubles. And mental health workers are hearing about unexplained premature deaths, especially among nursing-home patients and other elderly residents. Project Outreach has sent teams of counselors, in many

cases ordinary citizens converted during hasty training sessions into "pseudo-social workers," out into the community just to give the people an opportunity to talk about their problems.

They have found, among other things, an almost claustrophobic reaction to the pressure of living in close quarters or with relatives for an extended period of time, an anxiety about spending holiday seasons out of one's ordinary surroundings, concern about future flood-protection measures, and an intense pathological fear of rain. When the Susquehanna rose briefly last October to an unusual autumn crest, panic began to spread, and the frightened public was reassured only when it could learn from the newspapers and radio stations—the river is a constant headline preoccupation these days—that there would be no flood. The emotional reaction includes, above all, an enduring attitude of dependency, a reluctance to give up government-subsidized housing or anything else free until the last possible moment. In the first weeks after the flood, some families refused to leave evacuation centers in schools, and local authorities decided they had no choice but to force them to find more permanent arrangements.

Many of the flood victims feel a loss of roots, a sense of having had their past washed away by the water. "I can go back to New Jersey and find the house I was born in," says Sylvia Brooks, who worries that her sons will not be able to do the same with the family's seriously damaged home in Kingston. "We lived in this house for thirty years, and there will be no sign of us. I feel like putting up a poster that says, 'This is where Jack and Marshall were born,' and then letting it be bulldozed under with the house."

There is a popular story about the time that Lady Bird Johnson came to Wilkes-Barre in the 1960s and said she could not believe that it was classified as a "depressed area," because it didn't look so poor. Even now, with a particular kind of change imposed upon it, the area might seem to be an essentially lively and prosperous place. For the time being, the economy is booming. With Red Cross or SBA or other relief money, and with little

or no rent to pay, people are spending heavily. There is a race among businessmen to reopen and share in the sweepstakes. Thousands of people who would be unemployed or underemployed under normal circumstances have been placed on government agency payrolls as clerks, administrators, caseworkers, repairmen, and construction crew members. For the first time in years, the classified advertising section of the newspaper is filled with help-wanted ads for everything from salad-makers to tire salesmen.

Although he would not dare say it at a public political appearance these days, E. C. Wideman, Jr., chairman of the Luzerne County Board of Commissioners, is beginning to believe that the flood was "almost like a blessing in disguise," because of the economic development it might bring to the Wyoming Valley. He foresees an influx of new industry, and even of new people, to fulfill the post-flood slogan, superimposed on a heart, that appears almost everywhere: "The Valley With a Heart Comin' Back Better than Ever."

Others are pessimistic. When federal programs are exhausted, many families will be faced with spending more to restore their homes than their homes were worth, and will then be stuck with both an old mortgage and a new loan to pay off. The Wyoming Valley Flood Victims Action Council, with a cracked black heart as its symbol, also insists that Wilkes-Barre is being lulled into contentment with far less than its proper share of Pennsylvania's statewide post-flood urban renewal funds. "The crisis still exists," says the council. Some local observers go so far as to predict that the area's economy could collapse on its face once some of the emergency federal relief is phased out, and no one knows how some of the tiny municipalities will make up for devastating slashes in their tax base.

Meanwhile, through a tough, sad winter, life went on in Wilkes-Barre. They still announce lost dogs on the radio, the bars are serving liquor and beer to underage customers, and, of all things, children living in mobile home sites are being bused back to their old schools.

—SANFORD J. UNGAR

Today's newspaper might be tomorrow's cereal box.



But how will it get there?

First of all, to remain clean enough for re-use, newspapers must be bundled and kept from contact with household refuse. Then they will be picked up or delivered to a municipal collection point, recycling center or waste paper dealer. From there they will be taken to a company manufacturing paperboard used in packaging.

In all, about 22% of the newspapers printed in America are recovered and recycled. This means more than 2 million tons of newspapers are kept from the nation's solid waste stream every year. Some of these old newspapers are recycled back into newsprint. Most, though, go into paperboard for packaging.

Recycling paper is important in the effort to reduce the nation's solid waste problems. A great deal is being done now. But the paper industry recognizes that there must be further efforts to improve waste paper collection and utilization.

For more information on recycling — what's being done and can be done — send for the booklet prepared by the makers of pulp, paper, and paperboard. It's got the answers to a lot of your questions about recycling.

**This message was brought
to you by the people who make
paper and wood products.**

For your copy, mail the coupon
with ten cents for postage and handling to
American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 963
Arlington, Virginia 22216.

Name _____

Address _____

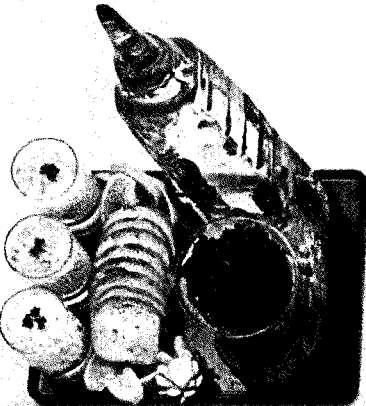
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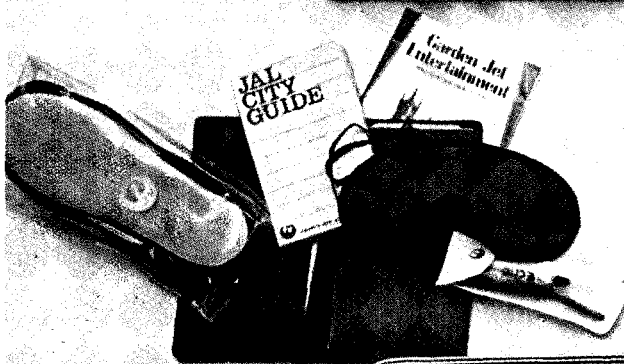
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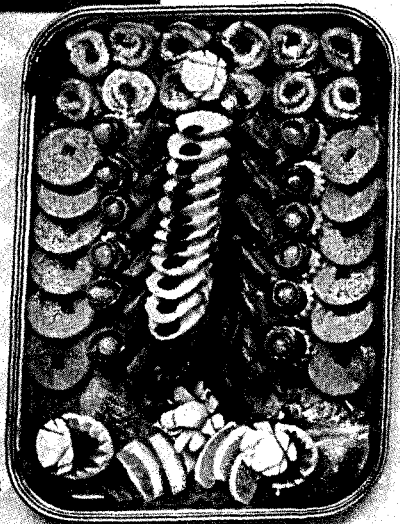
How to Fly, Japanese Style.



Beluga caviar. It's only one of the ways we pamper our First Class passengers.



Some airlines give you flight slippers. Others, eyeshades. We do both. Plus a fan. A guide to 35 JAL cities. A toothbrush and a travel wallet.



A Japanese chef may spend one year learning the art of creating hors d'oeuvres. And another year learning how to arrange them.



Slip into a *happi* coat. Part robe, part sport coat. The Japanese dress up even to relax.

We once asked some of our flight guests what they liked most about flying with us.

Surprisingly—at least to us—it wasn't any of the comforts or delicacies shown above.

In fact, it wasn't what we did

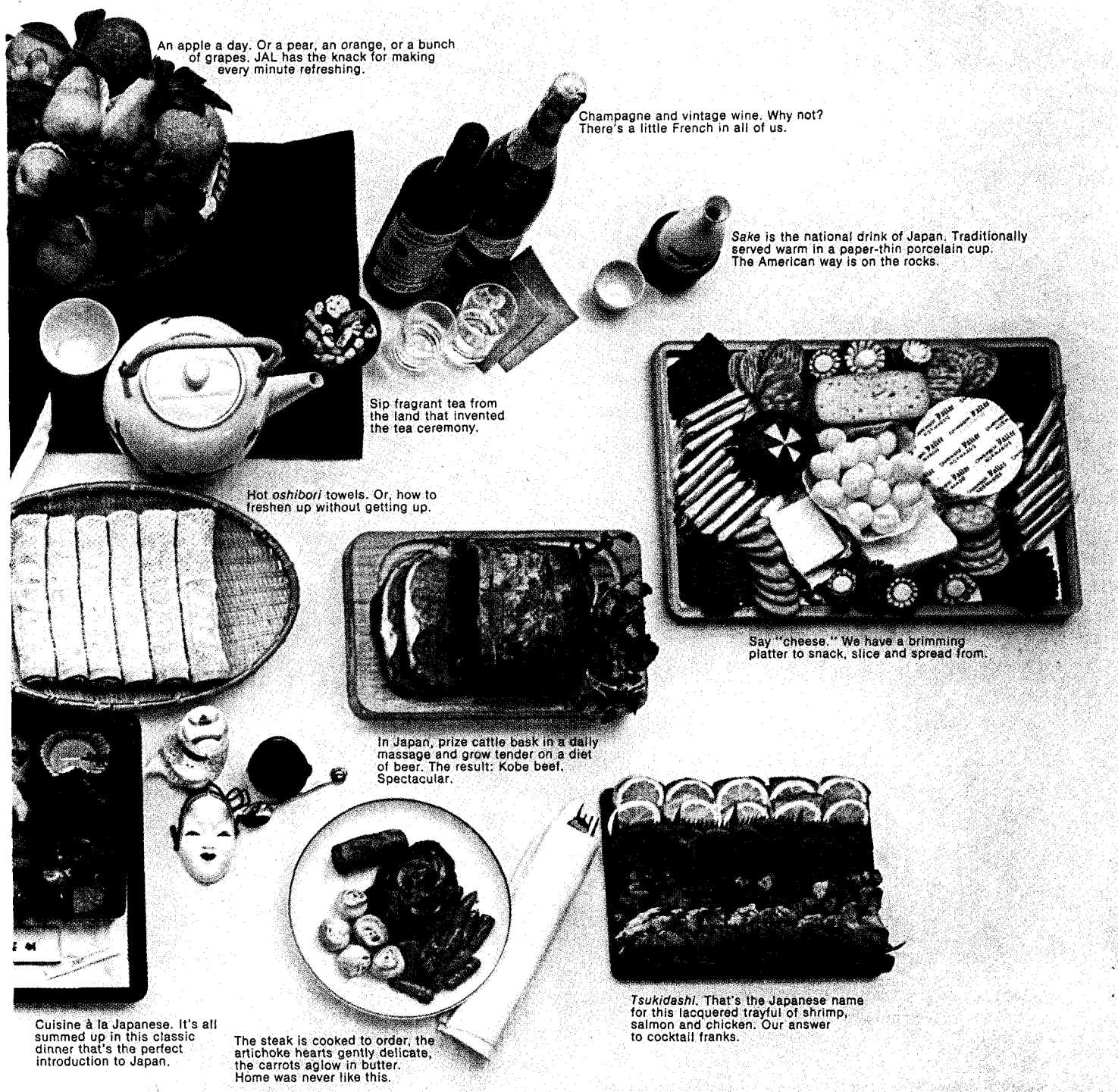
for them so much as how we did it.

They spoke of being pampered. Of the way our hostess in kimono smiled. Her thoughtfulness. Her concern.

These are small things, of

course. But in a world that worships the mammoth, apparently the small has a way of making up in gleam what it lacks in size.

Observers have said the Japanese tend to search for the infinite in a grain of sand.



An apple a day. Or a pear, an orange, or a bunch of grapes. JAL has the knack for making every minute refreshing.

Champagne and vintage wine. Why not? There's a little French in all of us.

Sake is the national drink of Japan. Traditionally served warm in a paper-thin porcelain cup. The American way is on the rocks.

Sip fragrant tea from the land that invented the tea ceremony.

Hot oshibori towels. Or, how to freshen up without getting up.

Say "cheese." We have a brimming platter to snack, slice and spread from.

In Japan, prize cattle bask in a daily massage and grow tender on a diet of beer. The result: Kobe beef. Spectacular.

Tsukidashi. That's the Japanese name for this lacquered trayful of shrimp, salmon and chicken. Our answer to cocktail franks.

Cuisine à la Japanese. It's all summed up in this classic dinner that's the perfect introduction to Japan.

The steak is cooked to order, the artichoke hearts gently delicate, the carrots aglow in butter. Home was never like this.

This photo features First Class service items.

AX-0473

Well, it is true we glory in the small things of life.

At Japan Air Lines, from our first hello to our last *sayonara*, we take the small attentions, the shy courtesies so much for granted, they are our way of life.

It's a way of life practiced by us and our ancestors of generations beyond number.

In that sense, you could say we have been practicing how to fly for a thousand years and more.



JAPAN AIR LINES

Japan Air Lines
P.O. Box 888
Burlingame, California 94010

I'd like to fly Japanese style. Please send me your free booklet with all the details.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

Please have a travel consultant call me at _____



The system that moves the \$7,360 Cadillac Eldorado also moves the \$3,995 Audi. But we had it first.

Virtually every car in the world moves by a system known as rear-wheel drive. Which means the rear wheels push the car.

The Audi (and, of course, the Eldorado) moves by a system known as front-wheel drive. Which means the front wheels pull the car.

This gives you two distinct advantages:

One, it lets you corner surer. Even on the meanest, most terrifying curve.

And two, it gives you better traction on any kind of surface: rain, snow, mud, even ice.

Besides the \$7,360[†] Cadillac Eldorado, the Audi has some of the best features of seven other great automobiles.

1. It has the same type of steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car.

2. It has the same type of ignition system as the Porsche 911.

3. It's got the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.

4. It's got just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

5. Its interior bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

6. It's got independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

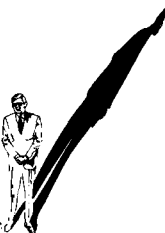
7. It gets the same kind of expert service as a Volkswagen.

A lot of car manufacturers nowadays give you exactly what you pay for.

In the case of the Audi, we give a lot more.

The \$3,995* Audi® **It's a lot of cars for the money.**

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. †Suggested retail price F.O.B. Detroit—Cadillac Eldorado \$7,360. Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.



Innocent Bystander

Gutenberg 7,
McLuhan Tech. 0

by L. E. Sissman

Television is not a marriage; it is a series of one-night stands. It is the exception, not the rule, for us to become constant viewers of a favorite show, assuming that we are literate and that TV is not simply a time-killer or anodyne. And even our favorite personalities or programs stale and lose their infinite variety—partly because they must produce so much new material to fill the maw of a regular time slot that nothing can be polished or perfected, and partly because no television show is the work of a single intelligence but rather of a committee.

It is, thank God, not so with books—or magazines. Many have written on the communion of an author with his reader, but few, to my knowledge, have spoken of the ongoing relationship between Editor and Constant Reader. In this age of the apparent eclipse of magazines by the electronic media, it should be said—early and often—that magazines, good magazines, are unique and indispensable to the intellectual life of their readers, and that, at their best, they are a form of art.

I'm not speaking now, of course, of the many commercial magazines that succeed as examples of *craft*—the surefire application of a surefire formula, as exemplified by *Cosmopolitan*, *Playboy*, and many more—but of the few dedicated magazines that are the lengthened shadow of one man, the editor, and that are published for love as well as money, and sometimes for love alone. The old-fashioned editor, consumed with the pursuit of consistent excellence in the exploration of his purview,

seems to be a disappearing figure these days; but there are still enough like him to keep us constant readers reading happily—and (surprise!) there may be a few younger old-fashioned editors rising to take his place.

In the mid-1930s, when I was a very little boy, I first encountered the force of an editor's personality in a large, jumbled swipe file of old magazines in my father's commercial-art studio. I enjoyed leafing through all the magazines in the file—*Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*—but I was conscious of some sort of guiding genius behind the slick and colored pages in only two cases: *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*. *Vanity Fair*, even on its last legs, was scrupulously respectful of its reader; in some sort of shared intimacy, it presented him with all that was fresh and amusing and in its rather liberal good taste—and nothing else. In decline, the great literary and pictorial magazine of the teens and twenties was careful, so to speak, to brush down its well-worn Huntsman suit and bone its brown Lobb shoes; it carried a figurative display handkerchief in its breast pocket to the last, like some old clubman in a John O'Hara story. Small as I was, I got some inkling of its fading grandeur, and of the rectitude and civility of its editor.

The New Yorker was another story. Depression or no, it had caught the fancy of the smart and would-be smart with its sidelong irreverence, its less courtly, more timely irony, and it was on the way up both artistically and financially. Harold Ross, a disheveled, unpolished Westerner, was not apparently the editor of choice for such an intensely metropolitan magazine; yet, as many of his associates have recorded, he possessed a fierce perfectionism that created something quite new and excellent in magazines.

Some of this unity of purpose—reflected in a unity of surface and tone in the magazine—must have got through to me even then, for I have been a regular reader ever since.

More than thirty years later, I find myself a constant reader of six or seven magazines—a high score,

considering the proliferation of paper trash upon our newsstands. I'd like to list them for you, citing the various essences I almost never fail to find in each new issue. I'll except *The Atlantic* and *The New Yorker*, to both of which I've contributed for some time now, on grounds of understandable bias; I'll simply content myself with saying that I still read both, *qua* reader—I should explain that I develop severe fugue symptoms on encountering anything I have written in actual published form, and therefore normally read around my own writings in print—because I feel that both magazines have moved with the times and still have something very pertinent to say about them.

Let me begin my constant-reader list with a magazine that has received some I think unwarranted brickbats lately: *The New Statesman*. For the last twenty years, I've read a number of British publications on and off—*The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Listener*, *The Spectator*, *The Times*, *The Observer*, and *The Guardian*. During the last ten, I've more or less, for reasons of lack of time and money, settled on *The New Statesman* alone. It's gone through three editors during this period, each of whom has imposed some dogmas of his own, but it has never wholly lost the incisive decency that marked the long reign of its first great editor, Kingsley Martin, though it came close under the ultrapolitical Richard Crossman, its last editor. Now, under the former Washington correspondent Anthony Howard, it has become a gadfly of its own Labour Party without losing its tolerant objectivity about artistic matters. The book reviews and film and theatrical reports are, to me at least, a constant source of pleasure and enlightenment and an open window on the English-speaking part of Europe; while the famous competitions are perhaps not what they used to be, I break up sufficiently often to compensate me amply for the twenty-eight dollars a year I spend for the airmail edition.

To give you some idea of what fractures me, I'll quote, possibly at my peril, three entries in a 1972 competition designed to add to the store of untrue English verse proverbs:

BYSTANDER

If oak and ash be out in May
It don't prove nothing either way.

When Yapton wenchens be on heat,
The hour be nigh to lift your beet-
root.

Better a day in Oxbridge
Than a thousand years in Ux-
bridge.

But what I really like—and keep on liking—about *The New Statesman* is its English mildness, its English strictures, its occasional English ferocity—an altogether Orwellian combination.

Harold T. P. Hayes
Moves in mysterious ways.

Herewith, my own unproverbial formulation of my abiding fascination with *Esquire*. Now *there's* a magazine that appears to have waxed fat and prosperous on a formula—those Fischer/Lois covers in calculated bad taste, those painfully unfunny Dubious Achievement Awards, for all the world like a *Laugh-In* script anesthetized and stretched out on a timeless table, those awfully in, and awfully thin, little cues to with-it-ness—but really hides a great deal more in almost every issue. Not out on the sizzling million-bulb marquee but down in the engine room, the oily, muscular power of *Esquire* is the consistently good and interesting writing by both its regulars and its discoveries. Bogdanovich, in his little diaries of film-making life, is giving us a view of Hollywood we've never had before. Ron Rosenbaum, following his own nose, is turning up all sorts of contemporary Americana, my favorite being his exposition of the phone phreaks. Others are reporting elsewhere; still others are trying, and sometimes bringing off, new things in fiction. Mr. Hayes is some kind of alchemist who has gone pop with his left hand and serious with his right—and somehow made it work.

Can a lone provincial reader find happiness with a big, sophisticated New York news magazine? Well, I'm here to report that, after twenty-two years of reading *Newsweek*, I rest content.

In the fifties, *Newsweek* seemed—and was—a pale substitute for *Time*,

with its lame circumlocutions to avoid *Time* style (for example, “at the weekend” for “at week's end”). But things got slowly better; by the early sixties, *Newsweek* was weighing in with some innovative journalism of its own, from the Harris polls to the strong, modern photographic covers. What's more, *Newsweek* left some of its rivals at the post by permitting personal journalism; among news weeklies, it was first with both signed opinion columns and signed back-of-the-book reviews. The magazine suffered a slight loss of direction in the late sixties, but now, under Oz Elliott again, it seems to me to do a consistently commendable job week after week, given the limitations of depth of the newsweekly form itself.

This kind of slow growth into an identity of its own is what often engrosses me about a magazine: watching it find its niche and fill it with increasing confidence. One of the few special-interest magazines that has grown and prospered in this manner is an old favorite of mine, *Road & Track*, which I've read these twenty years with growing admiration. John Bond and his small editorial group have created a magazine with style and authority in its field. Though it has always been based in California, *R & T* has never gone West-Coast-goofy about absurd vehicles, nor has it, unlike its feckless rival *Car and Driver*, affected a mock-tough intransigence toward the safety and pollution laws on behalf of its Detroit advertisers. *Road & Track*, to its eternal credit, has been more than enlightened, from 1961 onward, about the need for curbs on the automobile, which is almost as if *The American Rifleman* had come out in favor of gun controls before Dallas. What's more, *R & T* has, in Henry Manney III, the most literate and imaginative of American motor-sports writers; I just wish he'd re-emerge from semi-hibernation and start writing those marvelously idiosyncratic (and jaundiced) race reports again.

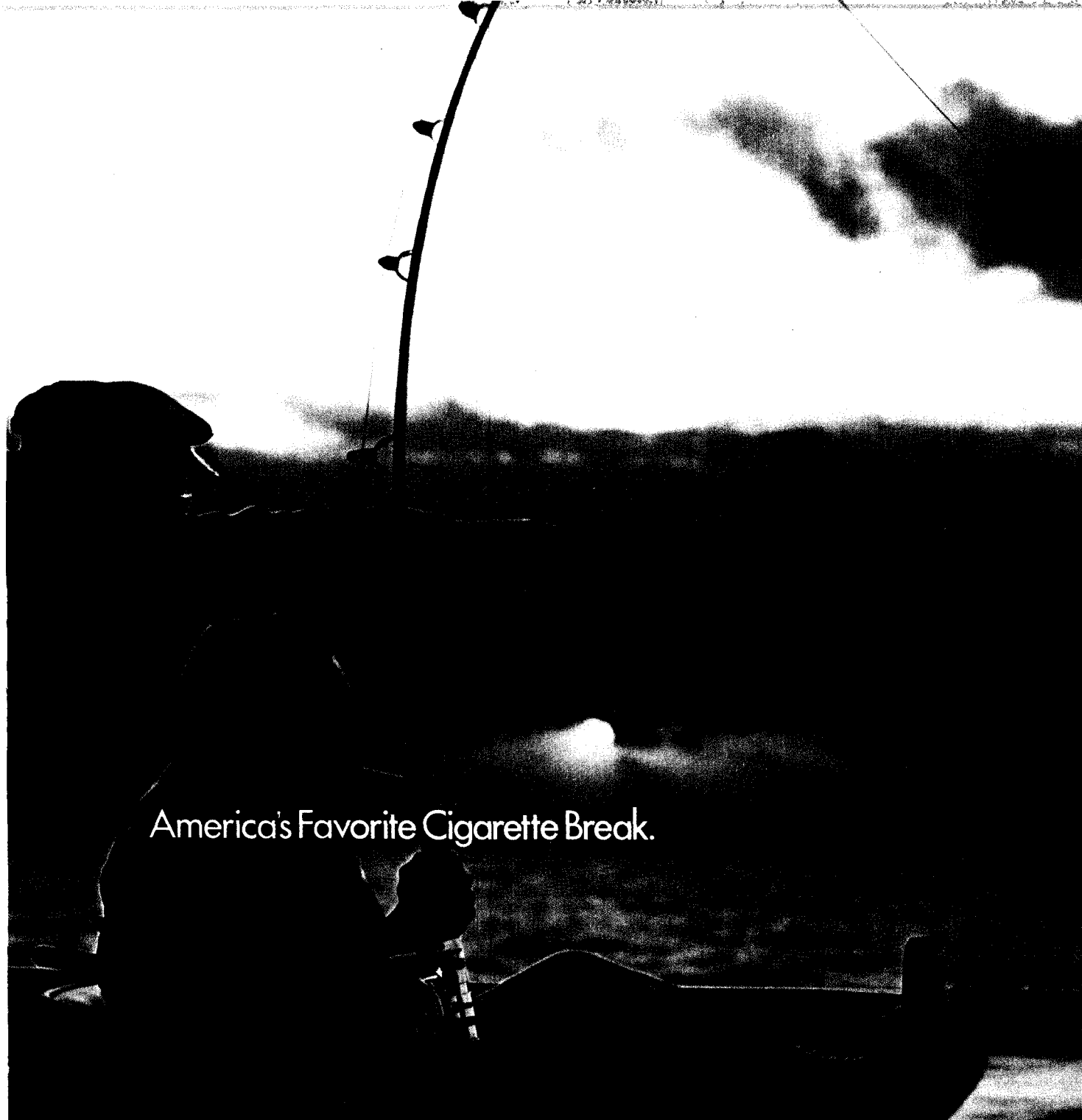
Apparently, lightning can strike twice in the same field; over the last ten years, Britain has developed, in *Car*, a transatlantic equal of *Road & Track*. *Car* is a bit more mod and sensational in its graphics, but the solid stuff of irreverence and objectivity is there in every issue, most

notably in the distinguished (and funny) technical commentaries of L. J. K. Setright, a classicist (to judge from his erudite allusions) who is also somehow one of today's foremost authorities on the innards of the i.c. engine, the history of formula racing, and related topics.

To go north to Newcastle-upon-Tyne and a wholly different kind of special-interest magazine: in *Stand*, a modest literary quarterly almost unknown this side of the Atlantic, the poet Jon Silkin has created one of the few really live little magazines of the sixties and seventies. Though its editor has certain affinities with the American school of the followers of Olson, this never prevents him from publishing important work of any school—or no school whatever. And *Stand* is solid meat; almost the whole magazine is devoted to new work by good poets and short-story writers, both known and undiscovered.

The seventh publication on my list is the youngest and, in some ways, the most daring. It's called *The American Poetry Review* and it started last year, as a nonprofit venture, in Philadelphia. *APR* is a handsomely designed monthly tabloid that, like *Stand*, undertakes to publish good new work—all verse, of course—by new and established poets of whatever school or style. There are columns and reviews as well, but the heart of each issue is the sizable number of poems, well chosen and presented, by all sorts of voices on all sorts of themes.

I said at the beginning that there might be new old-fashioned editors coming along, and I see some evidence of this on many hands. Beginning with *The Village Voice*, good underground journalism has made itself manifest in many publications, and the *Rolling Stones* and their local avatars in many cities seem to me to more than offset the cynical sleaziness of such old-formula junk as *National Lampoon* on the one hand and *W* on the other. If the serious young editors, reporters, writers, and reviewers who are dedicated to chronicling the culture of their own generation should succeed with their small, innovative magazines and papers, you and I can look forward to a new lease on our lives as Constant Readers.



America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.



Menthol or Regular

THE MAIL

GONE WITH THE WIND

SIR: I read the article "The Making of *Gone With the Wind*" by Gavin Lambert in the February *Atlantic* and wish to call your attention to some factual errors.

Lambert writes:

Then Selznick was struck one day by the facade of the studio building. Colonial in style, with white pillars, it seems now to carry an unconscious premonition of Margaret Mitchell's Tara. . . .

Margaret Mitchell's Tara was not Colonial in style and had no white pillars.

She sold *Gone With the Wind* motion picture rights to Selznick because Macmillan Company, through the agent, Annie Laurie Williams, advised that it was the best offer she would get. I also made inquiries while the sale was in progress of negotiation. No one else would better the offer of \$50,000.

Margaret Mitchell was not depressed by her lack of success as a writer. She served the *Atlanta Journal* four years, not two. She never offered any short stories or other writings for publication. She never offered *Gone With the Wind* for publication. It was solicited from her.

She had a long line of enameled bread boxes full of her writings since she was six years old—none was ever offered for sale and they were burned after her death.

The country place in Clayton County did not belong to her grandmother, but to her grandaunts, Mary and Sarah Fitzgerald.

Her fiancé, Clifford Henry, of Sound Beach, Connecticut, died before her mother died.

The great Atlanta fire was in 1917, not 1920.

Frank Kennedy did not die at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan. He was himself a member of the Ku Klux Klan and was killed by troops of the Army of Occupation.

The introduction to Mr. Lambert's article suggests that it will explain "why David Selznick shot the burning of Atlanta," etc. Nowhere in *Gone With the Wind* is the burning of Atlanta described. This occurred in November, 1864.

When Scarlett Hamilton, Wade, Melanie Wilkes, and Rhett Butler and the baby left Atlanta on the night of September 1, 1864, the fire through which they went was due to the burning of some Confederate warehouses on the south side of Marietta Street.

This was done by Confederate ordnance and engineer troops in General Hood's army, and was confined to these houses and that spot. See page 376 of *Gone With the Wind*.

The entire city was burned by U.S. troops in November, 1864, after the expulsion of the population. See page 463 of *Gone With the Wind*.

I am interested in keeping down folklore. We have had enough of it in the family. The facts about Margaret Mitchell Marsh are interesting enough, by themselves.

STEPHENS MITCHELL
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: I have often wondered why Scarlett's first two children, especially the boy, Wade Hampton Hamilton, were omitted from the movie. Why did Cukor object to them? Mr. Lambert mentions the incident, but does not state the reason. Scarlett may not have been a

"good" mother—even to Bonnie—but support and protection of Wade was one of her reasons for independence and "acting like a man" in face of adversity.

ELEANOR D. WALLACE
Budd Lake, N.J.

SIR: In Gavin Lambert's informative article, he stated that Selznick's one failure was *The Garden of Allah*, and that his "respect for the classic novel—the original—paid off." Under classic productions listed were: *David Copperfield*, *Little Women*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Anna Karenina*.

Selznick's movie version of *Anna Karenina*, starring Greta Garbo, was an attempt to capsule the over eight-hundred-page novel into a sixty-minute movie. By compressing the story so much, the complex features of the book which Leo Tolstoy portrayed so expertly were lost, and the extraordinary Anna created by Tolstoy is remembered in the movie for her lovely face and her fateful death—no more.

Vivien Leigh played the female lead in one production of *Anna Karenina*. Though I did not see that movie, it seems to me she would have been a far better choice than Greta Garbo.

Because Selznick's *Anna Karenina* lacked so much of the spirit of the fine Russian novel, and because his leading lady did not even remotely resemble the passionate, intelligent, persecuted, talented Anna, I feel it would be accurate to include this movie among his failures, rather than among his splendid classic productions.

SISTER ST. GERVASE
Saint Joseph's Academy
McSherrystown, Pa.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

LEONARD M. FREEMAN, M.D.

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Physician specializing in Nuclear Medicine

HOBBIES: Theater, Sports, Travel

LAST BOOK READ: John Gunther's "Inside Australia"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-editing a basic textbook as well as a journal in his specialty of Nuclear Medicine

QUOTE: "There is a brighter day coming when the words 'nuclear energy' will no longer trigger the awful vision of destruction, but elicit instead our gratefulness for what this marvelous science will have accomplished in diagnosing cancer and saving lives."

PROFILE: Creative and incisive. An inquisitive, wide-ranging intellect with a propensity for the practical. An enthusiast and an articulate spokesman for his profession, who genuinely enjoys lecturing and sharing his special knowledge and experience.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

CAN A ENOUGH ENVIRONMENT CLEAN ENVIRONMENT?

AMERICA NEEDS BOTH. AND WE CAN HAVE BOTH.

IT WON'T BE QUICK. IT WON'T BE EASY. BUT REAL PROGRESS IS BEING MADE.

MORE PROGRESS IS NEEDED, BECAUSE TO CLEAN THE ENVIRONMENT WE'LL NEED EVEN MORE ENERGY THAN WE USE NOW.

This is a report to the American people on the twin subjects of energy and environment.

The two have been closely related ever since our remote ancestors discovered fire—and with it, smoke. All of man's efforts to produce and consume energy have had their effects on the physical world in which man lives.

Today, we are asking ourselves how we can reconcile our need for energy with our desire for a clean environment.

Progress is being made. A recent study by the government's Council on Environmental Quality reports that the air has been made cleaner.

MORE CARS, BUT LESS POLLUTION

Air pollution resulting from automobile emissions has been significantly reduced.

As 1971 ended, there were 113 million automotive vehicles in this country. New equipment and new gasolines have reduced total hydrocarbon emissions in the air to the levels of 1960, when there were 74 million vehicles.

Total carbon monoxide emissions are down to the levels of 1963, when there were 85 million vehicles.

As older cars are replaced by new ones with better emission controls, there will be further declines of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and even oxides of nitrogen in the air.

SULFUR EMISSIONS ARE DOWN

Another source of air pollution is the sulfur released from burning oil. Since World War II, the sulfur content of home-heating oils and diesel fuels has been reduced more than 50% through increased use of low-sulfur crude oils and improved refining techniques.

Progress has also been made with the heavy fuel oils used by industries and power plants. In New York City, for example, pollution from sulfur dioxide was severe a few years ago. But, in response to regulations, the sulfur levels of heavy fuel oils burned in New York City have been reduced 90% since the mid-Sixties.

\$3.3 MILLION A DAY TO CONTROL POLLUTION

For air and water pollution control in our own drilling, transporting and refining operations, oil companies spend an average total of \$3.3 million every day,

\$1 billion a year, in the United States. This is the largest environmental expenditure by any industry.

Concrete, measurable efforts like these are a solid basis for believing that America's desire for a cleaner natural environment can be realized.

But every American lives in other "environments" beside nature's.

Our homes are one environment. The places where we work, where we shop, where we study, where we are entertained, are also environments.

All of these depend upon adequate supplies of energy. And, although we are making progress toward cleaner air and purer water, our energy supply problem is getting worse.

TWO GOALS TO KEEP IN MIND

The nation must keep *both* goals in mind: enough energy *and* a clean environment. To pursue either goal without considering the other is to invite disaster.

Environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing the development of additional domestic energy: oil, natural gas, coal, nuclear power. Supplies are falling far behind the nation's fast-growing demand.

Oil and natural gas now furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and gas still to be discovered in America, especially offshore. But exploratory drilling has been held up again and again by government authorities and by court actions brought by citizens.

For the record: during the past 25 years, 16,000 oil and gas wells have been drilled in America's coastal waters. There have been only three significant instances of environmental damage, no evidence of permanent damage. The oil industry's drilling techniques and safety technology are constantly improving.

MISSING: 2,000,000 BARRELS A DAY

In Alaska, the largest oil field in American history was discovered six years ago. It could supply two million barrels of oil a day, about one-eighth of our current needs.

But none of it is yet available, because the construction of the pipeline needed to bring this oil to market has been delayed by environmental objections.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

The United States cannot hope to get the energy it needs here at home unless it takes a more realistic approach to environmental problems.

ENERGY TO CLEAN THE ENVIRONMENT

The fact is, cleaning the environment and keeping it clean will require huge additional amounts of energy.

Sewage treatment and water purification; recycling aluminum, steel, glass and paper; tearing down and rebuilding urban ghettos and blighted areas everywhere—all these operations demand energy and lots of it.

The life-styles that most Americans want depend on energy—on oil and natural gas—as well as on clean air and pure water. Our aim should be to safeguard *all* these necessities.

THE NATION'S TWO NEEDS

Clean energy and a clean environment are *not* "either . . . or" choices. They are both expensive, but we need both.

We are making progress toward a better environment, although much more remains to be done.

We will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make prudent decisions about energy. Long lead time is needed to develop important new domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, nuclear and geothermal power, sulfur-free coal, synthetic oil and gas, solar energy.

Delay today could plague us for at least the next critical decade.

To help you stay informed, we've prepared three basic booklets, "The Energy Gap," "Statement of Policy on Energy" and "A Guide to Efficient Energy Use in the Home." Write to Dept. H, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copies.

With your understanding and help, America can have enough energy *and* a clean environment.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

SIR: I enjoyed Part I of "The Making of *Gone With the Wind*" in the February issue. I wonder as Margaret Mitchell looked for a name for her book, and, indeed, for a location, if she didn't peruse James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Under "Ominous—For Him!" (page 143 of the Modern Library edition) there it is. All on one line: "Gone with the wind. Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings."

WILLIAM E. HOKE
Mercer Island, Wash.

SIR: How greedily I slurped up every word Mr. Lambert printed about the making of *Gone With the Wind*. How appreciative I feel of people like David O. Selznick who cared about quality. How nostalgic to remember that there was a time when there were many great actresses like Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, and others actually available for consideration for a role like Scarlett. What a barren world to choose from today.

ELNA M. NUGENT
Lenox, Mass.

SIR: I am shocked! Are you so unimaginative that you have to fall back on such chewed-over, hashed-over nonsense as this?

HELEN VANCE
Murray Hill, N.J.

Gavin Lambert replies:

The reference to Frank Kennedy meeting his death at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan, which more than one correspondent has pointed out, was a slip of the typewriter. As a later section makes plain, I knew how he died. The phrase should have read: "as a result of joining the Ku Klux Klan."

Scarlett's first two children were cut from the movie simply to save time. Like other characters and episodes not included, they were not felt to be essential to the story.

Mr. Stephens Mitchell is, of course, correct about the dates of the great Atlanta fire, and of the death of Margaret Mitchell's fiancé, as well as about the ownership of the country place in Clayton County. On other points: The "premonition" of Tara in the facade of Selznick's studio is, of course, a reference to the Tara of the movie, not

of the book. Newspapers of the time, and trade journals, make references to other offers for the movie rights of *GWTW*. It may be true that Selznick's offer, after all, was the highest; it is also true that Margaret Mitchell, as I wrote, knew of Selznick and admired *David Copperfield*.

PRISON RESEARCH

SIR: The fact that abuses occur under the present system does not justify Jessica Mitford's sweeping conclusion ("Experiments Behind Bars," January *Atlantic*) that all prison-based research should be abandoned. Human drug research done in prisons should meet the same government requirements that regulate research out of prison. The strict internal controls and safety standards for human research which are established by medical centers, teaching and research hospitals, and special research committees should apply to all volunteers regardless of income, place of residence, prison record, intellect, or society-imposed loss of freedom. Methods of enforcement of controls and avenues of redress should be the same. The prisoner, like any volunteer, must be free to drop out of the study at any time.

Prison-based research has advantages which may make it worth the extra effort required to regulate it. Prisons provide large numbers of healthy people who are available in one place for prolonged observation without the frequent interruptions that occur with other subjects, such as vacations, unexpected trips, or business obligations. Food intake, pill ingestion, physiologic changes, biologic phenomena, and other variables can be readily and frequently checked by the researcher without the inconvenience of the subject's travel to the laboratory or medical center. Prisoners may appreciate constructive ways to spend their time, frequently need money, and are sometimes motivated to cooperate in drug studies.

The fee paid to volunteers could be decided by a committee composed of prisoners, researchers, and prison officials. This amount could be the same as that paid to volunteers outside of prison. If this amount of money upsets the inter-

nal prison economy, it could be sent to the prisoner's family, special savings account, or given as credit in the prison store. An uninformed but interested physician could read suggested protocols and act as an advocate volunteer to decide upon the acceptability of the risk-benefit ratio. Consent forms could be worded to include descriptions of risk and procedures.

Prison-based research activities stand as a firm reminder of the importance of protecting the rights and health of the individual subject. Whether the purpose of prisons be to incarcerate, punish, or rehabilitate, it seems that the equilibrium between the protection of individual rights and the granting of society's desire for a new medical knowledge and better drugs seems to shift away from protecting the prisoner volunteer. Designing a fair and legitimate proposal of free choice to one whose choices have already been restricted is difficult. It is not impossible.

JOHN A. PARRISH, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Dermatology
Harvard Medical School
Boston, Mass.

SIR: I have just had the opportunity to read the article by Jessica Mitford in the January issue of *The Atlantic*. I must admit it was a considerable disappointment.

Miss Mitford has devoted four lines to acknowledging professional agreement that "FDA regulations requiring drugs to be tested on humans before being marketed are sound and necessary." She implies throughout the rest of the article, however, that experimentation and drug testing in humans are unnecessary and capricious, and that the majority of experiments conducted with prisoner volunteers are horrible. Her proof of this is the citing of a few examples.

But the majority of studies are conducted on drugs that, although still experimental, have already been extensively studied in humans. They are on their second time around, with additional studies being undertaken to develop a better delivery system or to explore in greater detail some aspect of their metabolism in humans.

In fact, many drugs long marketed and in wide medical use for

years are similarly studied for the same reasons. The element of risk in this kind of research is obviously negligible. Investigations in which the element of hazard is largest—when a new drug is being given to human subjects for the first time—are actually the minority. Even here the risk is smaller than many people think because of the extensive laboratory investigation that has preceded the first human study and the caution with which the first human exposure is approached. Before the first human dose is given, the effects of the drug will have been extensively investigated in animals, and the details of its actions are usually well understood. It will also have been given to at least two species of animals at several dose levels, including the maximum dose the animal can tolerate for one to three months.

Miss Mitford implies that prisoners participating in medical experiments are forced to endure excessive risk and pain. She fails to mention, however, that prisoners may withdraw from studies at any time. A review of the literature indicates that most of the authorities on this subject feel that the option to participate in research is valuable to the prisoners.

Miss Mitford claims that the University of California committee has not effectively monitored experiments at the Vacaville prison. Since March, 1971, Food and Drug Administration regulations have required an institutional committee to approve all new drug studies involving inmates. Miss Mitford fails to mention that such a committee at the Vacaville prison now monitors drug studies there.

Miss Mitford says that in Phase II drug testing, several hundred normal subjects are given the compound and the dosage is gradually increased. This definition is incorrect. Phase II seeks knowledge about how effective the drug is for its intended use and thus involves the first administration of the drug to patients with the disease it is expected to treat.

Miss Mitford seems to feel that the use of convicts as technicians, nurses, and assistants for medical research is unethical because the wages paid are low. Would she feel, by the same token, that the employ-

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ment of prisoners to make license plates or road signs at low wages is also unethical?

Miss Mitford notes that almost all Phase I drug testing is conducted in prisons, and states that "if the prisons closed down tomorrow, the pharmaceutical companies would be in one hell of a bind." As so would a society which hopes to benefit from new and better drugs.

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN
Vice President, Pfizer, Inc.
New York City

Jessica Mitford replies:

Mr. Littlejohn's letter raises more questions than it answers.

If the element of risk is so negligible, why are prisoners at Vacaville required to sign an illegal waiver of their rights to sue for damages if they are disabled by the experiments? Why are so-called controls at Vacaville administered by prison officials and prison doctors while the University Medical School review committees are bypassed?

As Mr. Littlejohn indicates, convicts are exploited by the state as virtual slave laborers for the manufacture of license plates and other goods, which he feels justifies their exploitation by private drug companies at wages in the range of \$5 to \$8 a month for the highly skilled work he describes. Were this not the case—were they to be paid prevailing union wages as proposed by the San Francisco Prisoners' Union—the pool of "volunteers" forced to barter their bodies for cigarette money might well dry up.

If human research is necessary, why not call for volunteer subjects from amongst the stockholders in the giant drug companies? For if participation in research is "valuable to the prisoners," how much more uplifting might it prove to those who profit from it!

REPORTING UGANDA

SIR: Stanley Meisler's report on Uganda (December, 1972, *Atlantic*) is the most one-sided, prejudiced piece of reportage that I have read in a long time.

I had the opportunity to visit Uganda in the late summer of 1971 and, being a black American, I have experienced some of the problem firsthand.

It is true that Indians helped the nation of Uganda by their hard work and diligence, but at the same time they practiced separation of their way of life from the Africans. They set up their own schools, and in many ways made the Ugandans feel inferior. Their manner of dress, their religion, their way of life are quite different from their fellow Ugandan citizens.

History has proven that when a foreign colony develops in a country and the foreign elements become powerful, sooner or later the home government takes steps to neutralize this force.

Amin's methods are no better or worse than those used in Germany, the Congo, America, Mexico, or the possible consequences of the acts that will ensue from the Portuguese treatment of the natives of East Africa or the Union of South Africa policy of exploitation and degradation of its indigenous population.

BRUCE E. DUERS
Yonkers, N.Y.

Stanley Meisler replies:

The Asians of Uganda were a minority harassed and expelled simply because they were different. As I discussed in my report, their hold on the economy and lack of citizenship were problems. But most of the shouting about economic exploitation and foreign elements is a convenient way of ignoring the ugly racial hatred that prevails in Uganda. There are Asians with roots in East Africa. They want to call East Africa home but no longer can. I agree with Mr. Duers that Amin has handled his race problems no better or worse than Germany or the Congo. But that is hardly a testimonial.

WIN SOME

SIR: I have now recovered my equilibrium, having suffered the worst case of vertigo in twenty-seven years upon reading "Reunioning Dialogue," by James Dickey (January *Atlantic*).

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

There were very few P-61 flyers in World War II, fewer who flew the six-to-twelve-hour convoy cover missions, still fewer who still live, and probably still fewer who read *The Atlantic*.

As a pilot in a detachment of the 419th Night Fighter Squadron located on Tawitawi, in the Sulu Archipelago of the Philippines, I flew the Black Widow on convoy cover of ships headed for the invasion of Balikpapan, Borneo. I also had the fortune to pay a visit to exotic Cebu City in the Philippines on a Red Cross cigarette mercy mission.

I am not a poetry critic, but James Dickey has told a great story exceedingly well.

JACK MELICK
Kensington, Md.

SIR: Alan Dugan's poem "On Looking for Models" in the January *Atlantic* is, in my opinion, beautifully wrought and fathoms-full. It is always impressive, after long exposure to the more embellished poetic modes, to experience the powerful effects that can be achieved by the "simple" lyric voice employing the "plain style." Many thanks.

HELEN P. DELANEY
South Bend, Ind.

SIR: Re: L. E. Sissman's Innocent Bystander column ("Pass the Outrage, Please," February *Atlantic*).

Boy, do I agree! It is time that your noble publication spoke up for the inalienable right to be able to buy a decent meal at a price that working people (who don't have expense accounts) can afford. Thank you.

R. MCCARTHY
Wallington, N.J.

SIR: Bravo for L. E. Sissman's beautiful piece on American "eateries." He made coherent sense out of everything that I've been muttering and fuming about since my palate came of age. I remember how an English teacher once said that the distinguishing mark of a great writer was the reader's blissful reaction: "Ah yes. That's how it is!" If that's the test, then Sissman is a master.

ALICE ROSEN SOREFF
Chestnut Hill, Mass.



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LOSE SOME

SIR: The grub of a poem? W. S. Merwin's "Speakers of the Word for Heaven" (February *Atlantic*) gives me the grub of a tummy ache, the grub of a repulsive passion eating away and making me sad for Poetry and your magazine and the poor, grub-inhabited brain responsible.

MARGARET GILBERT
Nutley, N.J.

SIR: I note with deep delight that you have formally renounced certain forms of literary idiocy.

If you will add to this formidable list all forms of the "word salad" type of so-called poetry, five examples of which appear in the January issue of the *Atlantic*, you will thereby add a lifetime subscriber, and will lessen the flow of printed asininity that afflicts this generation.

M. J. WEBSTER
Reno, Nev.

SIR: If you were to compile the lead sentences of your fiction from the last ten years, you would find that 90 percent involve a quasi-dramatic situation in which the reader is invited to participate in the following game of Who's Who?—"Bobby G. struggled with Frances Berardi and yanked her to the side. . . ." Dull. Dull. Dull.

PETER VOGEL
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: The pleasure of seeing the excellent story by Joyce Carol Oates in your February issue was dimmed for us by the error on "The Editor's Page" regarding her first appearance in a major periodical.

While a junior at Syracuse University, Miss Oates won our College Fiction Competition with a short story entitled "In the Old World," published in our August, 1959, issue.

ELLEN A. STOIANOFF
Fiction and Poetry Editor
Mademoiselle
New York City

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: The excellent article by Rachel Scott on the Sunshine Mine disaster in the December, 1972, issue provides additional proof of the absolute need to transfer responsibility for enforcement of metal mine

safety from the U.S. Bureau of Mines to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, under the U.S. Department of Labor.

The Sunshine Mine fire was one of the greatest catastrophes in the history of our union and one of the major industrial disasters of all times. And compounding this tragedy that claimed the lives of ninety-one Steelworkers was the fact that the management of the Sunshine Mining Company and the U.S. Bureau of Mines failed to take a multitude of steps which might have avoided the fire and which certainly would have minimized its consequences.

Our union has long and consistently demanded vigorous enforcement of the Federal Metal and Nonmetallic Mine Safety Act. It is a matter of record that these demands have been ignored and that this act has been marked by nonenforcement and noncompliance.

We have experienced the frustration of struggling for twenty or more years to enact a fair mine safety law, of finally succeeding in Congress, and of then seeing the law become a mockery because of government and corporate delay and avoidance.

If we are ever to obtain the kind of enforcement we need to give the men in the mines the safety protection they should have, Congress must give the enforcement responsibility to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

I. W. ABEL
President
United Steelworkers of America
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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SANFORD J. UNGAR, a reporter for the *Washington Post*, grew up near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

CHARLES REMBAR, a lawyer, is the author of *The End of Obscenity*. His "Paper Victory," a critique of the court opinions and defense in the Pentagon Papers case, appeared in the November, 1971, *Atlantic*.

DAVID WISE, Washington bureau chief of the *New York Herald-Tribune* before its demise, will shortly publish *The Politics of Lying: Government Deception, Secrecy and Power*, from which this article is drawn.

SUSAN SONTAG's books include *Against Interpretation*, a collection of essays, and *Death Kit*, a novel.

DAVID JENKINS is the author of a forthcoming book, *Job Power: Blue and White Collar Democracy*; this article is adapted from it.

ANNA AKHMATOVA's *Poems*, selected, translated, and introduced by Stanley Kunitz and Max Hayward, will be published this spring.

JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON is the author of a collection of short stories, *Hue and Cry*. His "Story of the Contract Buyers League" appeared in the April, 1972, *Atlantic*.

ARTHUR FREEMAN's last book of poems was *Assays of Bias*.

WILLIAM ZINSSER teaches writing at Yale.

YA HSIEN lives in Taiwan.

ALICE ADAMS, author of *Careless Love*, is at work on a new novel.

JAROLD RAMSEY's book of poems *Love in an Earthquake* has just been published.

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS, West Coast editor of *The Atlantic*, is co-author of the recently published *The Unknown Orwell*.

RICHARD TODD is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

L. E. SISSMAN, FERNANDO KRAHN, DAVID DENBY, EDWARD WEEKS, and PHOEBE ADAMS appear regularly in these pages.



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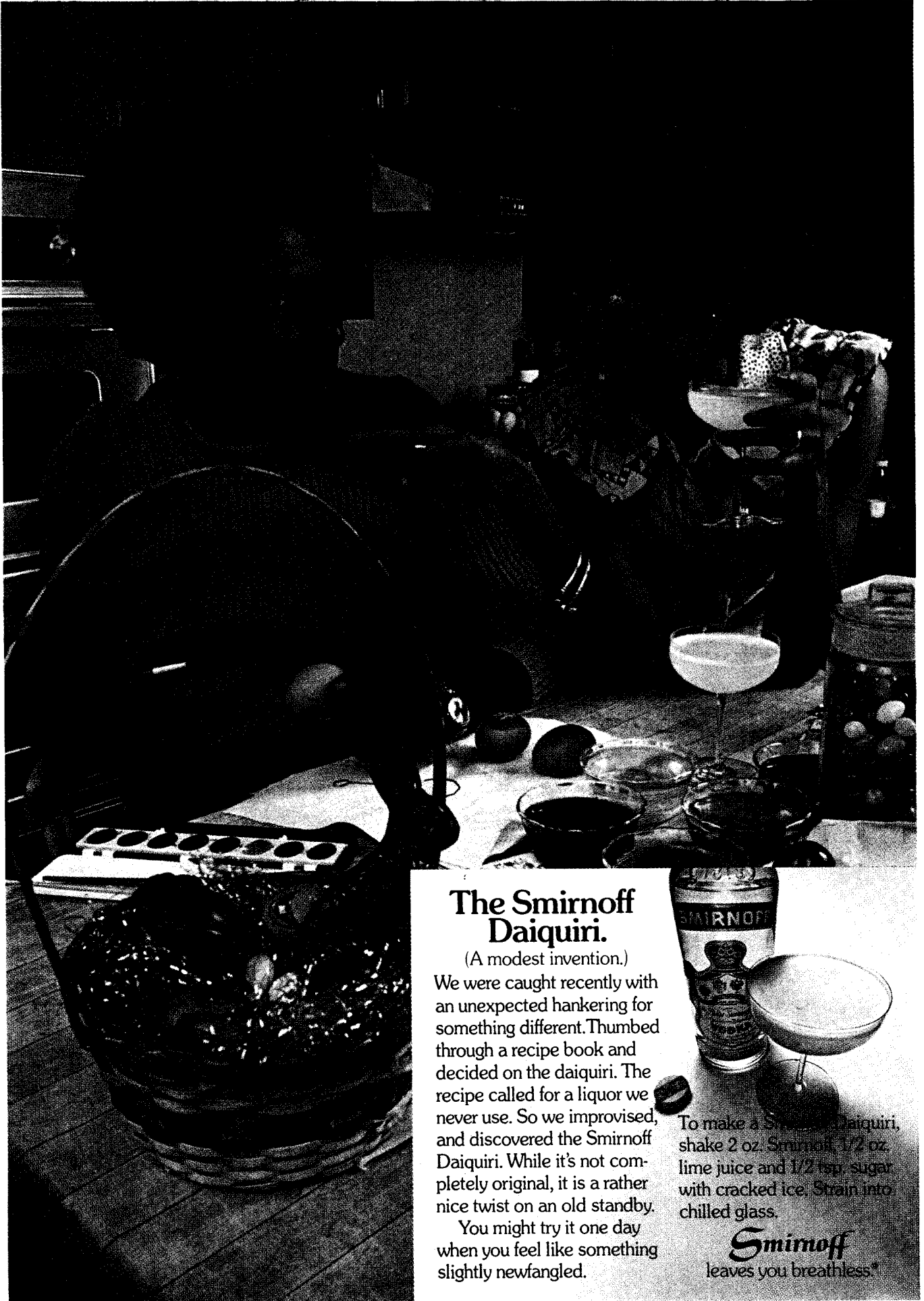
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THE FIRST AMENDMENT ON TRIAL

The Government, the Press, and the Public

by Charles Rembar

The public needs to realize that freedom-for-me is not enough, that in fact it is nothing at all.

When everybody goes to the same church and sings the same psalms, true believers must be uneasy. When loyalty oaths are heard on all sides, it is time for good citizens to sound alarms. When, within a matter of weeks, one Nixon Administration official stands up and says, "We need a vital, vigorous, and free press," while another salutes the First Amendment as the guarantor of "a free flow and wide range of information to the public," and a third, the Attorney General himself, pronounces freedom of speech "vital to the preservation of our society"—watch out.

The liturgical unison is made possible by the fact that this is a time of transition, a time when meanings change. The Nixon Administration can be righteous, because an older, not yet superseded, lexicon is used. That a fundamental transition in the conflict over free expression is taking place—has, for the most part, taken place—needs to be recognized. Else there is a damaging confusion.

An epoch in the history of the First Amendment has ended and another has begun. The history of the First Amendment is, of course, a part of the larger, worldwide history of the conflict, which began when society began. But this part may be fairly demarcated from the rest, both in space and time. And it has a special meaning for us be-

cause it is our own history, and because, in its period, it leads the rest of the world.

It started in England, in the sixteenth century, and rose, at first, from the common law. (There had been some earlier striving, but it didn't amount to much.) Free expression was both an issue and a weapon in the English convulsions of the seventeenth century and in the contests between the rulers and their opponents in eighteenth-century England and America. Gains for free expression were legislated in the First Amendment, but the verbalization was general, necessarily, and the meaning of the guaranties remained to be decided. There was an early clash over the Sedition Act of 1798; the act expired in a couple of years, however, and freedom of speech got almost no attention for the next hundred and twenty years. The nineteenth century (which actually lasted till World War I) was not a period when the sweep and strength of the First Amendment were recognized and accepted; it was rather a period when the freedom wasn't tested. There was considerable diversity of opinion in the United States as a whole, but considerable suppression within communities. Mormons were free to speak their minds only in Salt Lake City, where no one else was free to. Abolitionists were gladly heard in Boston and murdered in the South. And the government had no reason to seek to silence opposition, except in time of insurrection, when the legality of its measures was scarcely challenged.

Then, in the fifty years just past, came challenge, contest, and rapid definition. Suddenly, the ancient

bitter struggles have for the most part halted, won by those who took the side of freedom. The law has answered the questions that were put to it four centuries ago. Hence government men chant devotions to freedom of the press. Hence also it is sound and useful to say that an era is over. But there are new issues to resolve, and the contests are as critical as ever.

The differences between the two eras do not arise from different basic values. It is still a conflict between liberty and order, between freedom and authority. The old-fashioned words, sentiment-laden as they may be, remain the best, because the ultimate conflict remains the same. There is, on one side, the concept that the people should freely speak and write, and, on the other, the concept that they should speak and write only what their governors permit. But the battles are now waged over different kinds of speech, and the weaponry is different. Though the values have not changed, our society has changed. Since, in our system, we seek to settle conflicts through the law, new legal issues are encountered. Historical divisions are more or less artificial and imposed, but this one less than most. There are rough edges, of course, and interpenetration, but the differences are marked, and the transition is abrupt, and the division, as historical divisions go, has unusual clarity. The changes have immediate importance. We should be aware of them right now; they ought not to be left for retrospection. Let us take the differences in order.

POLITICAL SPEECH ALONE

The struggle for free speech has taken place in three fields mainly: religion, politics, and sexual morality.¹ The names for the forbidden kinds of speech are, respectively, heresy, sedition, and obscenity. Heresy, which for a millennium had been a crime punishable by the secular government, ceased to be such in the eighteenth century and has never been a First Amendment problem. Obscenity, in contrast, had not been criminal at all until the eighteenth century, when English judges discovered it was a crime at common law. The source of the common law, the theory goes (and, in the main, the fact), is established custom, traditions so firmly fixed so long that "man's memory runneth not to the contrary." This particular tradition apparently had lain around unnoticed for a thousand years. As a serious impairment of free expression, the law of obscenity had a short, though vigorous, life. In a little over two centuries, the restraints it imposed on speech and

press pretty much came to an end. The obscenity cases that now excite attention deal in essence with the question of where expression, protected by the First Amendment, ends, and where behavior, not protected, starts—the control of action, as distinguished from expression, being the proper aim of government. (The sternest libertarian of our justices, Hugo Black, if he were still on the bench, would probably be voting for the prosecution in some of the cases coming to the Supreme Court.) The momentous free-speech issues of the present time are political—not religious, not literary.²

OPINION AND FACT

Ask someone a question about the First Amendment and (if he can answer it at all) you will get an answer in terms of free expression of thought, ideas, sentiment, argument, belief, opinion—that is, freedom of conscience, conscience expressed. In the era which has ended, that was the freedom at issue. John Milton's *Areopagitica*, the first great document in this history (and probably the greatest, despite its faults, because his writing was so damn good), is directed to such freedom. So is the most widely quoted modern statement, Mr. Justice Holmes's. "The best test of truth," he said, "is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." (The figure of speech, an interesting conjunction of economic laissez-faire and intellectual freedom, had earlier been used by Jefferson.) The first statute to define sedition, enacted late in the thirteenth century, was directed at ideas. The rulers were particularly alarmed by the rhymes that were going around, such as

When Adam delded and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

(which was still a subversive battle cry a century later, at the time of the Peasants' Revolt). John Wentworth incurred Elizabeth's displeasure, fatally, for expressing his opinion of the methods of her government. John Wilkes was prosecuted because he ridiculed his betters. Peter Zenger printed insults.

The Address of the Continental Congress to the Inhabitants of Quebec declared that the goal of freedom of the press was the "diffusion of liberal subjects." Benjamin Franklin understood free speech to mean "discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions." Jefferson, drafting a statute for Virginia, began, "Whereas, Almighty God hath created the mind free. . . ."

¹ The First Amendment refers separately to speech and the press, and there are distinctions—historical, practical, legal—between the two. But "free speech" is also used for free expression generally, and will be, sometimes, in this essay.

² There are important freedom of religion issues in the First Amendment, but these have to do not with the guaranties of free expression, but with another part of the amendment, which forbids the government to interfere with the exercise of religion or to try to create an official religion.

The First Amendment on Trial

When the First Amendment was being considered, people talked about “permitting every man to publish his opinion. . . .” Under the Espionage Act of World War I, wrote Zechariah Chafee, “scores of citizens” were imprisoned for their “disapproval of the war.” As recently as 1970, Thomas I. Emerson, in his *System of Freedom of Expression*, a magnificent attempt to systematize First Amendment theory which deals with all aspects of the subject, put his introductory statement of the fundamental issue in terms of “beliefs and opinions . . . belief, opinion, and communication of ideas.”

But the issue thus cast has been decided. There is no opinion whose statement the law forbids. This does not mean, of course, that all use of words is lawful. Commanding another person to commit a criminal act is not protected by the First Amendment. Neither is transmission of secrets to the nation’s enemy. Nor intentional falsehood—in business dealings, in advertising, in attack on reputation. But the intellectual product that most of the fight was all about is free. In the middle 1950s, even while Joseph McCarthy had Washington under siege, the justices, in the course of sending certain Communists to jail (not others), made clear that expression of ideas—even the idea that the government ought to be overthrown by violence—was not itself a crime, and under the First Amendment could not be made a crime.

There is something else, however, crucial to the First Amendment. It is communication of fact. Not opinion, not belief, not ideas, but fact; not release of what is inside one’s head, but transmission of external data. Even though it has up to now played so small a part in the history of free speech, even though it was scarcely in the minds of those who drafted the Bill of Rights, it is crucial to that document’s purposes. Freedom to communicate objective fact, ignored in most First Amendment formulation, is now a central issue.

Factual information was the subject of the case of the Pentagon Papers, and, though the prosecution would not have it so, of its criminal aftermath. It is the stated goal of journalists who resist grand jury subpoenas. Facts are the prize, on both sides of the fight. The subpoenas are not concerned with secret sources of opinion. Neither are the reporters, who want to dig out facts. Again, a former CIA man, Victor L. Marchetti, seeks to publish a book about what went on in the CIA. The CIA, and, so far, the courts, do not think he ought to, without a check on whether he is divulging “classified information.” Nobody suggests he may not publish his opinion of the CIA.

It is not that factual statement was never an issue in the struggles of the earlier era. Parliament in the 1770s tried to stop John Wilkes from printing its proceedings (tried, and then conceded). But that was an exceptional item among a hundred contests over the publishing of comment. (Civil ac-

tions for defamation are ordinarily concerned with fact, but until recently such actions never involved the First Amendment and rarely public matters.) The earliest important application of the First Amendment to factual material came in 1945, when the Supreme Court held that the Antitrust Act forbade certain practices of the Associated Press. (The A.P. cited the First Amendment as sanctioning its freedom to pick and choose its customers; the Court cited the First Amendment too, but just the other way.) And even there, though almost all of what the A.P. sold was factual information, the justice who paid most attention to the First Amendment referred to “news and views.”

There is striking evidence of the shift in the changing role of the congressional investigating committee. From the 1930s through the 1950s, it was on the side of suppression; one of its purposes was to silence or inhibit radical opinion. Now, less than twenty years later, the investigating committee has, so far as those who favor free expression are concerned, undergone metamorphosis from villain into hero. The Senate tries to pry information out of an unwilling Executive and present it to the public. Instead of stifling free expression, the committees, by and large, promote it. And the target of investigation at the present time is fact rather than opinion.



Parricide

Just at the moment when freedom to express opinion has become fairly well established, the need for factual information has become vastly more important. Enabling the people to make the right political decisions is generally considered the main reason for a system of free expression (though it is not the only one), and to arrive at such decisions the people must have access to the facts, facts that have to do with how the country is being run, what grievances exist, the wisdom and justice of conflicting policies. In centuries past, the facts were decently apparent; what was needed, and what the government opposed, was comment on the facts. Now we are free to comment, but the facts are hard to find. Society has grown much larger and more complex—in its technology, its economics, and its politics—and, reflecting the society, so has our government. There are many more relevant facts today than there were in 1600, in 1700, in 1800, even in 1940. And—quite apart from efforts to suppress them—the facts are buried in the multiple creases of this complicated culture.

Nor has our government in recent years wanted us to find them. Abraham Lincoln could truthfully say, in his Second Inaugural Address, "The progress of our arms . . . is as well known to the public as to myself." The present Administration finds the Address embarrassing. The progress of our arms, as in the case of the Pentagon Papers, is regarded by the Executive as something to conceal.

And Lincoln's famous aphorism must presently be questioned. It is now possible to fool all of the people all of the time, or at least so many of them for so long a time that the remnant doesn't matter. Lincoln was expressing faith in the people's ultimate good sense, but good sense cannot be exercised without the facts to work on. The First Amendment, having served one purpose well, now has another one before it.

THE BULLHORN AND THE KAZOO

While the information needed has become more extensive and more complex, the means of communicating it have become constricted. One side of the First Amendment is to assure that facts will not be hidden, and that those who have them will be free to speak. Another is to make it possible for the speakers to be heard.

Libertarians have recently claimed with some success, though the claim has been opposed, that the guaranties of speech and press include the right to hear and read, which may levy something of a strain on the "absolute" view that the First Amendment should be taken literally. But the point is sound: we can put it in terms of the speaker's right to be heard and the writer's to be

read, and the outcome is the same. The amendment must extend that far, or the guaranties are nonsense. Talking to oneself is hardly the principal function of the faculty of speech; a press does not exist so that the printer will have something to read. The amendment has to do with both utterance and receipt.

Receipt by whom? So far as political utterance is concerned, though everyone is affected, the primary audience consists of those who exert, or have a chance to exert, power over government. When the earlier epoch began, toward the end of the sixteenth century, that was a very small group. It consisted of the nobility, the gentry, and the more substantial burgesses. It was easy to reach the entire audience; they could be spoken to, directly or indirectly, in Parliament. The earliest form of free expression that was won was freedom of speech in Parliament. There was still no freedom to speak outside of Parliament, and no freedom of press at all. But the parliamentary privilege served its purpose well. The audience was convinced, and went out to work a revolution. The channel of communication was broad enough because the audience was narrow.

A century and a half later, in America, expression had grown freer, both because of the movement of the law in the intervening time and because of the intervening distance from the crown. And the body of recipients was still accessible. It was now a larger group; the gentry and the burgesses, much more than earlier in England, needed the help of others. But the others could be reached. People in towns assembled to hear addresses. Anyone who owned or could hire a press could turn out printed matter. There was a flood of pamphlets, broadsides, newspapers; even almanacs carried political argument. The population was put in a roil by the speeches and the literature. The American Revolution resulted; it could not have otherwise.

The situation is altogether different now. The population of seventeenth-century England was about five million, give or take a million or so. The population of rebellious America was perhaps two-thirds of that. The present population of the United States exceeds two hundred million. And it is not population alone that counts. A far larger proportion of the total is involved. Those who ultimately have the political power are all those who can vote. Not only those who do, but those who may, since they can exercise their power simply by refusing to; the outcome of elections is influenced by the number that stays home. There are one hundred and forty million people in America who are eligible to vote.

It is this vast audience that needs to hear the facts if our system is to work (and argument, too; the new importance of facts does not negate the importance of opinion). They can be reached

through television, radio, newspapers, magazines, and books. The older methods will not do. Speeches in the Senate and the House are significant only to the extent that they are heard outside the Capitol. Assemblies of the people, when they deal with national issues, are usually groups that already share a point of view and gather to applaud their own ideas. The kind of citizens' meeting that constitutes a forum—which deliberates and arrives at judgments, judgments that have effect on what is done—usually works on local matters only.

Pamphlets and broadsides—those justly honored instruments of political expression—hardly exist today. Handbills serve chiefly to create litter in the streets. Books that deal with serious subjects are read by a pitifully small fraction of the population. Books are influential, but they cannot function politically in themselves; the ideas and information they contain reach the broad electorate only indirectly. They affect political decision only by affecting the views of those who have the chance to speak through other media. (Two spectacular instances of the effect of books on politics—Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed*—are typical. These two touched special nerves; their evident common sense had an ally in deep fantasy, which could cut across diverse economic and political strata. In the one case, our fear of poison was excited, and drove quite disparate elements to the ecological banner. As for the other, Americans are easily aroused by intimations of infidelity on the part of their mistress the motor car.)

The effective media require large accumulations of capital and rely on commercial advertising. It is not necessary to repeat the sad story of the diminution of those threatened species, the daily newspaper and the general magazine. What perhaps needs emphasis—for those who live in the larger cities—is the indifference, if not hostility, of most American newspapers to serious discussion of public issues. And even in the larger cities, which have some very good papers, there are fewer and fewer competing voices.

And most Americans browse on even more arid grounds. They get their news mostly from television. Television news is admirable on occasion. It provides an informative supplement we never had before: pictures of people's faces, which often tell us more than the words they use, sometimes even contradict the words. But television news is narrow and skimpy, in relation to events. And what one sees in a few metropolitan centers is usually a good deal more than what appears on the many local stations.

So the news is not good. And it could be worse. It could be worse because its control is concentrated in a few hands. It is startling (or would be,



Ah! You wish to meddle with the press!

except we are used to it) that the means by which the citizens of a democracy get their news—information that they must have in order to run their country—is a form of private property. An expensive form: it takes a large accumulation of capital to operate a major paper or a television station.

A few outstanding papers, and, sporadically, the networks, have been acting well, even bravely. But it is only the character of those who happen now to manage them that accounts for the blessings we have. We feed on the largesse of Lord and Lady Bountiful, and their heirs may be quite different. The few pieces of private property that constitute the media could pass to other hands.

At the moment, most of the great papers and the networks seem to be partial to freedom, and the government, which inveighs against them, seems devoted to suppression. But liberals might think back a way: substitute Franklin Roosevelt for Richard Nixon, and William Randolph Hearst and Colonel Bertie McCormick for the editors of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and a couple of other papers.

And have a helping from the present time of higher journalistic standards: This past December, 151 employees of the *New York Daily News* tried to place an advertisement in the paper for which they worked, calling on the President to make

peace in Southeast Asia. The *News* refused to run the ad. This was not government censorship of the press; it was censorship by the press. The *Times*, we may note, reported the occurrence, but that was hardly a remedy. The statement was meant to reach not the readers of the *Times*, but quite another audience: the readers of the *News*, some of whom might give heed to the opinion of those whose by-lines they respect. We have an oligarchical press, and oligarchs need not always be benign.

Whatever their performance, television, newspapers, radio, and a few magazines are the main sources of Americans' information and opinion. They are severely limited in number, electromagnetically in the case of television and radio, economically in any case. If you would be heard, you must own one of them or be the owner's invited guest. Freedom of speech, regarded as the Founding Fathers regarded it, freedom from suppressive laws, adequate to its time, can be an all too theoretical right in the present situation. If I have a bullhorn and you have a kazoo, it doesn't matter a whole hell of a lot that the government suppresses neither of us. Your muffled mummings can't compete with my blaring declarations.

What ought to be done about it?³ Should there be legislation in aid of free expression? Should the law intercede to prevent a possible corner in the famous market of ideas? The First Amendment is a negative injunction: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech. . . ." Should Congress make some laws in aid of it? The circumstances being now utterly different from what they were in 1789, should we have legislation affirmatively granting access to the media?

In a small way, we already have. The best known of these legislative efforts is the "fairness doctrine." It requires broadcasters to give "adequate" coverage to public issues and to take care that the coverage "accurately reflects the opposing views." But the "doctrine" is difficult to enforce,

and its effects have hardly been substantial. The principal sanction is the power of the FCC to refuse to renew the station's license, a power rarely exercised. Moreover, the ground on which the Supreme Court has upheld the legislation is that the number of broadcast frequencies is physically limited, reasoning which does not extend to the printing press. The Court ignored the more significant fact that broadcasting is economically limited—as is the operation of an influential newspaper or general-circulation magazine. New York City has four daily papers (including the *Wall Street Journal*) and ten television stations (including UHF). And remember that a television station, unlike a printed publication, can accommodate only one speaker at a time. Economics, not electromagnetics, poses the problem, and there is no logical basis (except that it is now perhaps the most influential of the media) to distinguish broadcasting from the rest of the press.

Should such legislation go further, then, apply more forcibly and to all the press? Should more of the television wasteland be brought under cultivation? Should newspapers be compelled to open their columns (within some reasonable limits that would have to be determined) to all who would be heard? That means government regulation of the press, which is a disturbing thought. But would not the First Amendment's prohibitions be available to prevent such regulation, intended to enlarge free speech, from becoming suppressive control?

Nevertheless, if it is a good idea at all, it does not seem a good idea right now, given the current state of the press and the current state of the government. St. Augustine's prayer for himself might be the best prescription for our media: someday, perhaps, they should be made chaste, but not just yet.

GUARDING THE GOVERNMENT, GUARDING THE PEOPLE

Laws inhibiting freedom of speech once had a clear and simple purpose: they were meant to preserve the power of the government. The rulers wanted no opposition, no blame, no criticism. In the beginning, there was not much difference between treason and sedition. The latter, which became a body of law relating to words ("seditious libel"), included kinds of conduct ("insurrection"). The former, which our Constitution confines to acts, once included words. And even thought: it was treason to "compass the death of the king"—that is, in the language of the time, to imagine it. When the first ten amendments, the Bill of Rights, were put before the new United States, the argument was made that the addition was unnecessary because the rights dealt with were implicit. Except for treason: the crime had been so broad that the framers had written in the body of

³ A panel sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund has formulated a National Press Council to examine the performance of the so-called "national media"—the broadcasting networks, news magazines, wire services, and syndicated news of such major daily newspapers as the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Washington Post*. The council, to be made up of persons from inside and outside journalism, would have no power except to make its judgments known (if the media will publish them). The proposal is criticized by many in the media who see it as an organ of self-censorship and potential tampering with the processes of journalism. (The *New York Times* has formally refused to cooperate with the council; other refusals are likely to follow.) Self-censorship generally does not proceed with noble purpose; instead, it flees in fear, fear that if the industry does not police itself, the government will, causing loss of profits. Thus Hollywood's classification of films as to suitability, with its ludicrous results, or the extremes of repression resulting from the movie industry's blacklisting of film writers and the broadcasting "black list" of the forties and fifties. The projected Press Council seems to aim at something different and better. In any event, however, it would have little effect on a press opposed to freedom.

The First Amendment on Trial

the Constitution a provision limiting it to defined particular acts.

That was what suppression of speech and press had as its end: keeping the rulers safe, safe from the perils of criticism. "Blame of the government" was the test of sedition. In the nineteenth century, English judges were still declaring it criminal—indeed, "unconstitutional"—for anyone outside of Parliament to "cry down the establishment of the country," to utter words that had "the tendency" to "breed hatred against the government." (The quotations are from the trials of Leigh Hunt, who criticized the use of flogging in the British army, and of John Drakard, Hunt's publisher. Each was prosecuted for sedition, and though the judges were consistent, one jury—that institution in which liberals traditionally put so much trust—convicted Drakard who printed the essay and another acquitted Hunt who wrote it.)

At the present time, the free-speech issues are, in law, not between the government and its opponents, but between different policies of and for the people. It is not, in law, the government seeking to maintain itself in power but the government adjusting the interplay of contending social needs. The recent cases in which journalists have resisted subpoenas present precisely such a conflict (whatever else they may involve). The newsmen say their sources should be concealed, else transmitting information to the public, an obvious social good, will be unduly hampered. The government says the

sources should be disclosed, for a variety of reasons.

Although much of the press, protesting, treats it all as a single issue, the cases are not alike. The case of Earl Caldwell of the *New York Times* involved the identity of informants, from whom the government, suspecting crime, would also like information. In the case of Paul Branzburg of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the government wanted to know not something he was told but something he had witnessed. The case of Peter Bridge of the now defunct *Newark News* did not involve violation of a confidence; he simply took the position that he should not be asked about things he had decided not to write about (and the subject was corruption).

In private libel and slander actions, under a very recent change in the law, the plaintiff cannot prevail unless he proves not only that the attack on him is false but also that the defendant knew it was false, or came very close to knowing—in effect, that the defendant was a deliberate, malicious liar. It seems unfair to permit the defendant to escape responsibility by saying, "I had a basis for my statement but I will not tell you what it is; just take my lying word for it." Yet the journalist who is sued for libel may be acting in great good faith: he relied, reasonably, on what he was told; he could get the information only by accepting it in confidence; and what he reported was a matter of the public concern.

What William Farr reported in the *Los Angeles*

"So Far, the Authorities Have Been Winning . . ."

On June 11, 1722, the *New England Courant* gave high offense to the Royal Council for suggesting that the authorities were being somewhat sluggish in suppressing piracy off the Massachusetts coast.

The owner of the paper, James Franklin, was summoned for questioning and sent to jail for a month after refusing to name the author of the impertinent paragraph.

Next to be called was his half-brother and indentured apprentice, 15-year-old Benjamin Franklin, who parried the inquiries more successfully. The council let him go, he wrote later in his autobiography, "considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice who was bound to keep his master's secrets."

Young Ben Franklin might not be so lucky today. The privilege accorded him in 1722, if it can be called that, established no precedent for journalists. Like James Franklin, newsmen are once again beginning to go to jail for refusing to tell courts, grand juries and legislative committees what they want to know.

The question these days is not of authorship, but

of confidential sources; not so much of what newsmen put into print, but of what they hold out. Increasingly they have been contending that forcing them to disclose such information would deprive them of informants and throttle the free flow of news guaranteed implicitly by the First Amendment.

So far, the authorities have been winning the argument, if not the secrets. In a 5-to-4 decision last June involving three newsmen subpoenaed before grand juries [Caldwell of the *New York Times*, Branzburg of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and Paul Pappas, a New Bedford, Mass., TV reporter], the Supreme Court ruled that the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press did not entitle them to refuse to reveal information gained in confidence.

A major counterattack is building up in Congress where 91 members of the House and 17 senators at last count have introduced or cosponsored various bills to grant newsmen a statutory privilege against compulsory testimony. . . .

—George Lardner, Jr., *The Washington Post*, February 5, 1973

Herald-Examiner was trivial, an appeal to voyeurism in a matter of no political consequence (the Manson murder trial), and all the court asked of him was which of a group of lawyers had violated an order designed to assure fair trial. There is considerable public value in punishing sleazy lawyers who jeopardize fair trial; there is little public value in making it easy to publish Farr's kind of article. In contrast, Harvard Professor Samuel Popkin, subpoenaed before a Boston grand jury in the Ellsberg case, refused disclosure in a matter of the greatest consequence. Think about the law-respecting procedure that he followed, how little he withheld, and the service to public understanding of the kind of confidence he sought to guard. (Popkin appeared several times before the Boston grand jury; some of the reporters refused even to appear before the grand juries that summoned them. Having testified in detail that he had no information about possession or distribution of the Pentagon Papers, Popkin refused to answer two questions he felt were not only speculative, but would compromise his confidential relationships with government sources he interviewed in the course of his scholarly research.) His punishment is hard to understand, particularly in a federal circuit with an appellate bench as intelligent as the one that handled his case.

The judges of the lower courts (perhaps assisted by the lawyers) have made the Supreme Court's decision in the group of cases known by Caldwell's name worse than it really was. The newspapers and the reporters argued that newsmen should not be made to testify except where the prosecution shows "compelling necessity" for disclosure. Four justices voted for the prosecution; four voted for the reporters. This made the opinion of the ninth—Mr. Justice Powell—the best indicator of the meaning of the decision. His opinion, roughly, was that the shoe is on the other foot: the witness must appear and state his objections to the questions, and should be excused from testifying if he convinces the court that he ought not to. It furnished a precedent that should have led to Popkin's release, not to his imprisonment.⁴

⁴ While we are on the subject of misconceptions, there is a good deal of sonorous declamation about the grand jury's "historical" function of standing between the prosecuting government and the citizen. Even the justices who ruled against Caldwell joined in the chorus. Historically, it was quite the other way. The grand jury in its beginnings was the prosecuting government—investigator, accuser, and for practical purposes the court. It was established in the time of Henry II and its function was to find who in the vicinity were said to have committed crimes, to decide (on hearsay) whether they had committed crimes, and to send them to the ordeal. This was in effect conviction, because even if the accused came successfully through the ordeal, he had in any case to abjure the realm, which in the ordered society of the day was, for most defendants, a sentence of death or slavery. Yet it was an improvement, fairer and more rational than the methods superseded: ordeal on private accusation, trial by battle, and compurgation.

Despite the differences in the cases, the law proceeds in each of them with ostensible good purpose. Aid is sought in the difficult task of dealing with crime under a system designed to protect the innocent. If we had a system under which those in authority could punish without due process of law, there would be no need of legal evidence and no grand jury problems.

In any event, here again we have a significant change. Where once the courts, in the cases that lay behind the First Amendment, dealt with challenges to the power of the rulers, now they deal with competing desiderata—free press versus enforcement of the criminal law, free press versus national security, free press versus malicious damage to individual reputation, free press versus fair trial. And in all of this keep in mind the sanctimony to which the press is liable. Journalists—like doctors, lawyers, film producers, football coaches—tend to confuse their personal desires with the common weal. Is it the worth of the First Amendment, or some personal ambition, that motivates the bold reporter? We are all vulnerable to the confusion, most of all the lawyer involved in First Amendment issues (such as the writer of this article) who adds the habit of advocacy to the other obstructions to clear-sighted view.

The opinion of the four justices who ruled against Caldwell (with Powell's concurrence) was in my opinion wrong; it hinders the dissemination of the news. And the decision creates a need for legislation, which in itself is bad. Constitutional rights should not depend on legislation. What Congress grants Congress can cancel, and the First Amendment was written to protect minority views, not things that a majority can agree upon. But the argument for total immunity cannot be sustained. There are situations where the need to know is so important, and the news involved so trivial, that the newsman's privilege ought to give way to other purposes of the Bill of Rights. Ponder the case where the privilege works against the rights of an individual defendant. And take a final example: suppose the crime is corruption in high places, and the journalist is one whose career depends on being welcome in high places. Exceptions may require courts to draw a line, and even though judges themselves sometimes say it can't be done, they do it all the time. It is one of the daily exercises of the law.⁵ Immunity for newsmen, then, should be the rule and if an exception is to be made, the burden of proving its necessity should be on the government.

⁵ For the absolutists who use where-do-you-draw-the-line as an argument, it may be observed that the anti-Caldwell justices relied heavily on precisely that kind of argument. It would be extremely difficult, they said, to decide what constituted a newspaper (statements issued on "carbon paper or a mimeograph"?) and who was a reporter ("the lonely pamphleteer . . . lecturers, political pollsters, novelists, academic researchers, dramatists"?).

THE OUTLAW GOVERNMENT

In the earlier era, as I have said, the government suppressed adverse opinion in order to shelter its power. That was the open rationale; that was, in general, the law. Now the law has changed. Suppression is forbidden except (and rarely then) in aid of public policy.

This is now the law. But suppose you have an outlaw government. Things having grown as complicated as they are, it is possible for a government itself unlawful to seek old ends in new disguises. It can make believe it serves the people when in fact it serves itself. It can purport to deal with the problem of access to the media when in fact it seeks to control them. It can pay tribute to freedom of opinion while it chokes the passage to the facts on which opinion is based.

Our system is run both by principles and people, not wholly by one or the other. The familiar pairing of opposites—government-of-laws or government-of-men—does not present a clean division. We normally have both at once. Rules of law are abstractions, general propositions that include a multiplicity of instances and—necessarily—work awkwardly with respect to some of them. There is no Automatic Magic Set of Dandy Propositions. It takes good men to make them work. Or at least, and quite literally, it takes fairly decent men.

Not that principles are unimportant. Some are clearly better than others. “Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech” is better than “No citizen shall speak ill of the government.” But given the good grants of our Bill of Rights, we need rulers to apply them. That is, rulers who respect the law and have regard for freedom.

The two go naturally together. Law is the condition of freedom. The alternatives to a legal system are, on the one hand, authoritarian personal rule and, on the other, anarchy. The denial of freedom in the former is obvious to us all. Anarchy has, however, an initial sound of freedom. Anthony Burgess, accurately, presents “the belief that man can be governed and yet be free” as a belief not widely held, indeed as something quirky. But if it were not for the intervention of the law, anybody with better muscles than you could quite easily make you shut up. So if we would have freedom, we must have law, and a government that enforces the law not only upon its citizens but also upon itself.

The “government” for present purposes is the Executive. Congress has not lately sought suppression. The Judiciary, by and large, has been at the forefront of freedom. Well ahead, it must be said, of the mass of the people themselves: our citizens find the First Amendment a rather remote abstraction. For the average man, freedom of speech

means freedom-for-me, as it has for many much-above-average men, a line of popes and revolutionaries.

An outlaw government has two ways to take advantage of the citizens’ failure to understand that freedom is entire. One way recognizes the legal forms, and abuses them. The other demeans and disregards the law: it indulges the practices of corruption, it seeks to set clowns on judges’ benches, it uses its force in violation of constitutional provisions.

For the first, where once, opposed to free expression, there were statutes and judge-made law enforced in open court, we now have perversion of judicial process, impositions on the courts themselves, and legislative proposals that have a calculated double meaning. The Executive can pretend to prosecute criminal acts when in fact it wishes to silence dissent (the trial of Spock, for example). It can pretend concern for national security when in fact it wants to keep things secret not from the enemy but from the citizens (the case of the Pentagon Papers). It can use the processes of the criminal law for purposes of harassment; a sprinkling of subpoenas may dampen opposition (the Pentagon aftermath). It can address itself to the problem of making room for voices, and, announcing an effort to broaden channels of communication, try to nar-



Cuckoo! There it is again!

row them instead (the proposals put forth through Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy).

In pursuit of the second way, the Executive can use its vast extrajudicial powers, or threaten it will use them. The publisher of a tract that speaks against the government will not be drawn and quartered (as he would have been in the time of Good Queen Bess), but there is much that the Executive can give and much the Executive can take away, if it has a mind to. Jawboning, arm-twisting, bad enough in economic matters, are deadly in the world of First Amendment freedoms.

The current extralegal assault is unprecedented and ironic in an Administration that arrived in Washington preaching law and order. Jefferson complained about the press (and, unlike the present Administration, had good reason to complain). But given the circumstances and the time, his reaction was a mild one; he did not use the powers of his office to try to shape the press, nor did he threaten to. Neither did FDR, who battled a hostile press with the technology given him by radio and the grace given him by God (a convenience not available to all).

In the decade past, it has become the settled law that official interference with free expression, except by judgment of a court, is a violation of the First Amendment. The rule has been developed in obscenity cases. Thus the police may not use the threat of prosecution to force booksellers to close their shelves to books the police deem harmful, even though those books might be held unlawful after a litigation. Nor may the suppression be accomplished by steps taken in aid of a pending prosecution legitimate in itself. The district attorney of one of the largest counties in the nation—a considerable official—was made the subject of injunction in such a situation. He had, without an order of a court, seized most of the copies of a magazine he was prosecuting. A three-judge federal court directed him to give them back, even though (for reasons that had nothing to do with the merits) this meant the end of prosecution, before there could be a trial on the question of obscenity. If the district attorney had persisted in his initial course, he would have been sent to jail. (He did not persist, of course, but abided by the law's command.)

The same considerations are pertinent whether the crime charged is obscenity or something else: if what the government does in aid of prosecution impinges on free speech, we have a First Amendment issue. It would be strange if the principles that the courts have announced where artistic effort was involved did not apply with equal strength to political expression.

There are differences, of course. The seizure of publications is one thing and the questioning of witnesses another. But it is not that the government must always lose; it is rather that if the First

Amendment is present in one kind of prosecution, it is present in the others. The government must expect to be remitted to less efficient methods where the ordinary mode of doing things may bruise the First Amendment values.

That has to do with cases such as Caldwell, Popkin, Ellsberg. The even more important parallel has to do with situations where there is no pending legal case—where the Executive proceeds against free speech without calling on the courts. The police chief threatening the local bookstore is acting no more unlawfully than the Vice President of the United States threatening whole sections of the press. Each, without warrant in law, attacks rights granted by the First Amendment. Each brandishes mighty weapons—the one arrest and prosecution, the other the many kinds of pressure that the Executive can bring to bear. The analogy is exact, except in two respects: what the Vice President does is more dangerous to the Constitution; and there has not been devised, as yet, a way to bring him into court.

Our present law is not good enough, but it is pretty good. Our present channels of communication are not open enough, but they are, in significant numbers, pretty independent. The main trouble is a government that has no respect for either. Take two small and sharp examples. Clay Whitehead has said, in an interview, that he is “no expert in communications.” Harrold Carswell, Nixon’s defeated nominee for the Supreme Court, is no expert in the law. Our Executive would consign the delicate problems of communication to the one, and put the other in a position to decide whether the outcome is legal.

It is quite possible for a government of such character to subvert the Constitution. Possible, but not inevitable. The courts are reassuring. Consider the liberal alarm in the case of Spock and his alleged co-conspirators, in the case of the Chicago Seven, in the case of the Pentagon Papers, and then consider the judicially imposed conclusion of each case. Not perfect, but quite impressive, and a demonstration that the Executive is not omnipotent. The courts, of course, cannot do it all themselves. They need the aid of the Congress, which has shown it can meet the occasion; the Administration put “conservatives” on the Court, but it was forced to accept real judges, which is the critical thing (as should have been obvious at the time, and as decisions are gradually proving). They need the aid of the press itself. A press that doesn’t want freedom terribly much is most unlikely to get it. Beyond all these lies the power of the people, who can control the government, and will, if—and only if—things are made clear to them. They need the information, they need to realize what they have at stake. They must understand that freedom-for-me is not enough, that in fact it is nothing at all. □

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS

by David Wise

"I was determined to tell my story directly to the people rather than to funnel it to them through a press account."

—Richard Nixon, *Six Crises*

President Richard Nixon was in a good mood.

He had left Bucharest that afternoon; now his plane touched down at Mildenhall Air Force Base, England, the last stop on what had been a successful journey around the world. The crowds cheered the President along the way. Only two weeks earlier, on July 20, 1969, the United States had become the first nation to land men on the moon.

Prime Minister Harold Wilson had gone to the Air Force base, eighty-five miles north of London, to greet the President. As he chatted informally with Wilson at a reception at the officers' club, Nixon said he planned to send moon rocks to every chief of state. At the time, there was a good deal of concern, later discounted, that germs might exist on the moon to which earthlings had no immunity. Because of these fears of real-life Andromeda Strain, the Apollo 11 astronauts had been sealed up in a capsule and quarantined upon their return from outer space. Well aware of this, Nixon told Harold Wilson that he also had another gift in mind. He might find a few "contaminated" pieces of the moon, he said, and give them to the press.

Nixon was, of course, joking, but the story revealed with clarity his attitude toward, and relations with, the news media. Nixon's bitterness toward the press is legendary, perhaps best symbolized by his now classic remark after his defeat in the 1962 gubernatorial race in California: "You won't have Nixon to kick around any more. . . ." On the other hand some of the men who went to work for Nixon after he became President have often left the impression that they would very much enjoy kicking around the press.

On election night, 1968, fifteen minutes after Richard Nixon issued his victory statement, about twenty GOP advance men gathered in the empty ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to accept congratulations from John Ehrlichman, their chief. The happy, elated Nixon workers next heard from J. Roy Goodearle, a tall, beefy Southerner who was Spiro Agnew's chief advance man (and later the Vice President's principal political liaison with Republican Party leaders).



How come I buy your newspaper and don't find today's news in it? Sir, today's news was in yesterday's paper!

"Why don't we all get a member of the press and beat him up?" he asked. "I'm tired of being nice to them."

Unbeknownst to Goodearle, Ehrlichman, or the other advance men, Joseph Albright, then Washington bureau chief for Long Island's *Newsday*, was standing in the room and wrote down the remark. Goodearle does not deny it; Agnew's former press secretary, Victor Gold, speaking for Goodearle, insisted to me that "it was a joke." "Perhaps so," says Albright, "but nobody laughed."

In the spring of 1972, columnist Nicholas Thimmesch of *Newsday* was invited by Jack Valenti to a private advance screening of *The Godfather* at the Washington headquarters of the Motion Picture Association of America. Seated in the small theater, Thimmesch suddenly felt someone grab his hair from behind and yank his head back sharply against the seat.

When Thimmesch was able to turn around he saw that the hair-puller was the President's chief of staff, Bob Haldeman, about whom Thimmesch had recently written a somewhat critical profile. (The article termed Haldeman's manner "brusque" and "clinical," and quoted Haldeman as saying: "I guess the term 'sonofabitch' fits me." Haldeman's crew cut, the profile added, "hasn't changed since the beginning of the cold war." Despite this column, Thimmesch was held in exceptionally high regard by the Nixon Administration.) Apparently Haldeman did not approve of the length of Thimmesch's hair.

"Oh, pardon me," said Haldeman, "I thought it was a girl sitting there."

It was the newspapers that broke the story of the "Nixon Fund" during the 1952 presidential campaign—the \$18,235 collected from wealthy contributors to help pay for his political expenses, or as Nixon put it, "to enable me to continue my active battle against Communism and corruption." As pressure mounted over the fund, General Eisenhower threatened to force Nixon to resign as the Republican nominee for Vice President. Nixon prepared to deliver his famous televised "Checkers" speech.

"My only hope to win," he wrote in his book *Six Crises*, "rested with millions of people I would never meet, sitting in groups of two or three or four in their livingrooms, watching and listening to me on television. I determined as the plane took me to Los Angeles that I must do nothing which might reduce the size of that audience. And so I made up my mind that until after this broadcast, my only releases to the press would be for the purpose of building up the audience which would be tuning in. Under no circumstances, therefore, could

I tell the press in advance what I was going to say or what my decision would be. . . . This time I was determined to tell my story directly to the people rather than to funnel it to them through a press account."

And so Nixon went before the television cameras. He invoked Pat's Republican cloth coat, his little girl, Tricia, and his little black and white cocker spaniel dog ("regardless of what they say about it, we are going to keep it"). The public response was overwhelmingly favorable; Nixon flew to Wheeling, West Virginia, to meet Eisenhower, wept on Senator William Knowland's shoulder, and stayed on the ticket.

But the lesson of all this was not lost on Nixon: the newspapers had threatened his political career; television had saved it. The words in *Six Crises* remained a manifesto and guideline to his dealings with the press. The way to deal with newspapers was to tell them very little, build up suspense, and then go over their heads to the people via television.

Nixon can keep track of what the networks and news media are saying about him through the "President's Daily News Briefing," the highly detailed private digest prepared for him by his speechwriting staff. Copies are not meant for public consumption, of course, but when the President was in China in February, 1972, a reporter got hold of one, and it showed that, even in Peking, Nixon could read what was being written and said about him in fantastic detail.

Television reports, for example, had obviously been clocked with a stopwatch, since the precise number of minutes and seconds of each network story was given, for example: "NBC led with 5:20 from the banquet . . . 1:30 of RN toast and 1:20 by Chou." This meant Nixon could tell by a glance at the summary that American viewers watching NBC-TV got ten seconds more of Nixon than of Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. The log, which covered February 25, went on to say that NBC's Herb Kaplow had done a two-minute report from the Forbidden City. "Both better film and audio of RN than was the case in live coverage." For the "2nd night in a row," the summary noted somewhat sourly, "CBS led with busing story."

In discussing coverage by CBS—which has not been the Nixon Administration's favorite network—the digest said: "Still frustrated in getting news was Cronkite . . . as he said reporters were again turning to sightseeing." White House correspondent Dan Rather, the log said, did a report on acupuncture. "We saw a fellow under lung surgery—no pain. Then Dr. Dan in his operating room outfit concluded if it was all as it had been demonstrated, and he gave no reason to cause one to think it was otherwise, the operations witnessed

The President and the Press

were 'amazing.'” The sardonic reference to Rather as “Dr. Dan” implicitly questioned his ability to make medical judgments; and the tone of the President’s news summary suggested that Rather had clearly been taken in by acupuncture and those clever Chinese. The log concluded with several single-spaced pages of reports on newspaper coverage of the trip, quoting headlines and going into great detail about treatment of the news, photographs, cartoons, and editorials.

One can only speculate about the cost, the tremendous effort, and the man-hours it must take to monitor the television networks and dozens of newspapers in such minute detail every day, then boil it down into written form, assemble it, and—when the President is out of Washington—transmit it to him.

The Administration sees political advantage in attacking the press, says Hugh Sidey of *Time*, “but don’t discount their general hostility toward the press. It bubbles to the surface all the time. I once asked JFK what ever possessed him to call the steel men SOB’s. He said, ‘Because it felt so good.’ Some of that is here in the attacks on the press. Under Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson, the staff guys would bitch and moan about us, but there was always a sense of public trust, that they were awed by the responsibility given to them, and they understood this and would talk about what they were doing. They would talk about things. You could talk, write about, or disagree with them, but at the end of the day you could have a drink with them. There is no sense of that with these people.

“This crowd came in like an occupying army. They took over the White House like a stockade, and the Watergate, and screw everybody else. They have no sense that the government doesn’t belong to them, that it’s something they’re holding in trust for the people.”

“We feel the general pressure,” says Tom Wicker, associate editor and columnist of the *New York Times*. “No administration in history has turned loose as high an official as the Vice President to level a constant fusillade of criticism at the press. The Pentagon Papers case was pressure of the most immense kind. You have the Earl Caldwell case. If they indict Neil Sheehan, it will be pressure. In a sense, even the Ellsberg indictment is a form of pressure.

“There is a constant pattern of pressure intended to inhibit us. What the lawyers call a chilling effect. To make us unconsciously pull in our horns.” In December, 1971, Wicker said, he had received a telephone call from James Reston: “Scotty called me from Washington. I was in New York, and something had come up about the Sheehan case. I said, ‘I don’t think we ought to talk about this on the phone.’ I don’t know if they were listening. But if they can make us feel that way, hell, they’ve won the game already.”

One comes away from an interview with presidential press secretary Ronald Ziegler with the feeling of having sunk slowly, hopelessly, into a quagmire of marshmallows. But unless a newsman is out of favor, Ziegler is at least accessible to the press. To an unprecedented degree in the modern presidency, President Nixon is not.

Ziegler says that there has been no intent to intimidate the press. “Unless the press can point to efforts on the part of the government to restrain them, they shouldn’t care. I suppose if we were in a debate, someone would point to the Pentagon Papers. I feel the government had to take that view, do what they did.” Ziegler paused. “And after all,” he said, “the Pentagon Papers were published.”

The executive suite on the thirty-fifth floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System skyscraper in



Don't meddle with it.

Manhattan is a tasteful blend of dark wood paneling, expensive abstract paintings, thick carpets, and pleasing colors. It has the quiet look of power.

Over breakfast in the small private dining room of the executive suite, Frank Stanton, the president of CBS for twenty-five years, talked candidly about the relationship between government and the television industry. I was interested, I explained, in pressures by government on the TV networks. I particularly wanted to know about telephone calls from Presidents; I recognized that this was a delicate subject, but I assumed that as head of CBS he had received some. He had, as it turned out, from several Presidents.

"I had a curious call from LBJ," he said. "It was one night back in 1968, at the time of the Democratic platform committee hearings in Washington." Johnson called on a Tuesday, Stanton said; it was August 20, and Dean Rusk was scheduled to testify at an evening session of the committee. As Stanton recalled the conversation, it went as follows:

LBJ: Are you going to cover Dean Rusk tonight?

STANTON: Yes. We're covering the whole thing.

LBJ: No, I mean are you going to cover it *live*?

STANTON: Why?

LBJ: Rusk has an important statement.

STANTON: If you're saying Rusk is going to have an important statement, we'll cover it live. But he has to be there on time.

LBJ: OK, just tell me the time—I'll have him there.

STANTON: Well, 9:00 P.M. But you really have to get him there on time. We'll be cutting into the Steve Allen show, and people are going to be furious if there is nothing going on.

Stanton knew that the Steve Allen show (which on that night starred Jayne Meadows and the Rumanian National Dance Company) began at 8:30 P.M. and ran for one hour; viewers would naturally be disappointed, he reasoned, if time were preempted for a political broadcast and the screen showed an announcer doing "fill." The CBS president had visions of the Secretary of State arriving late and the television audience getting nothing: no Steve Allen, no Jayne Meadows, no Rumanian dancers, not even Dean Rusk.

The conversation with President Johnson continued:

STANTON: How long will Rusk speak?

LBJ: Not long—why?

STANTON: We've got a special on blacks coming on at 9:30 P.M. and I don't want Rusk to collide with that.

The President assured Stanton there was no need to worry; the Secretary of State would be there on time, and he would be off before the special.

Johnson was true to his word. Precisely at 9:00 P.M. CBS correspondent Roger Mudd began introducing the broadcast from a booth in the hall.

"Suddenly," Stanton said, "you could see Mudd look up, startled. Rusk was starting in right at 9:00 P.M., straight up."

The President of the United States had called the president of CBS and sweet-talked Steve Allen off the air and the Secretary of State on the air, in prime time, for a specific political reason, which he did not share with Stanton. That afternoon Democratic liberals had circulated a draft plank for the party platform calling for a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam. Lyndon Johnson wanted Dean Rusk on nationwide television, at an hour when he would have maximum exposure, to head off the inclusion of any such plank in the platform.

Rusk followed his marching orders. "We hear a good deal about stopping the bombing," he said. "... If we mean: Let them get as far as Dupont Circle but don't hit them while they are at Chevy Chase Circle, that would be too rude, let us say so." The party platform, Rusk said, should "state objectives" but not outline "tactics or strategy." In other words, no antibombing plank.

Rusk, in fact, made no important announcement; but presumably Johnson had to tell Stanton *something* to justify handing over the network to the President at 9:00 P.M. As it turned out, however, viewers were treated to a drama that was entirely unexpected, even by the President. Just as Rusk was finishing his twenty-five-minute statement, he was seen being given a piece of wire copy announcing the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

In plain view of the television audience, Rusk huddled with platform committee chairman Hale Boggs for a moment, and then announced: "I think I should go see what this is all about." And he hurried away.

Stanton, of course, had been watching CBS, waiting for that important statement. About twenty minutes later he got a call from the President. Did Rusk show up on time? Johnson wanted to know. Yes, said Stanton, hadn't the President been watching?

"No. Dobrynin came in to tell me what happened [in Czechoslovakia], and I've been tied up. I've just convened the National Security Council."

"Can I use that?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me, I want to tell our people this."

Stanton hung up and passed on his scoop to CBS News.

It eventually became known that a summit meeting between Johnson and the leaders of the Soviet Union was to have been announced at the White House the next morning, August 21. But the Czech invasion killed the projected meeting, to Johnson's bitter disappointment, and there was never any White House announcement that it had even been contemplated. In retrospect, Stanton harbored some suspicion that Rusk had planned to

is on the phone.'” As Minow recalled the conversation, it went this way:

JFK: Did you see that goddamn thing on Huntley-Brinkley?

MINOW: Yes.

JFK: I thought they were supposed to be our friends. I want you to do something about that. You do something about that.

Minow said that the President did not, as the story later got around in the television industry, ask that the FCC chairman take Huntley-Brinkley off the air. But, said Minow, the President “was mad.”

Minow added: “Some nutty FCC chairman would have called the network. Instead I called Kenny O'Donnell [Kennedy's appointments secretary] in the morning and I said to him, ‘Just tell the President he's very lucky he has an FCC chairman who doesn't do what the President tells him.’”

When a President desires to make a television broadcast, there are standing arrangements to handle his request, procedures worked out between the White House and the Washington bureaus of the major networks. At the time Lyndon Johnson was President, the networks told the White House they needed six hours to make the technical arrangements for a White House broadcast; they could do it in three, they said, but could not guarantee a good picture, or any picture. Despite this, Johnson often demanded instant access to the networks and got on the air within one hour.

Johnson used TV so frequently that finally he asked for—and the networks agreed to provide—“hot cameras,” manned throughout the day in the White House theater, with crews continually at the ready. Johnson could then walk into the theater and go on the air live, immediately. During the Dominican crisis he went on television on such short notice that he burst into the regular network programming with almost no introduction, startling millions of viewers.

“Once Johnson went on the air so fast,” an NBC executive recalled, “that we couldn't put up the presidential seal. When a network technician said we need a second to put up the seal, Johnson said, ‘Son, I'm the leader of the free world, and I'll go on the air when I want to.’”

There is a seeming paradox in Richard Nixon's view of television. On the one hand, television saved his political career in 1952, and he has often had kind words for the medium. Note, for example, that in his 1962 false exit (“You won't have Nixon to kick around any more”), he stated: “Thank God for television and radio for keeping the newspapers a little more honest.” As President, he told Cyrus Sulzberger in 1971: “I must say that

without television it might have been difficult for me to get people to understand a thing.”

On the other hand, as President, Nixon criticized the networks. It was with Nixon's blessing that Spiro Agnew launched his celebrated attack on network news analysts. Nixon's Administration has made systematic efforts to cow the networks and destroy the credibility of the press, including television news.

There is no inconsistency, however, if one understands that in Nixon's view television ideally should serve *only* as a carrier, a mechanical means of electronically transmitting his picture and words directly to the voters. It is this concept of television-as-conduit that has won Nixon's praise, not television as a form of electronic journalism. The moment that television analyzes his words, qualifies his remarks, or renders news judgments, it becomes part of the “press,” and a political target.

In discussing Nixon and television, therefore, one must distinguish between television as a mechanical means of communication and television as an intellectual instrument. “Pure” television is OK, television news is not. As President, Nixon's use of television flows logically from these basic premises. Thus at every opportunity Nixon solemnly addresses the nation, but he has usually avoided the give-and-take of the televised news conference. Only in the first setting does Nixon have total control—except for the analyses afterwards by network newsmen, which Spiro Agnew's attacks were specifically designed to discourage. In short, to Richard Nixon, television ideally is the mirror, mirror on the wall.

In April of 1971, John Ehrlichman, the President's chief assistant for domestic affairs, complained in person to Richard S. Salant, the president of CBS News, about Dan Rather, the network's White House correspondent. Ehrlichman was in New York to appear on the CBS Morning News with correspondent John Hart. Afterwards Hart and Ehrlichman adjourned for breakfast at the Edwardian Room of the Plaza, where they were joined by Salant. The President's assistant brought up the subject of CBS's White House reporter.

“Rather has been jobbing us,” Ehrlichman said. Salant, seeking to inject a lighter note into the conversation, told how Rather had been hired by CBS in 1962 after he had saved the life of a horse, an act of heroism that resulted in considerable publicity and brought him to the attention of the network. It was then that Rather went to work for CBS News as chief of its Southwest bureau in Dallas. When President Kennedy was assassinated in that city, Rather went on the air for the network, and his cool, poised coverage of the tragedy gained him national recognition. After Dallas, Salant ex-

plained to Ehrlichman, CBS brought Rather to Washington, in part because the new President, Lyndon Johnson, was a fellow Texan.

"Aren't you going to open a bureau in Austin where Dan could have a job?" Ehrlichman asked Salant. He then accused Rather of never coming to see him in the White House, and he suggested it might be beneficial if Rather took a year's vacation.

That evening, following a presidential press conference at the White House, Ziegler told Rather cryptically that President Nixon's obvious failure to recognize him at that conference had "no connection" with something that "you are about to hear."

Rather heard the next morning. Salant telephoned William Small, head of the CBS Washington bureau. Small called Rather in and told him about the breakfast at the Plaza; he assured Rather that his standing with CBS was not affected. He said he was mentioning the episode simply because sooner or later Rather was bound to learn about it. Rather told Small it was true he had not seen much of Ehrlichman at the White House—because Ehrlichman would not see him.

Now, however, Ziegler urged Rather to see Ehrlichman and talk the situation over. When Rather walked into Ehrlichman's office, he found Haldeman waiting there as well. The conversation, with just the three men present, was blunt on both sides. As Rather reconstructed it, the dialogue proceeded as follows:

EHRLICHMAN: I wanted to tell you to your face I wasn't in New York for this purpose. . . . I didn't know there was going to be a breakfast. When the conversation went in the direction it did, I told them what I thought, which is I think you're slanted. I don't know whether it's just sloppiness or you're letting your true feelings come through, but the net effect is that you're negative. You have negative leads on bad stories.

RATHER: What's a bad story?

EHRLICHMAN: A story that's dead-assed wrong. You're wrong 90 percent of the time.

RATHER: Then you have nothing to worry about; any reporter who's wrong 90 percent of the time can't last.

HALDEMAN (*breaking in*): What concerns me is that you are sometimes wrong, but your style is very positive. You sound like you know what you're talking about, people believe you.

EHRLICHMAN: Yeah, people believe you, and they shouldn't.



You have the floor, explain yourself, you are free!

RATHER: I hope they do, and maybe now we are getting down to the root of it. You have trouble getting people to believe you.

EHRLICHMAN: I didn't say that.

At one point Ehrlichman complained that "only the President, Bob, and sometimes myself" knew what was going on, and "you're out there on the White House lawn talking as though you know what's going on."

At the Plaza breakfast with Richard Salant, Ehrlichman had also singled out CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr for criticism. Schorr, said Ehrlichman, reported what the critics said about Nixon's domestic programs, but not the Administration's side. A few months later Schorr was under investigation by the FBI. Early on the morning of August 20, 1971, Ellen McCloy, Salant's secretary, received a telephone call at CBS News headquarters on West Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan. The call was from one Tom Harrington. "He's the CBS FBI man," Miss McCloy explained. "He always opens up his conversations by saying 'Tom Harrington FBI.'"

He did so on this occasion, explaining to Miss McCloy that she would be getting a call from another FBI man "who is checking on Dan Schorr." Salant was not in yet, so his secretary called him at home to alert him to the fact that the FBI was on the trail of a CBS correspondent. When the second agent called Miss McCloy, she gave him Salant's listed number in New Canaan, Connecticut. "He was in a big rush," Miss McCloy recalled. "He gave the impression he had to have the information right away." The FBI man then called the

CBS News president at his home, asking for the names of people who knew Dan Schorr. In the meantime Miss McCloy called Bill Small in Washington, Schorr's boss, to let him know what was happening.

The FBI agent called Miss McCloy back twice. With Salant's permission, she provided the names of other officials for him to talk to at CBS. Salant confirmed that the FBI agent who telephoned him presented the matter as "very urgent." The sort of questions he was asked about Schorr, Salant said, were: "Was he loyal? Did he go around with disreputable people?"

Schorr, a gray-haired, bespectacled family man of fifty-five, and a veteran of twenty years at CBS, definitely did not have the reputation of hanging around with disreputable people. A serious, hard-working newsman, he specialized in covering health, education, welfare, the environment, and economics.

As Schorr recalls the sequence of events, it began on Tuesday, August 17, when Nixon, in a speech to the Knights of Columbus, promised that "you can count on my support" to help parochial schools. The producer of the CBS Evening News—the Walter Cronkite show—called Schorr and asked for a follow-up story. Schorr went to see a source, a Catholic priest active in the field of education, who told him the Administration was doing nothing to aid Catholic schools.

On Wednesday night Cronkite ran a film clip of Nixon's speech promising to aid parochial schools, then cut to Schorr saying there was "absolutely nothing in the works" to help these schools. On Thursday, Alvin Snyder, the Administration's deputy communications director for television, telephoned Schorr, asking him to come to the White House because "Peter Flanigan and others thought I didn't have the facts." Late in the day Schorr met at the White House with Pat Buchanan, Terry T. Bell, deputy commissioner of education, and Henry C. Cashen II, an assistant to Charles Colson, who was then special counsel to the President. "They began reading figures off very rapidly," Schorr said. He suggested that they put their main points down on paper and said he would try to get it on the air.

On Thursday, the same day that Schorr was summoned to the White House, a member of the White House staff requested the FBI to investigate the CBS correspondent.

On Friday morning Schorr reported to the CBS studios in Washington. An FBI agent was already there questioning Small, who declined to answer until he knew the reason. "I don't know except it has to do with government employment," the FBI man said. Not having learned much from Small, the agent then wandered over to Schorr's desk and started asking routine questions—age? family? occupation?

Without thinking, Schorr began answering, then suddenly stopped and said he would not say anymore until the agent specified what employment he was talking about. Since the agent would not or could not, Schorr refused to answer any further questions.

"Is that what you want me to report?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I ask other people about you?"

"Yes."

Schorr explained to the agent that he was in a "highly visible" occupation; it would soon get around that he was being investigated and it might seem as though he was looking for a job. And that, Schorr explained, could be harmful to his reputation and position at CBS.

"All the rest of the day," Schorr said, "calls came in from all over from people who said they had been approached by the FBI. Fred Friendly [the former president of CBS News] called from his vacation home in New Hampshire. They had telephoned him and asked to see him, but he said he would not talk to them without checking with me. They called Bill Leonard and Gordon Manning, both vice presidents of CBS News. They called Ernie Leiser, the executive producer of CBS specials. Sam Donaldson of ABC was called. Irv Levine of NBC, who was with me in Moscow, was called; they wanted to know how I carried on as a correspondent in Moscow." When some of those questioned asked why the FBI was making these inquiries, they were told that Dan Schorr was being considered for a high government post, a position of trust.

Then Schorr discovered that "the FBI had talked to my neighbors, including Marjorie Hunter of the *New York Times*." One neighbor reported that Schorr's home had apparently been under surveillance. By now Schorr was determined to know more. "There were two theories at CBS: first, that it was a real employment investigation, and second, that it was an adverse investigation as a result of my stories on Catholic school aid. But if there was a job involved, where the hell was it?"

On November 11, the *Washington Post* published a detailed front-page story about the FBI investigation. The story said the probe had been initiated by the office of Frederic V. Malek. As personnel man in the White House, Malek earned a reputation as "the Cool Hand Luke" of the Nixon Administration.

The storm broke over Ron Ziegler at the White House morning press briefing. Schorr, Ziegler told newsmen, was being checked for a job in "the area of the environment." Malek, Ziegler added, was in charge of searching "across the nation" for "qualified people." Claiming "I am trying to be forthright with you," Ziegler nevertheless repeat-

The President and the Press

edly ducked the simple, direct question of who had ordered the FBI investigation. He kept saying that "... it was part of the Malek process." But the transcript of the briefing does include this exchange:

Q.: Is it your understanding Mr. Malek was aware that an FBI check was under way?

ZIEGLER: Yes.

In an interview published the next day, Malek seemed to imply that there had been a full field FBI probe. Malek said someone on his staff—again unidentified—had asked the FBI to investigate Schorr but "the message somehow got bungled. Somehow something went wrong. Either I wasn't clear on what I wanted or the staff wasn't clear or the FBI. A breakdown occurred."

Something indeed had gone wrong, and Senator Sam J. Ervin, Democrat of North Carolina, a Southern defender of constitutional liberties, announced a Senate investigation of the episode.

"Job or no job," Schorr told the Ervin committee, "the launching of such an investigation without consent demonstrates an insensitivity to personal rights. An FBI investigation is not a neutral matter. It has an impact on one's life, on relations with employers, neighbors, and friends."

Considering the Administration's protestations of innocence, it was surprising how little cooperation

Ervin received. The President declined to let any staff member testify—Malek, Herbert Klein, and Colson all refused invitations—but the White House sent a letter to Ervin, saying that Schorr "was being considered for a post that 'is presently filled.'" The letter was signed by John W. Dean III, counsel to the President. Nixon, the letter added, had decided that such job investigations in the future would not be initiated "without prior notification to the person being investigated." On the same day the letter was published, the *Washington Post* quoted an unnamed White House official as saying that the job for which Schorr had been investigated was that of assistant to Russell E. Train, the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality. The story indicated that the Administration thought Schorr might produce a series of television programs on the environment.

The leak was not entirely convincing, since Train had no assistant producing TV shows, and the White House letter to Ervin distinctly said the job was "presently filled." In fact, the council had no one with the title or duties of assistant to the chairman; no such job existed.

Much of the pressure by government on the networks takes place out of public view. The telephone calls from White House assistants and the visits to network executives by presidential aides



A quarter hour after its death, it was alive again.

are seldom publicized. For the most part, however, it is CBS that feels the greatest pressure under the Nixon Administration. The official who bears the brunt of that pressure is Richard Salant, the president of CBS News.

Salant, a lawyer turned news executive, occupies a high-pressure job; he wears glasses, has a receding hairline, and chain-smokes. Unlike some network executives, he is unusually outspoken. Salant reeled off a list of pressures from and contacts with CBS emanating from the Administration.

In February of 1971, he said, CBS did a segment on Agnew on the program *60 Minutes*. Narrator Mike Wallace reported that Agnew's grades at Forest Park High School "were mediocre at best." CBS asked to see the grades, Wallace added, "but school principal Charles Michael told us Agnew's record was pulled from the file when he became Vice President." The program, tracing Agnew's early career, also noted that he once served as personnel director at a supermarket and, like other employees, "Agnew often wore a smock with the words 'No Tipping Please' on it."

After the broadcast, Salant said, the President's director of communications, Herbert Klein, telephoned him. "Klein called and said he wanted to see me. He came to New York and came to my office and made small talk. Then he got around to the point; he said the Vice President didn't see *60 Minutes*, he never looks at those things. *But Mrs. Agnew saw it and didn't like it.*"

Salant told Klein that *60 Minutes* had broadcast letters from viewers who did not like the Agnew program; CBS would be happy to receive a letter from Mrs. Agnew.

Once Klein telephoned Reuven Frank, then president of NBC News, to protest a broadcast by David Brinkley. Frank became so furious that he stormed next door into the office of Richard C. Wald, then vice president of NBC News (later Frank's successor), to let off steam.

"Relax," said Wald, "he gets *paid* to call you."

A few days later on a Saturday morning, the White House telephoned Frank at home. Frank was annoyed since he was kept waiting on the line, it was his day off, and he hadn't had his breakfast yet. He started to do a slow burn again. Finally Klein came on. He was calling, he announced cheerily, to say he had seen something he *liked* on NBC; he just wanted Frank to know.

It may be that no single example of government power directed at television news means very much—Dan Rather survived John Ehrlichman's be-

moanings, Salant's sympathy for Judy Agnew was limited, and so on—but taken together, such incidents constitute a pattern of pressure that has dangerous implications. It is by means of such contacts that political leaders attempt to influence the presentation of the news so as to put the government in the most favorable light.

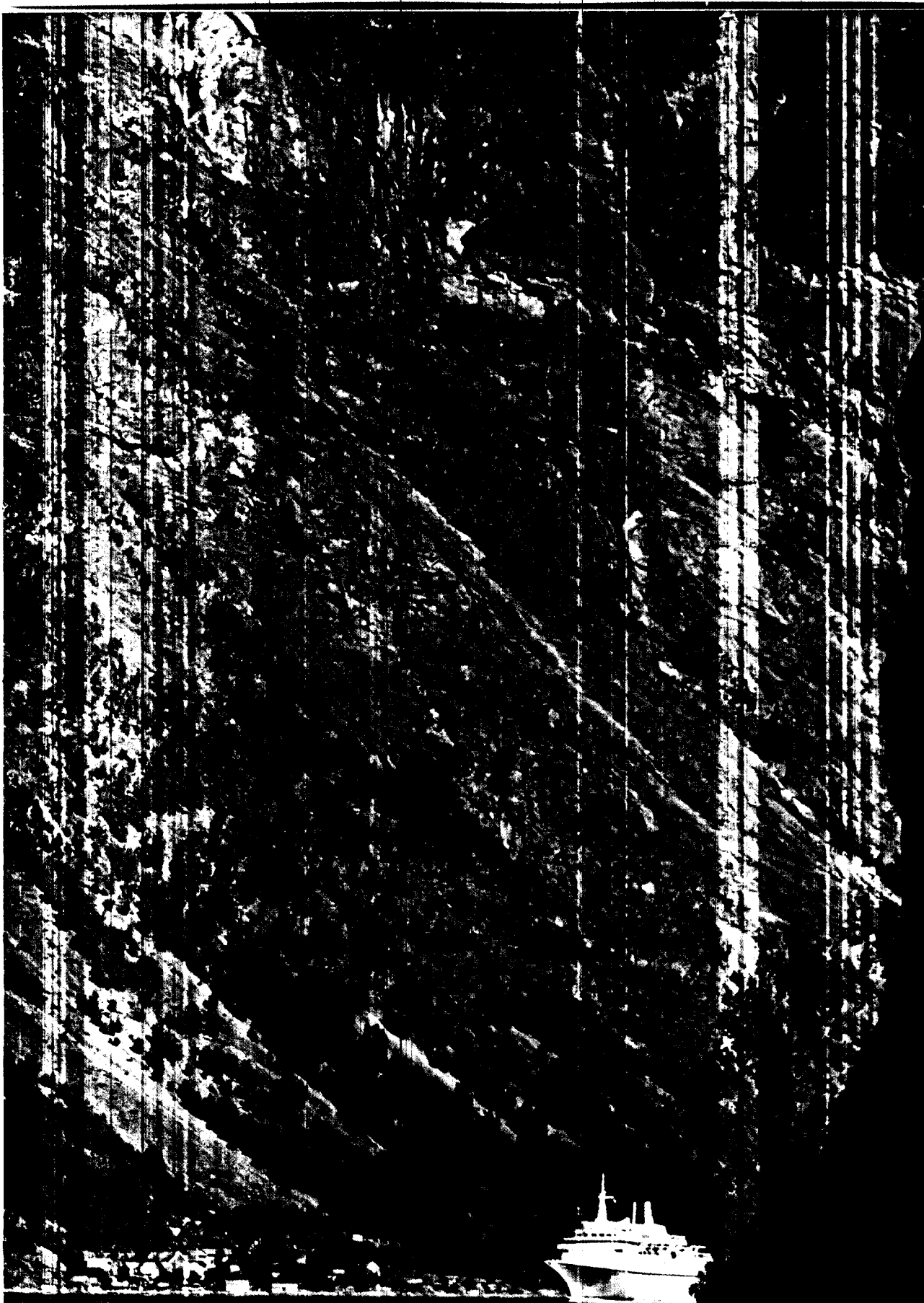
The First Amendment clearly protects the printed press. But the Founding Fathers, after all, did not foresee the advent of television, and the degree to which broadcasting is protected by the First Amendment has been subject to shifting interpretation. Technology has outpaced the Constitution, and the result is a major paradox: television news, which has the greatest impact on the public, is the most vulnerable and the least protected news medium.

Only economics limits the number of newspapers and magazines that may be published. But the number of radio frequencies and television channels is finite; the rationale for government regulation is that stations would otherwise overlap and interfere with each other. Cable television may one day erode the technological argument for government regulation by opening up an unlimited number of channels, but for the moment the networks remain under government supervision and the Dean Rusk will continue, when they want to, to replace the Steve Allens and the Rumanian dancers on short notice.

The government's ultimate power over the networks is its ability to take away a license at renewal time and give it to someone else. Public television, dependent on Congress for funds, is even more susceptible to government intervention than the networks; the Nixon Administration has made no secret of its discontent with public television.

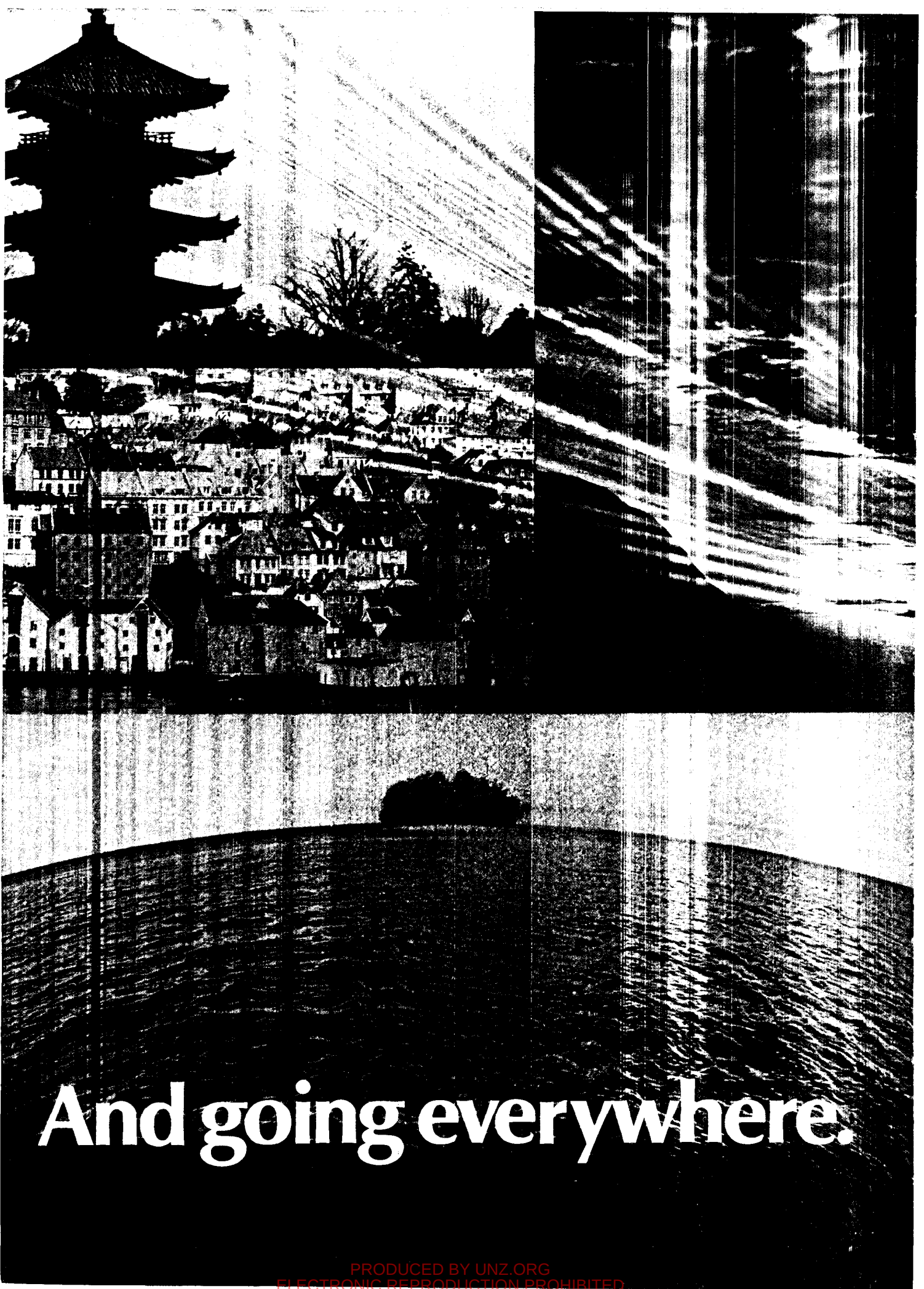
Walter Cronkite believes the Nixon Administration attacked the news media "to raise the credibility of the Administration. It's like a first-year physics experiment with two tubes of water—you put pressure on one side and it makes the other side go up or down." He added: "I have charged that this is a 'conspiracy.' I don't regret my use of that word."

By applying constant pressure, in ways seen and unseen, the leaders of the government have attempted to shape the news to resemble the images seen through the prism of their own power. The Administration's attacks, Richard Salant acknowledged, have "made us all edgy. We've thought about things we shouldn't think about." □

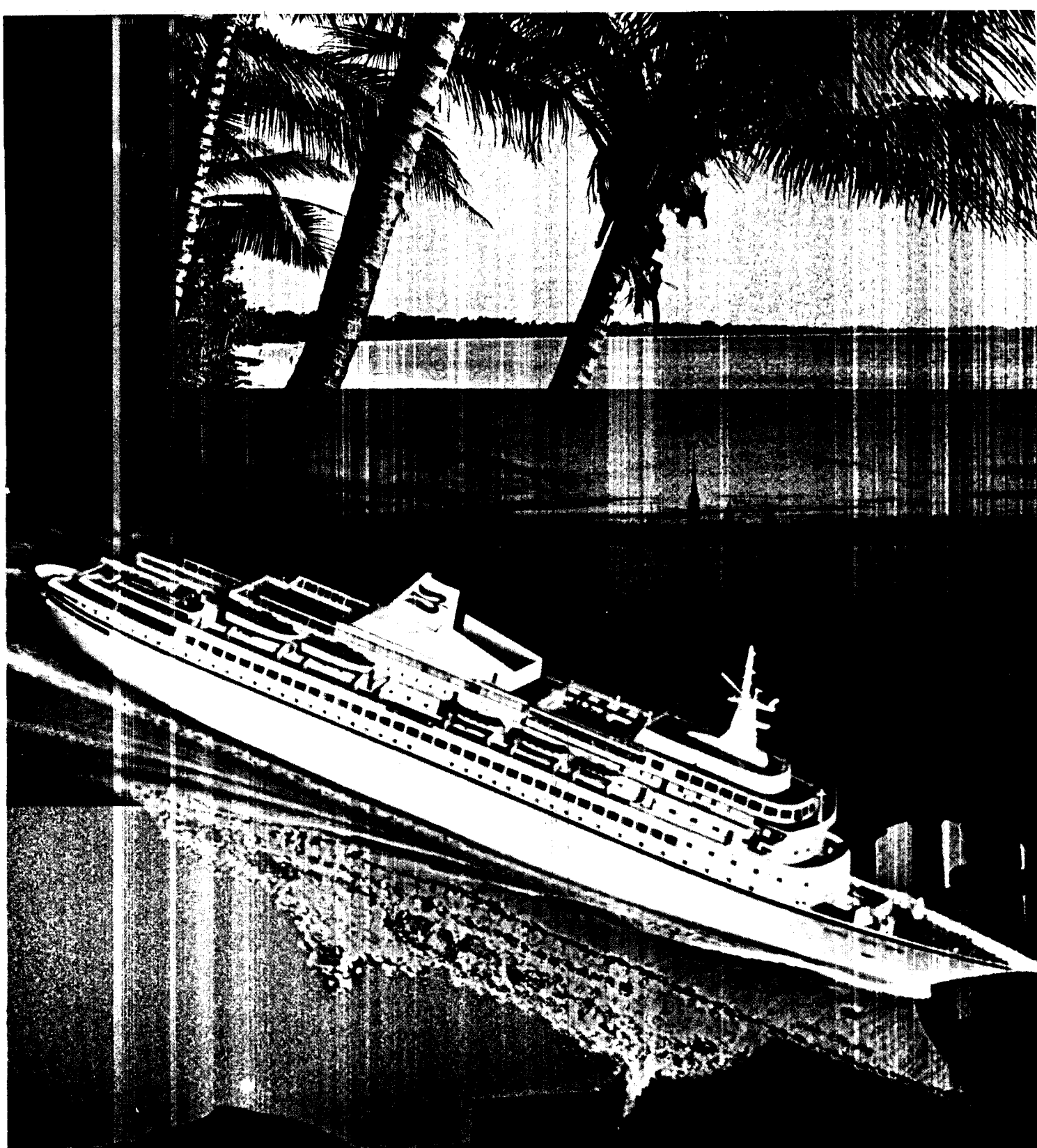


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PROJECT FOR A TRIP TO CHINA

A story by Susan Sontag

I

I am going to China.

I will walk across the Lo Wu Bridge spanning the Shum Chun River between Hong Kong and China.

After I have been in China for a while I will walk across the Lo Wu Bridge spanning the Shum Chun River between China and Hong Kong.

Five variables:

Lo Wu Bridge
Shum Chun River
Hong Kong
China
peaked cloth caps

Consider other possible permutations.

I have never been to China.

I have always wanted to go to China. Always.

II

Will this trip appease a longing?

Q. [stalling for time] The longing to go to China, you mean?

A. Any longing.

Yes.

Archaeology of longings.

But it's my whole life!

Don't panic. "Confession is nothing, knowledge is everything." That's a quote but I'm not going to tell who said it.

Hints:

—a writer
—somebody wise
—an Austrian (i.e., a Viennese Jew)
—a refugee
—he died in America in 1951

Confession is me, knowledge is everybody.

Archaeology of conceptions.

Am I permitted a pun?

III

The conception of this trip is very old.

First conceived when? As far back as I can remember.

— Investigate possibility that I was conceived in China, though born in New York and brought up elsewhere (America).

— write M.

— telephone??

Prenatal relation to China: certain foods, perhaps. But I don't remember M. saying she actually *liked* Chinese food.

— Didn't she say that at the general's banquet she spit the whole of the hundred-year-old egg into her napkin?

Something filtering through the bloody membranes, anyway.

Myrna Loy China, *Turandot* China. Beautiful, millionaire Soong sisters from Wellesley & their hus-

bands. A landscape of jade, teak, bamboo, fried dog.

Missionaries, foreign military advisers. Fur traders in the Gobi Desert, among them my young father.

Chinese forms placed about the first living room I remember (we moved away when I was six): plump ivory and rose quartz elephants on parade, narrow rice-paper scrolls of black calligraphy in gilded wood frames, Buddha the Glutton immobilized under an ample lampshade of taut pink silk. Compassionate Buddha, slim, in white porcelain.

— Historians of Chinese art distinguish between porcelain and proto-porcelain.

Colonialists collect.

Trophies brought back, left behind in homage to the other living room, in the real Chinese house, the one I never saw. Unrepresentative, opaque objects. In dubious taste (but I only know that now). Confusing solicitations. The birthday gift of a bracelet made of five small tubular lengths of green jade, each tiny end capped in gold, which I never wore.

— Colors of jade:
green, all sorts, notably emerald green and bluish green
white
gray
yellow
brownish
reddish
other colors

One certainty: China inspired the first lie I remember telling. Entering the first grade I told my classmates that I was born in China. I think they were impressed.

I know that I wasn't born in China.

The four causes of my wanting to go to China:

Material
Formal
Efficient
Final

The oldest country in the world: it requires years of arduous full-time study to learn its language. The country of science fiction—where everyone speaks with the same voice. Maotsetungized.

Whose voice is the voice of the person who wants to go to China? A child's voice. Less than six years old.

Is going to China like going to the moon? I'll tell you when I get back.

Is going to China like being born again?

Forget that I was conceived in China.

IV

Not only my father and mother but Richard and Pat Nixon have been to China before me. Not to mention Marco Polo, Matteo Ricci, the Lumière brothers (or at least one of them), Teilhard de Chardin, Pearl Buck, Paul Claudel, and Norman Bethune. Henry Luce was born there. Everyone dreams of returning.

— Did M. move from California to Hawaii three years ago to be closer to China?

After she came back for good in 1939, M. used to say, "In China, children don't talk." But telling me that in China burping at the table is a polite way of showing appreciation for the meal didn't mean I could burp.

As a child, whenever I left my house it seemed plausible that I'd made China up. I knew I was lying when I told friends at school that I was born there; but being only a small portion of a lie so much bigger and more inclusive, mine was quite forgivable. Told in the service of the bigger lie, my lie became a kind of truth. The important thing was to convince my classmates that China actually did exist.

Was the first time I told my lie after, or before, I announced in school that I was now a "half-orphan"?

— That was true.

I have always thought: China is as far as anyone can go.

— Still true.

When I was ten, I dug a hole in the backyard. I stopped when it got to be six feet by six feet by six feet. The maid, teasingly: "What are you trying to do? Dig all the way to China?"

No. I just wanted a place to sit in. I laid eight-foot-long planks over the hole: the desert sun scorches. The house we lived in then had four rooms, a stucco bungalow on a dirt road at the edge of town. The ivory and quartz elephants had been auctioned.

— my refuge
— my cell
— my study
— my grave

Yes. I wanted to dig all the way to China. And

Project for a Trip to China

come bursting out the other end, standing on my head or walking on my hands.

The landlord drove over in his jeep one day and told M. the hole had to be filled in within twenty-four hours because it was dangerous. Anyone crossing the yard at night might fall in. I showed him how it was entirely covered by boards, solid boards, except for the small square entrance on the north side where, with difficulty, I myself could just fit in, jump down.

— Anyway, who was going to cross the yard at night? A coyote? A lost Indian? A tubercular or asthmatic neighbor? An angry landlord?

Inside the hole, I scraped out a niche in the east wall, where I set a candle. I sat on the floor. Dirt fell through the cracks between the planks into my mouth. It was too dark to read.

— I never worried, as I was about to jump down, that I might land on a snake or a Gila monster curled up on the floor of the hole.

I filled in the hole. The maid helped me.

Three months later I dug it again. It was easier this time, because the earth was loose. Remembering Tom Sawyer with the fence that had to be whitewashed, I got three of the five Fuller kids across the road to help me. I promised them they could sit in the hole whenever I wasn't using it.

Southwest. Southwest. My desert childhood, off-balance, dry, hot.

I have been thinking about the following Chinese equivalences:

East	South	Center	West	North
wood	fire	earth	metal	water
blue-green	red	yellow	white	black
spring	summer	end of summer/ beginning of autumn	autumn	winter
green	red		white	black
dragon	bird		tiger	tortoise
anger	joy	sympathy	grief	fear

I would like to be in the center.

The center is earth, yellow; it lasts from the end of

summer through the beginning of autumn. It has no bird, no animal.

Sympathy.

V

Invited by the Chinese government, I am going to China.

Why does everybody like China? Everybody.

Chinese things:

Chinese food
Chinese laundries
Chinese torture

China is certainly too big for a foreigner to understand. But so are most places.

For the moment I am not inquiring about "revolution" (Chinese revolution), but trying to grasp the meaning of patience.

And cruelty. And the endless presumption of the Occident. The bemedaled officers who led the Anglo-French occupation of Peking in 1860 probably sailed back to Europe with trunks of *chinoiserie* and respectful dreams of returning to China some day as civilians and connoisseurs.

— The Summer Palace, "the cathedral of Asia" (Victor Hugo), pillaged and burned.

— Chinese Gordon

Chinese patience. Who assimilates whom?

My father was sixteen when he first went to China. M. was—I think—twenty-four.

I still weep in movies with a scene in which a father returns home after a long, desperate absence, at the moment when he hugs his child. Or children.

The first Chinese object I acquired on my own was in Hanoi in May, 1968. A pair of green and white canvas sneakers with "Made in China" in ridged letters on the rubber soles. They look just like Keds.

Riding around Pnom Penh in a rickshaw in April, 1968, I thought of the photograph I have of my father in a rickshaw in Tien-tsin taken in 1931. He looks pleased, boyish, shy, absent. He is gazing into the camera.

A trip into the history of my family. I've been told that the Chinese are pleased when they learn that a visitor from Europe or America has some root in

prewar China. Objection: My parents were on the wrong side. Amiable, sophisticated Chinese reply: But all foreigners who lived in China at that time were on the wrong side.

La Condition Humaine is called *Man's Fate* in English. Not convincing.

I've always liked hundred-year-old eggs. (They're duck eggs, approximately two years old, the time it takes to become an exquisite green and translucent-black cheese.

— I've always wished they *were* a hundred years old. Imagine what they might have mutated into by then.)

In restaurants in New York and San Francisco I often order a portion. The waiters inquire in their scanty English if I know what I'm ordering. I affirm that I do. The waiters go away. When the order comes, I tell my eating companions how delicious they are, but I always end up having all the slices to myself; everyone I know finds the sight of them disgusting.

— Q. Didn't David try the eggs? More than once.

— A. Yes. To please me.

Pilgrimage.

I'm not returning to my birthplace, but to the place where I was conceived.

When I was four, my father's partner, Mr. Chen, taught me how to eat with chopsticks. During his first and only trip to America. He said I looked Chinese.

Chinese food
Chinese torture
Chinese politeness

M. watched, approvingly. They all went back on the boat together.

China was objects. And absence. M. had a mustard-gold liquescent silk robe that belonged to a lady-in-waiting in the court of the Dowager Empress, she said.

And discipline. And taciturnity.

What was everybody doing in China all that time? My father and mother playing *Great Gatsby* and Daisy inside the British Concession, Mao Tse-tung thousands of miles inland marching, marching, marching, marching, marching. In the cities, millions of lean coolies smoking opium, pulling rickshaws, peeing on the sidewalks, letting themselves be pushed around by foreigners and pestered by flies.

Unlocatable "White Russians," albinos nodding over samovars as I imagined them when I was five years old.

I imagined boxers raising their heavy leather gloves in the air to deflect the hurtling lead of Krupp cannons. No wonder they were defeated.

I am looking in an encyclopedia at a photograph whose caption reads: "Souvenir photograph of a group of Westerners with the corpses of tortured Boxers. Hongkong. 1899." In the foreground, a row of decapitated Chinese bodies whose heads have rolled some distance away; it is not always clear which body each head belongs to. Five white men standing behind them, posing for the camera. Two are wearing their safari hats; a third holds his at his right side. In the shallow-looking water behind them, several sanpans. The beginning of a village on the left. Mountains in the background, lightly touched with snow.

— The men are smiling.

— Undoubtedly, it is a sixth Westerner, their friend, who is taking the picture.

Shanghai smelling of incense and gunpowder and dung. A United States Senator (from Missouri) at the turn of the century: "With God's help, we shall raise Shanghai up and up and up until it reaches the level of Kansas City." Buffalo in the late 1930s, disemboweled by the bayonets of invading Japanese soldiers, groaning in the streets of Tien-tsin.

Outside the pestilential cities, an occasional sage crouches at the breast of a green mountain. A great deal of elegant geography separates each sage from his nearest counterpart. All sages are old but not all are hirsute enough to grow white beards.

Warlords, landlords; mandarins, concubines. Old China Hands. Flying Tigers.

Words that are pictures. Shadow theater. Storm Over Asia.

VI

I am interested in wisdom. I am interested in walls. China famous for both.

From the entry on China in the *Encyclopedia Universalis* (Vol. 4, Paris, 1968, p. 306): "Dans les conversations, on aime toujours les successions de courtes phrases dont chacune est induite de la précédente, selon la méthode chinoise traditionnelle de raisonnement."

Project for a Trip to China

Life lived by quotations. In China, the art of quotation has reached its apogee. Guidance in all tasks.

There is a woman in China, twenty-nine years old, whose right foot is on her left leg. Her name is Tsui Wen Shi. The train accident that cost her her right leg and her left foot occurred in January, 1972. The operation which grafted her right foot onto her left leg took place in Peking and was performed, according to the *People's Daily*, "under the guidance of the proletarian line of Chairman Mao on matters of health, but also thanks to advanced surgical techniques."

- The newspaper article explains why the surgeons didn't graft her left foot back on her left leg: the bones of her left foot were smashed, the right foot was intact.
- The reader is not asked to take anything on faith. This is not a surgical miracle.

I am looking at the photograph of Tsui Wen Shi, sitting erectly on some sort of table covered with a white cloth, smiling, her hands clasping her bent left knee.

Her right foot is very large.

The flies are all gone, killed twenty years ago in the Great Fly Killing Campaign. Intellectuals who, after criticizing themselves, were sent to the countryside to be reeducated by sharing the lot of peasants, are returning to jobs in Shanghai and Peking and Canton.

Wisdom has gotten simpler, more practicable. More horizontal. The sages' bones whiten in mountain caves and the cities are clean. People are eager to tell their truth, together.

Feet long since unbound, women hold meetings to "speak bitterness" about men. Children recite anti-imperialist fairy tales. Soldiers elect and dismiss their officers. Ethnic minorities have a limited permission to be folkloric. Chou En-lai remains lean and handsome as Tyrone Power, but Mao Tse-tung now resembles the fat Buddha under the lampshade. Everyone is very calm.

VII

Three things I've been promising myself for twenty years that I would do before I die:

- climb the Matterhorn
- learn to play the harpsichord
- study Chinese

Perhaps it's not too late to climb the Matterhorn. (As Mao Tse-tung swam, didactically old, eleven miles down the Yangtze?) My fussed-over lungs are, if anything, sturdier today than when I was in my teens.

Richard Mallory vanished forever, behind a huge cloud, just as he was sighted nearing the top of the peak. My father, tubercular, never came back from China.

I never doubted I would go to China someday. Even when it got so hard to go, impossible even, for an American.

- Being so confident, I never considered making that one of my three wishes (fantasies, projects).

David wears my father's ring. The ring, a white silk scarf with his initials embroidered in black silk thread, and a pigskin wallet with his name stamped in small gold letters on the inside, are all that belonged to him that I possess. I don't know what his handwriting was like, not even his signature. The shield of the ring, slight, lightweight, bears his initials too.

- Surprising that it should just fit David's finger.

Eight variables:

rickshaw
my son
my father
my father's ring
death
China
optimism
blue cloth jackets

The number of permutations here are impressive: epic, pathetic. Tonic.

I have some photos, too, all taken before I was born. In rickshaws, on camels and boat decks, before the wall of the Forbidden City. Alone, with his mistress, with M., with his two partners, Mr. Chen and the White Russian.

It is oppressive to have an invisible father.

- Doesn't David also have an invisible father?
- Yes, but D.'s father is not a dead boy.

My father keeps getting younger. (I don't know where he's buried. M. says she's forgotten.)

An unfinished pain that might, just might, get lost in the endless Chinese smile.

VIII

The most exotic place of all.

China is not a place that I—at least—can go to, just because I decide to go.

My parents decided against bringing me to China. I had to wait for the government to invite me.

— Another government.

For meanwhile, while I was waiting, upon their China, the China of pigtailed and Chiang Kai-shek and more people than can be counted, had been grafted the China of optimism, the bright future, more people than can be counted, blue cloth jackets and peaked caps.

Conception, pre-conception.

What conception of this trip can I have in advance?

A trip in search of political understanding?

— “Notes Toward a Definition of Cultural Revolution”?

Yes. But grounded in guesswork, vivified by misconceptions. Since I don’t understand the language. Already six years older than my father, I haven’t climbed the Matterhorn or learned to play the harpsichord or studied Chinese.

A trip that might ease a private grief?

If so, the grief will be eased in a willful way: because I want to stop grieving. Death is unremittable, unnegotiable. Not unassimilable. But who assimilates whom? “All men must die, but death can vary in its significance. The ancient Chinese writer Szuma Chien said, ‘Though death befalls all men alike, it may be heavier than Mount Tai or lighter than a feather.’”

— This is not the whole of the brief quote given in *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, but it is all I need now.

— Note that even in this abridged quote from Mao Tse-tung there is a quote within a quote.

— The omitted final sentence of the quote makes clear that it is the heavy death which is desirable, not the light one.

He died so far away. By visiting my father’s death, I make him heavier. I will bury him myself.

I will visit a place entirely other than myself.

Whether it is the future or the past need not be decided in advance.

What makes the Chinese different is that they live both in the past and in the future. Most Westerners live in the present.

Hypothesis. Individuals who seem truly remarkable generally give the impression of belonging to another epoch. (Either some epoch in the past. Or, quite simply, the Future.) No one extraordinary appears to be entirely contemporary. People who are contemporary don’t appear at all: they are invisible.

Moralism is part of the past, moralism rules the domain of the future. We hesitate. Wary, ironic, disillusioned. What a difficult bridge this present has become! How many, many trips we have to undertake so as not to be empty and invisible.

IX

From *The Great Gatsby*, p. 2: “When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart.”

— Another “East,” but no matter. The quote fits.

— Fitzgerald meant New York, not China.

— (Much to be said about the “discovery of the modern function of the quotation,” attributed by Hannah Arendt to Walter Benjamin in her essay “Walter Benjamin.”

— Facts:

a writer
someone brilliant
a German [i.e., a Berlin Jew]
a refugee
he died at the French-Spanish border in 1940

— To Benjamin, I would add Mao Tse-tung and Godard.)

“When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world . . .” Why shouldn’t the world stand at moral attention? Poor, bruised world.

First half of second quotation from unnamed Austrian-Jewish refugee sage who died in America:

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"Man as such is the problem of our time; the problems of individuals are fading away and are even forbidden, morally forbidden."

It's not that I'm afraid of getting simple, by going to China. The truth *is* simple.

I will be taken to see factories, schools, collective farms, hospitals, museums, dams. There will be banquets and ballets. I will never be alone. I will smile often (though I don't understand Chinese).

Second half of unidentified quote: "The personal problem of the individual has become a subject of laughter for the Gods, and they are right in their lack of pity."

"Fight individualism," says Chairman Mao. Master moralist.

Once China meant ultimate refinements: in pottery, cruelty, astrology, manners, food, eroticism, landscape painting, the relation of thought to written sign. Now China means ultimate simplifying.

What doesn't put me off, imagining it on the eve of my departure for China, is all that talk about goodness. I don't share the anxiety I detect in everyone I know about being *too* good.

- As if goodness brings with it a loss of energy, individuality;
- in men, a loss of virility.

Bobby Fischer doesn't always beat Boris Spassky.

"Nice guys finish last." American saying.

"It's not hard for one to do a bit of good. What is hard is to do good all one's life and never do anything bad. . . ." (*Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, 1967 Bantam paperback edition, p. 141.)

A teeming world of oppressed coolies and concubines. Of cruel landlords. Of arrogant mandarins, arms crossed, their long fingernails sheathed inside the wide sleeves of their robes. All mutating, peaceably, into Heavenly Girl & Boy Scouts as the Red Star mounts over China.

Why *not* want to be good?

But to be good, one must be simpler. Simpler, as in a return to origins. Simpler, as in a great forgetting.

X

Once, leaving China to return to the United States to visit their child (or children), my father and M.

took the train. On the Trans-Siberian Railroad, ten days without a dining car, they cooked in their compartment on a Sterno stove. Since just one breathful of cigarette smoke was apparently enough to send my father into an asthmatic attack, M., who smokes, probably spent a lot of time in the corridor.

- I am imagining this. M. never told me this, as she did tell me the following anecdote.

Crossing Stalin's Russia, M. wanted to get out when the train stopped in Bialystok, where her mother, who had died in Los Angeles when M. was fourteen, had been born; but in the 1930s the doors of the coaches reserved for foreigners were sealed.

- The train stayed for several hours in the station.
- Old women rapped on the icy windowpane, hoping to sell them tepid kvass and oranges.
- M. wept.
- She wanted to feel the ground of her mother's faraway birthplace under her feet. Just once.
- She wasn't allowed to. (She would be arrested, she was warned, if she asked once more to step off the train for a minute.)
- She wept.
- She didn't tell me that she wept, but I know she did. I see her.

Sympathy. Legacy of loss. Women gather to speak bitterness. I have been bitter.

Why *not* want to be good? A change of heart. (The heart, the most exotic place of all.)

If I pardon M., I free myself. She has still not, after all these years, forgiven her mother for dying. I shall forgive my father. For dying.

- Shall David forgive his? (Not for dying.) For him to decide.

"The problems of individuals are fading away. . . ."

XI

Somewhere, some place inside myself, I am detached. I have always been detached (in part). Always.

- Oriental detachment?
- pride?
- fear of pain?

With respect to pain, I have been ingenious.

It was several months after M. returned to the United States from China in early 1939 before she told me my father wasn't coming back. I was nearly through the first grade, where all my friends believed I had been born in China. I realized, when she asked me to come into the living room, that it was a solemn occasion.

- Wherever I turned, squirming on the brocaded sofa, there were Buddhas to concentrate on.
- She was brief.
- I didn't cry long. I was already thinking about how I would announce this new fact to my friends.
- I was sent out to play.
- I didn't really believe my father was dead.

Dearest M. I cannot telephone. I am six years old. My grief falls like snowflakes on the warm soil of your indifference. You are inhaling your own pain.

Grief ripened. My lungs wavered. My will got stronger. We went to the desert.

From *Le Potomak* by Cocteau (1919 edition), p. 66: "Il était, dans la ville de Tien-Sin, un papillon."

Somehow, my father had gotten left behind in Tien-tsin. It became even more important to have been conceived in China.

It seems even more important to go there now. History now compounds my personal, individual reasons. Bleaches them, displaces them, annihilates them. Thanks to the labors of the greatest world-historical figure since Napoleon.

Don't languish. Pain is not inevitable. Apply the gay science of Mao: "Be united, alert, earnest, and lively" (same edition, p. 81).

What does it mean, "be alert"? Each person alertly within himself, avoiding the collective drone?

- All very well, except for the risk of accumulating too many truths.
- Think of the damage to "be united."

Degree of alertness equals the degree to which one is not lazy, avoids habits. Be vigilant.

The truth is simple, very simple. Centered. But people crave other nourishment besides the truth.

Its privileged distortions, in philosophy and literature. For example.

I honor my cravings, and I lose patience with them.

"Literature is only impatience on the part of knowledge." (Third and last quote from unnamed Austrian-Jewish sage who died, a refugee, in America.)

Already in possession of my visa, I am impatient to leave for China. To know. Will I get stopped by a conflict with literature?

A nonexistent conflict, according to Mao Tse-tung in his Yunan lectures and elsewhere, if literature serves the people.

But we are ruled by words. (Literature tells us what is happening to words.) More to the point, we are ruled by quotations. Not only in China, but everywhere else as well. So much for the transmissibility of the past! Disunite sentences, fracture memories.

- When my memories become slogans, I no longer need them. No longer believe them.
- Another lie?
- An inadvertent truth?

Death doesn't die. And the problems of literature are not fading away. . . .

XII

After walking across the Lo Wu Bridge spanning the Shum Chun River between Hong Kong and China, I will board a train for Canton.

From then on, I am in the hands of a committee. My hosts. My gracious bureaucratic Virgil. They control my itinerary. They know what they want me to see, what they deem good (proper, appropriate) for me to see; and I shall not argue with them. But when invited to make additional suggestions, what I shall tell them is: the farther north the better. I shall come closer.

I hate the cold. My desert childhood left me an intractable lover of heat, of tropics and deserts; but for this trip I'm willing to support as much cold as is necessary.

- China has cold deserts, like the Gobi Desert.

Mythical voyage.

Before injustice and responsibility became too

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clear, and strident, mythical voyages were to places outside of history. Hell, for instance. The land of the dead.

Now such voyages are entirely circumscribed by history. Mythical voyages to places consecrated by the history of real peoples, and by one's own personal history.

The result is, inevitably, literature. More than it is knowledge.

Travel as accumulation. The colonialism of the soul, any soul, however well intentioned.

— However chaste, however bent
on being good.

At the border between literature and knowledge, the soul's orchestra breaks into a loud fugue. The traveler falters, trembles. Stutters.

Don't panic. But to continue the trip, neither colonialist nor native, is an ingenious task. Travel as decipherment. Travel as disburdenment. I am taking one small suitcase only, and neither typewriter nor camera nor tape recorder. Hoping to resist the temptation to bring back any Chinese objects, however shapely, or any souvenirs, however evocative. When I already have so many in my head.

How impatient I am to leave for China! Yet even before leaving, part of me has already made the long trip which brings me to its border, traveled throughout the country, and come out again.

After walking across the Lo Wu Bridge spanning the Shum Chun River between China and Hong Kong, I will board a plane for Honolulu.

— Where I have never been, either.
— A stop of a few days. After three years I am exhausted by the nonexistent literature of unwritten letters and unmade tele-

phone calls that passes between me and M.

After which I take another plane. To where I can be alone: at least sheltered from the collective drone. And even from the tears of things, as bestowed—be it with relief or indifference—by the interminably self-pitying individual heart.

XIII

I shall cross the Shum Chun bridge both ways.

And after that? No one is surprised. Then comes literature.

— The impatience of knowing
— Self-mastery
— Impatience in self-mastery

I would gladly consent to being silent. But then, alas, I'm unlikely to know anything. To renounce literature, I would have to be really sure that I could know. A certainty that would crassly prove my ignorance.

Literature, then. Literature before and after, if need be. Which does not release me from the demands of tact and humility required for this overdetermined trip. I am afraid of betraying so many contradictory claims.

The only solution: both to know and not to know. Literature and not literature, using the same verbal gestures.

Among the so-called romantics in the nineteenth century, a trip almost always resulted in the production of a book. One traveled to Rome, Athens, Jerusalem—and beyond—in order to write about it.

Perhaps I will write the book about my trip to China before I go. □

DEMOCRACY IN THE FACTORY

by David Jenkins

A report on the movement to
abolish the organization chart



There is a growing impression that the industrial revolution is in trouble. It seems only a few short years ago that modern capitalism—the prime creation of the industrial revolution—was being eulogized in books with upbeat titles like *The Triumph of American Capitalism* and *The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution*, while today there is a constant flow of pronouncements suggesting the rottenness, the emptiness, the inner weaknesses, the frailty, the utter dispensability of the “system.” Such sentiments are by no means confined to eccentrics and extreme leftists. As Irving Howe has pointed out, “Even among those who play the game and accept the social masks necessary for gaining success, there is a widespread disenchantment.”

Increasing social conflict, bitterness, and strife have been swirling up in factories. At the now famous General Motors auto assembly plant at Lordstown, Ohio, the engineering values of a super-automated assembly line collided head on with the values of a predominantly young work force. In early 1972, the workers, expressing their discontent with GM’s hard-driving, high-speed (101 cars an hour) production philosophy, responded with absenteeism, sabotage, and finally a bitter twenty-two-day strike. The causes were not new. In 1970, two years before Lordstown, a personnel research specialist at GM told me the crisis was already painfully apparent. As an example, he cited the company’s well-meaning attempts to help disadvantaged persons obtain well-paid, dignified employment. “One thing we learned about hard-core unemployment,” he said, “is that we do not have so much to offer these people after all. Blacks accustomed to making a living after a fashion by ‘hustling’ would come in and we would give them instructions on how to find a bus to get to the plant and so on; but when they found out what kind of work they were going to do, they just vanished. There was more opportunity to develop self-respect in hustling.”

The growing distaste for rigidly disciplined working conditions is not confined to blue collar workers. One 1968 study showed that 56 percent of college students wouldn’t “mind being bossed around on the job,” but the percentage dropped to 36 percent in 1971. What’s more, there is a good deal of feeling that all this antiwork sentiment is thoroughly justified—that it is the fault of the work, not the workers. Historian Staughton Lynd writes: “Work for most Americans may no longer be dirty, but it is still boring, humiliating, and unworthy of what a man can be. The young are right to rebel against an adulthood which insults them.” This situation is of great seriousness, and will get worse if current trends and current practices continue. W. N. Penzer, a personnel expert, says: “It is becoming increasingly clear that the employees entering the world of business are unwilling to accept the

system of unanswered questions, half-baked opportunities, and half-assed jobs. . . . They will no longer unquestioningly accept the organizational party line and will no longer stand idly by while their business lives are controlled and manipulated from above."

Though this discontent has obviously been fermenting for some time, only very recently have the problems of work received much notice in the United States. The press has devoted a modicum of attention to the issue, and it is no longer a novelty to observe that most jobs are stupefyingly boring. (A U.S. Army recruiting poster, reflecting the increased awareness of the question, perceptively coaxed: "If your job puts you to sleep, try one of ours.") The new concern about work has only begun to lead to an intensive search for solutions.

It should be emphasized that the situation is very different in Europe, where there is—and has been for some years—a widespread resolution to deal with problems of work. Specifically, there is a well-established movement to modify or abolish authoritarianism in industry and to replace it by some form of democracy. Although the reforms being promoted vary from country to country, they have one point in common: the transfer of decision-making power to employees. This movement, whose first tremors are only now being felt in the United States, might best be called "industrial democracy." In almost every West European country, student groups, political factions, independent organizations, social thinkers, writers, and labor leaders are actively urging democratic reform of business enterprises, and anyone in these countries drawing up a list of social reforms would surely put near the top some version of industrial democracy.

In the United States, paradoxically, there is a vast reservoir of *knowledge* of organizations. During the past three or four decades, the study of organizations by behavioral scientists has made enormous strides, and since the 1950s the knowledge has been spreading into managerial ranks. Previously, psychologists in industry were usually restricted to technical chores such as testing, recruiting, and thinking up "human relations" gimmicks with which to create spurious feelings of "belongingness" among employees. And "organization specialists" were people who concentrated on reshaping organization charts to create clearer and more effective lines of authority. Recently this has been changing, as the behavioral scientists have begun to persuade managers to think of organizations in terms of their human components.

In 1957, a book called *Personality and Organization*, by Chris Argyris, a wide-ranging thinker trained in both economics and psychology, gave many businessmen their first glimpse of the behavioral sciences and how they might be useful in understanding work organizations. The literature on the subject is now enormous, and there are depart-

ments of "organizational science" at a number of universities. There is a wealth of knowledge of organizations unmatched in any other country, and a great deal of it suggests that democratic management methods are not only possible but are far superior to the old authoritarian methods. In a sense, then, the potential for industrial democracy is far richer in America than in any of the European countries where more has been achieved.

But there is still only limited interest in industrial democracy in America. Almost no groups here—neither student activists nor journalists (as in France), nor the state (as in Yugoslavia), nor labor unions (as in Germany), nor intellectual leaders (as in Sweden), nor radical leftist groups (as in Great Britain), nor the workers themselves (as in many European countries)—are agitating for the spread of democracy within enterprises.

This anomalous situation cannot be expected to endure for long, particularly in view of the deepening dissatisfaction with work and the pressure toward industrial democracy implicit in these organizational studies. It is difficult to see how a convergence of these two can be avoided, and when it takes place, the impact could be far-reaching.

Most advanced American approaches to industrial organization contain some "democratic" elements—that is, they alter power structures, they give increased power and freedom to lower-level employees, and they help diffuse decision-making throughout the organization. But they tend to be limited.

The handful of companies that have gone the furthest have adopted a philosophy, variously described as an "open systems," "total systems," or "sociotechnical" approach. This approach actively encourages employees to influence their working environment, and it attempts to integrate technological systems with social systems, so that production methods serve human as well as corporate needs. The two companies that have made the most progress along these lines are General Foods and Procter & Gamble.

The General Foods philosophy has been put into practice at a pet-food factory in Topeka, Kansas. Lyman Ketchum, an organizational specialist at General Foods headquarters in White Plains, New York, explained to me that the new approach grew to a great extent out of experience at a pet-food plant in Kankakee, Illinois, of which he had been manager. In the late 1960s, with the advent of an ever younger work force, an unfamiliar atmosphere was developing. "We discovered there was something different happening," Ketchum told me. "People were not aware of why they were behaving differently; they were just reacting in different ways." Ketchum mentioned poor quality production, vandalism, and graffiti on the walls as

symptoms of the discontent. He told me: "Bad quality is inevitably a product of alienation."

To attack these problems, management took an entirely new stance at the Topeka plant. The planning group analyzed the plant's operation in terms of human needs: the employees' self-esteem, sense of accomplishment, autonomy, and increasing knowledge. The group also looked at data on employees' performance. Ketchum said that each point on the list had a distinct meaning: "Autonomy—they have to be able to plan the work, check the quality, change the design of jobs. They have to have real control and not just over simple stuff like when they can take a coffee break—it's the real guts of the job." As a consequence of the study, the company minimized the work force so as to make each job more challenging. "Usually, there's an awful lot of overcrewing and overmanagement. This time we didn't do that. We started with the bare bones and want to keep it that way." Along the same lines, the planners omitted as many specialized functions as possible. "We tried to put all the responsibilities and all the skills in the teams," Ketchum said. There are no foremen, there are "team leaders."

After about eighteen months of operation, the reorganization of the Topeka plant appeared to be working out very much as planned. Ed Dulworth, plant manager, told me that all the unusual features had been retained; indeed, employees were being given more freedom than planned: "People are free to come and go when they wish. In the plant, operators are free to arrange the tasks among themselves. The scheduling—who does what and when—is all handled by the people in the plant. Everybody is very involved in all aspects of the business. We have committees for safety, spare parts, welfare and benefits, recreation, and so on. Almost everyone has some part in the committee work."

There are two teams—an eight-man processing team and a sixteen-man packaging-warehousing team—operating on three shifts. There are about ninety employees, including office staff. Normally, there would be cleaners, helpers, process operators, mechanics, boiler operators, quality control technicians, fork truck drivers, grain unloaders, and others on each shift. But here everybody learns every job. When I visited the plant, employees were just finishing the process of learning all the jobs on their team, and the movement from one team to the other, to learn additional jobs, was just beginning. Everyone learns at his own pace—his progress being judged by his fellow team members—and moves up the pay scale according to his own progress (regardless of seniority or how many others are moving up at the same time). Starting pay in mid-1972 was \$136 a week; by learning a full team's jobs, employees move up to \$142; by learning more jobs "across the plant," they move gradu-

ally up to \$170; and by acquiring—in addition to all this—an unusual skill or expertise, they can go to \$192 (a step nobody had reached at the time of my visit). Dulworth says: "We feel that the more jobs a person knows the better he can do any job, since lots of things that happen affect several jobs. We're paying for knowledge beyond what is required. For example, you can get people to do jobs like loading materials eight hours a day rather cheaply. But that's an undesirable job, and the people here share the undesirable jobs."

In addition to responsibilities specified in the reorganization plan, employees have taken on the job of hiring and firing. Potential new employees are screened by the teams and, occasionally, are expelled on the decision of their teammates. The system has changed in other ways. "The operating group analyzed the packaging operation," Dulworth explained, "and decided more people were needed there—so we hired more people." One unexpected development carries some legal risks. "Our guys are supposed to be paid for time worked," Dulworth told me, "but it's not always so. People come in outside working hours—there's quite a lot of that. For example, we were working on installing a recreation room, but the cost was taken out of our budget—so the employees are working on it on their own time."

Dulworth emphasized that more change in the system is expected. He said: "The willingness not to be static is critical. What we have may not be right. Everybody's learning. We have to be ready and willing to change."

Overall costs of the product are considerably lower than would customarily be expected in a conventional plant, and quality is higher because of greater worker involvement. The attitudes of workers are overwhelmingly positive. Jim Weaver, a thirty-four-year-old operator, gave his reaction: "It's much better to move around. I get bored staying on one job. When I came here I didn't know what an expander was. They just said this is your baby, you do it. We had to learn everything from the ground up. When you learn one job, you teach it to the next guy, and every guy finds a new and better way of doing things. Some guys have designed their own tools to make the work easier. We do our own maintenance work and lubrication. Everything that goes on here, we do it. A man comes to the point where he knows all about one job—it's possible to be *too* familiar with a machine, and then you take risks. Moving from job to job, it makes you more alert. I get a kind of joy out of it because it's challenging. If they ask me to go over to the utility building to help out, I go because otherwise they'd have to have more overtime."

"Ninety-five percent of the employees are sold

on the system. We're the foundation of what it's going to be in the future—the Topeka system. We've had our problems, but we can sit down and work them out. I like General Foods. It's the only job I ever had where I felt I was a part of the company. General Foods put responsibility on me and I can accept it. I feel, being chairman of the safety committee, I should be paid extra, but I like it. I feel wanted. I've been ill and come to work anyway because I know I'm needed. General Foods affords me happiness. If a man is happy in his work, he'll be happy at home. Before, I'd never been anywhere in the United States. But now I've been to all the safety meetings in New York, Michigan—they don't send management, they send me. When a salesman comes around to sell safety equipment, Ed Dulworth sends him to see me. I suggested that our committee go to the National Safety Council meeting in Chicago—it was going to cost \$3000—so Ed said OK, you set it up. I thought he was kidding, but the whole committee went. Being black, I always wanted to be a part of something, but it seemed every time I tried something I got pushed back. I feel many people could do things but they're not given the opportunity. These people make me feel important. Two years ago I wouldn't have thought it possible to find this many people who took such pride in their job. I feel in the future that the Topeka system will be such a success that other people will be asking us to help them out."

In fact, the system is already so successful that the employees have been asked to help design an addition to the plant. Operators in the existing plant were asked to contribute ideas for the new addition; one suggestion was that the core group being sent to the new plant to help train new workers should not be paid extra for taking on extra responsibilities, since that would be unfair to the other workers.

Bill Easter, manufacturing manager of the new plant, explained that the special management system is to some extent built into the technology of the new plant: "Some aspects of the plant are different from what they otherwise would have been—to suit the open style of management." The technology has been revamped to change the character of the jobs. "Often," says Easter, "there is no opportunity for operators to see what goes on before or after their stage, so we've grouped operations together so operators can relate to each other and to the process better. They have more of an opportunity to sense their responsibility. We're trying to get all operations under one team grouped together so they all have visibility." Easter explained that "maximum automation" is not always the best answer: "If your aim is to make an idiot-proof factory so nobody can fuck it up, that's right. But not if you want to have systems arranged so people have control over more things and are able to see

their part in the process. For our products, you can't take the man out of it completely. His judgment is absolutely necessary. We find that when we've taken automation as far as we can, then the man becomes uninvolved—and that affects quality. We have to have people on the alert so they can make changes minute by minute."

Could a new manager with more conventional ideas destroy the "Topeka system"? Actually, clever as the technological designs are, there is nothing to preclude the use of orthodox autocratic techniques. But Dulworth doubts it could happen: "We have some outstanding performance—it's as good as they've ever seen in the company. Also, we have an established culture. It would be very difficult to change that. If anybody came in here and wanted to change it, he would have a fight on his hands. It wouldn't be impossible, but the reaction would be extremely quick. Things would start coming apart almost immediately."

Considering the employees' unusually strong attachment to their plant, this seems believable. When asked how he might like to work at another company, Jim Weaver answered: "You'd have a hell of a time getting me to leave this place."

Without doubt the most radical organizational changes made on a practical, day-to-day basis in the United States have taken place at Procter & Gamble, one of America's largest companies and well known for its hard-boiled, aggressive management practices. Primarily devoted to making good soap and fat profits, P&G has minimal interest in management methods of modish nomenclature. But Charles Krone, the head of organizational development at P&G's Cincinnati headquarters, in discussing his approach, says: "I call it industrial democracy."

The new P&G program was first put into operation in the late 1960s at a plant in Lima, Ohio, employing about 125 people in three shifts, producing two consumer products, one in a batch process and the other in a continuous process. Krone explained to me that the new ideas were designed into the plant, which uses rather advanced technology and is highly automated: "The plant was designed from the ground up to be democratic. The technology—the location of instruments, for example—was designed to stimulate relationships between people, to bring about autonomous group behavior, and to allow people to affect their own environment." Conference rooms, laboratories, and other service functions are located immediately adjacent to the production area, so that any needed action can be taken without delay. The basic principle, as enunciated by Krone, is that the human being has "growthful potential." And a key to the design and operation of the plant is that no barriers should be placed to hinder that growth.

Just as there are no physical barriers, so there are no barriers between jobs. Indeed, there are no jobs at all in the ordinary sense. In an orthodox plant of this type, there might be sixteen to twenty job classifications—at Lima there are none. Not everybody can do every job, but every member of “the community” (as Krone refers to the employees) is constantly adding to his own skills in some specialized field. Krone says, “Each individual defines the direction in which he wants to grow.” The community decided, however, that every member must continue to share responsibility for day-to-day operations. “You might be a laboratory technician,” Krone says, “but you also handle operating jobs. Everybody carries the same minimum responsibility. No matter where you go, you always have to go back to the operation—you cannot become exclusively a specialist. One guy became a very skilled machinist and wanted to concentrate on his skill—so the community fired him. They told him there was plenty of opportunity for that on the outside. This system grew up naturally at the wish of the members—it was not imposed.”

The members of this unusual community were judged to have, when they were hired, “high innate capacity,” but they did not have any special training or skills. “However,” Krone points out, “after the plant has been in operation for three years, they are by now probably among the most highly skilled people in the company. One man who was a farmer would now be called a very highly skilled instrument specialist. He designed the plant’s whole instrument control system, and did it entirely on his own initiative, working with manufacturers.”

The workers have virtually complete control of the plant. There are no time clocks or other symbols of petty “class” distinctions, and everybody is on straight salary. “The manager,” says Krone, “has very little decision-making power. Usually, instead of being seen as a resource, he is seen as an invader, fulfilling a directive and controlling role—there is much less of that here.” Among other things, the members of the community work out the pay scales themselves and all the salaries are known to everyone. I asked Krone if he and his fellow managers gave the employees complete financial figures. “Well, no,” he answered, “they give them to us. One guy is interested in accounting and he develops all that information. They draw up their own budgets and so on.” Isn’t this a dangerous method of setting up wage scales? “Sure,” Krone says, “they could hold us up and say you’re not paying us enough. But by now you could almost say those employees have less interest in their pay than management people do, who think the Lima people are not being paid enough.”

The unorthodox methods at Lima have proved somewhat perplexing to the rest of the company. A technical services group from corporate headquar-

ters was constantly asking for the plant chemical engineer. It took a year for the fact to sink in that there was no chemical engineer.

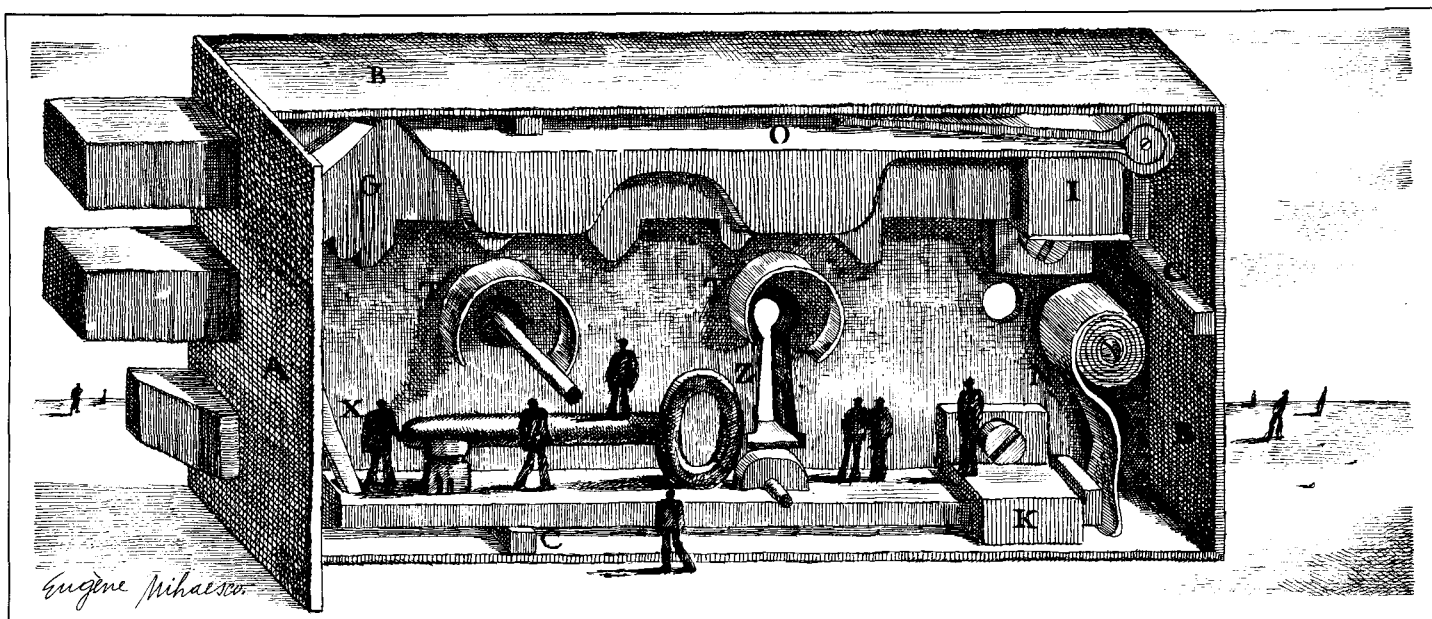
The plant’s hard data are in fact easily understandable. Even though the pay scale is considerably higher than is customary, overall costs are approximately half those of a conventional plant. Much of that is because of the advanced technology. But this technology could not function properly if there were not, at the same time, an advanced social system. Quality is also affected. Krone told me: “It has the most outstanding quality record of any plant we have—it is virtually perfect quality.”

The results have, in fact, been so good that the open-system principles have been applied in a number of other new P&G plants constructed over the past few years, and the employees in such plants now total almost 10 percent of the company’s 28,000 U.S. employees. Considering the nature of the new approach and the short time it has been in operation, this is an astonishingly high figure. The open-system methods have proved quite profitable, so it is likely that this figure will rise in the future. Though the introduction of new management methods at P&G took the form of a kind of “guerrilla warfare” in the beginning, when top management had only a dim understanding of what was going on, now the new principles seem to be firmly established.

In speaking of the results of democratic management, it is possible to document a favorable impact, both on the morale of employees and on productivity and quality. And satisfying and involving work can change and enrich individuals’ outside lives as well. Neil McWhinney, a UCLA psychologist who has worked as a consultant with P&G, has written: “One of the striking features in our ‘pure’ open systems plant is that workers take on more activities outside the workplace. The most visible involvements had to do with community racial troubles. Following major disturbances in the small city where they lived, a number of workers organized the black community to deal directly with the leaders of the city and of industry. . . . Blue collar workers won elections to the school board majority office and other local positions. Nearly ten percent of the work force of one plant holds elective offices currently. . . . We have noted that open systems workers join more social clubs and political organizations.”

These advanced management methods have been introduced in U.S. companies primarily because they “work” in conventional terms. But they also lead toward a true democratization of companies—breaking up orthodox power patterns and diffusing influence throughout the organization.

There is, to repeat, little recognition of this fact in America. Most of the people who have been developing these methods dislike the use of the word



“democracy” to describe their work. Theorist Frederick Herzberg, truly a pioneer in recognizing employee needs for carrying greater responsibility, flatly rejects the word, and so do many others, with varying degrees of insistence.

The issue extends far beyond mere terminology. In much of the recent discussion of work-related problems in America, there is the assumption that since a main curse is an abundance of tedious jobs created by shortsighted managements, the answer is the creation of fascinating jobs by farsighted managements. A great deal of attention is given to the rearrangement of tasks in “job enlargement” or “job enrichment” or “job design” projects.

But the basic problem is not a faulty arrangement of jobs, it is a question of faulty power patterns; the arrangements of jobs are only surface symptoms. To be sure, any job reshuffling that gives workers increased control is a step on the road to democracy. And the assembly-line worker who sees the time span of his job increased from, say, forty to seventy seconds, and his task widened from tightening one bolt to tightening two bolts will doubtless appreciate the change. But strictly speaking, only those organizational systems that regard employee influence as a healthy and desirable phenomenon, and that are planned from the ground up to nurture and encourage such influence, can be called democratic.

Surprisingly few of the companies I have visited have given much thought to where the changes they are promoting in their organizations might ultimately lead them, even though they often see a process developing that tends to have a life of its own. But it is apparent that the ultimate scope of the changes may be rather large. Job enrichment experts in America are increasingly recommending that the employees themselves participate in reforming their own jobs and that the change process, in order to work, has to be continuous. Moreover, it is recognized that job design projects

cannot be confined to one part of a company. If they are to have any usefulness at all, plans must be made for gradual extension beyond one or two departments. In other words, a truly useful system is one in which growth is not merely tolerated but expected and prepared for.

In general, the men at the top of company management have not been much aware of the radically new techniques introduced in their companies, and in particular they are slow to see the social implications of the new plans. Nor are those managements which are most effective in bringing about these changes very eager to provide careful explanations of their activities. Some of the most impressive projects have thus been quietly engineered by executives working as “infiltrators” who have kept their projects quiet for years. The unorthodox management methods used in one plant of a major American company were kept hidden from top management for more than ten years. (When asked why, the plant manager replied: “I don’t trust this company.”) Though increasing attention is now being paid to these advanced management methods, many planners still feel that keeping quiet is the best policy. One young psychologist told me: “I don’t try to mislead people, but if I know we’re going quite far along this road, I don’t necessarily say that to every manager. I deal with them on the level they can understand.”

But in spite of the reluctance they encounter, most of the planners are optimistic about the prospects of democratization. Charles Hughes of Texas Instruments observed to me: “I am convinced that there is going to be a massive attack on this within this decade.” More emphatically, one plant manager, whose top management has been deeply suspicious of the peculiar participative methods he is using, when asked if his methods were supposed to be revolutionary, replied: “You’re damned right—and it’s about time!” □

TWO POEMS

by Anna Akhmatova

*Translated by Stanley Kunitz
with Max Hayward*

NOTE: First published in *Poetry Day* (*Den poezii*), Leningrad, 1966. Mikhail Bulgakov (1891-1940), to whose memory it is addressed, was an outstanding novelist, satirist, and playwright, most of whose work was banned in the last years of his life, and after his death well into the post-Stalin era. A physician by training, he knew in advance that he was about to die—that is, he had “let the terrible stranger in.” His most remarkable novel, *The Master and Margarita*, completed in the last year of his life, was not published in the Soviet Union till 1966.

WILLOW

I was raised in checkered silence
in the cool nursery of the young century.
Human voices did not touch me,
it was the wind whose words I heard.
I favored burdocks and nettles,
but dearest to me was the silver willow,
my long companion through the years,
whose weeping branches
fanned my insomnia with dreams.
Oddly, I have survived it:
out there a stump remains. Now other willows
with alien voices intone
under our skies
And I am silent . . . as though a brother had died.
1940

IN MEMORY OF M.B.

Here is my gift, not roses on your grave,
not sticks of burning incense.
You lived aloof, maintaining to the end
your magnificent disdain.
You drank wine, and told the wittiest jokes,
and suffocated inside stifling walls.
Alone you let the terrible stranger in,
and stayed with her alone.
Now you're gone, and nobody says a word
about your troubled and exalted life.
Only my voice, like a flute, will mourn
at your dumb funeral feast.
Oh, who would have dared believe that half-crazed I,
I, sick with grief for the buried past,
I, smoldering on a slow fire,
having lost everything and forgotten all,
would be fated to commemorate a man
so full of strength and will and bright inventions,
who only yesterday, it seems, chatted with me,
hiding the tremor of his mortal pain.

The House on the Fontanka, 1940

THE FAITHFUL

A story by James Alan McPherson

There is John Butler, a barber, looking out his shop window on a slow Monday morning. Impeccable, as usual, in his starched white jacket, he stands and surveys the procession of colors blending into the avenue, a living advertisement of his profession. The colors are blurred; the window needs a cleaning; the red lettering has been allowed to fade, almost to a mere outline. Some of the passing faces he cannot recognize. But some recognize him behind the window and wave as they hurry past. Others, wanting to avoid all contact with the shop, pretend that he is not there. They ease out of view without acknowledging his nodding head. Still, he stands in his usual place between the edge of the window and the door; and when a familiar face moves by the window without glancing toward the shop, he shares the embarrassment and turns his own eyes away. In his mind he forgives the workers; but the shiftless, the workless, the timeless strollers up and down the avenue he does not spare.

"They still tryin' to starve us out," he says, turning to the members of his shop. Today it consists of Ray Powell, the second barber; Mickey Norris, who has again played hooky from school in order to earn a few dollars shining shoes; and two loafers, who have come in for a game of checkers and a chance to enjoy it. All wince to hear him start again.

"Maybe I'll go on down the block a minute," Mickey says, moving toward the door.

"Maybe you better go on to school," Butler tells him. "There ain't go'n be no work in here today."

Mickey, a sly boy, does not stray far from the green metal chair.

Butler gives him a severe look. "Not tomorrow either," he adds.

Mickey slinks back to the chair and sits, his hands going into his pockets for coins to toss.

Ray, a fat brown man who likes to give the impression of habitual efficiency, runs the edge of a hand towel between the teeth of his own black comb and

puckers his lips in an exaggeration of effort. "It's just the first of the week, Reverend," he says. "Things are bound to pick up."

One of the loafers, Norm Tyson from the Projects, knows better: he allows his opponent an advantage on the board and, before the man can incorporate it, says: "Looks like it's yours."

And then the two of them leave.

* * *

Just after noon, when Ray has gone across the street for lunch and Mickey has wandered off until evening, a young man looks in the door. A massive black tiara of hair encircles his head; his matching light green shirt and bell-bottom trousers advertise his wealth. Butler flashes his most hospitable smile and rises from his chair.

"How much for a quick one?" the young man asks from the door.

"For all that, two-fifty, maybe three dollars," Butler says.

The young man snorts and throws back his arms in playful amazement. "Just for a *trim*? You wouldn't wanna mess up my vibrations, would you?"

Butler loosens the smile and lowers his voice. "No," he says. "Better go somewheres else. I got me some heavy hands."

The young man laughs. "A heavy hand make a rusty register in your business, don't it?" And backs out the door before the barber can form an answer.

At the end of the day some regulars do come in; but they are losing more hairs than Butler clips. Still, they lower their heads, more from respect than necessity, and allow him limited operations around the edges. These balding faithfuls—John Gilmore or Dick Kendricks or Willie Russell—the backbone of his Sunday congregation, fold their hands beneath the white sheet square and abide, in their turn, his wandering frustrations. "These whites have bull-shitted our young men," he says. "Now, me, I'm as

proud as the next man. But our boys didn't stop gettin' haircuts until these white boys started that mess. That's a fact. Wasn't no more than a couple years ago, they'd be lined up against that wall on a Saturday night laughin' at the white boys. But soon as they see these white kids runnin' round wild, all at once they hair ain't long enough no more."

John Gilmore keeps his head lowered, his lips tight, his eyes watching his hands work beneath the sheet.

Ray, sitting in his own chair, looks up from the paper he has been reading and says: "Hey, I see where they arrested a big shot for tax evasion. First of the year they bound to hamstringing *one* for example." But no one picks it up. Ray rattles and folds the paper, and eases back into his reading.

"They know what they doin'," Butler continues. "Why, they tell me Miss Dawson's boy can't git into the university on that new free program because those folk up there think he's a Tom. As *smart* as that boy is, he can't git in. But you see old Buggy Brooks goin' up there. They *took him out of jail*," he says, bending close to Gilmore's ear for emphasis. "You ought to see him struttin' around, hair on his head big as a basketball. Never read a book through in his life."

But no one, not even Gilmore who knows the true state of affairs, can muster the hardness of heart to take him on.

Once, there had been violent betting and spit-infested verbal battles and crowded-round checker games and hot clothes and numbers passing through; once, Butler would hum radio spirituals as he went about his work, or else trade righteous homilies with Ray, busy in the other chair. The men who remember those days—Gilmore, Kendricks, and the others—would like to have them back; but there is an unspoken fear of being too possessive about the past and a determination not to allow the present to slip out of focus. They recognize another world outside the shop door, and find it much easier to pay up and walk away when Butler is done with his work.

"If it wasn't for you belonging to his church," John Gilmore tells his wife after each visit, "I wouldn't go in there."

"Now don't you be no trouble to him," Marie Gilmore reminds her husband. "He ain't got much longer to go."

* * *

On Sundays Butler now converts his sermons. The themes still resemble something familiar to his congregation, but lately the images have been doing different work. The relative few who still come into the church to hear it are growing bored. Some have already visited Reverend Tarwell and his more magical thumpings over on 138th. They like what they hear. There is talk that Tarwell plans to have himself crucified next month at Easter Sunrise Service and preach the entire sermon from the cross. Such resur-

rected remnants of the South appeal to them; the oldest have ever been homesick. Besides, Butler seems to have an obsession with a single theme:

"I was walkin' down here this mornin', brothers and sisters," he begins, his rising voice mellowing into a comfortable chant, "thinkin' about the rift there is these days between father and son; thinkin' about the breach there is between son and son and daughter and daughter. I'm thinkin' this mornin' about old bloody Cain and his guiltless brother; about old man Abraham castin' his son out into the wilderness; about that old rascal, Saul, lettin' his *wine* turn him against young David. I see little Joseph tossed in the dark pit, strip naked of his garment by his brothers. And hungry Esau, just a-droolin' at the mouth, sellin' his birthright for a mess of *pottage*. There's old slick Jacob now, a-crawlin' in to blind Isaac's bedside underneath the *fleece* of a wild and woolly animal; and Esau standin' outside the door, just a-weepin' away. Next to him is old rebellious Absalom, up in an *oak* tree, swingin' by his hair with Joab ridin' *down* on him. Just look at that boy cuss. I want to cut him down, Church, but I ain't got the strength. My arm is raised up to him, but my *razor's* kind of rusty. So can I git an *a-men* over here . . . ?"

Some of the people on his left say a weak "a-men."

"Can I hear an *a-men* over there . . . ?"

Some few on the right say "a-men."

"My razor growin' *sharper* by the second . . ."

* * *

"You better lay off that stuff," Ella, his wife, tells him at Sunday dinner. "The church done got tired of that one record you keep playin'." They have not been invited out for Sunday dinner in over five months.

"They ain't got no cause to complain," Butler tells her. "I give them a good service. Besides, most of them don't even listen to nothin' but the names."

"Just the same, you better lay off it for a while. It ain't their fault you goin' out of business."

Butler looks over at her. She is chewing with a deliberation calculated to enrage him into an argument. "Whose fault you reckon it is?" he demands.

She continues chewing, looking wise.

Butler looks at his own food. "All right," he says. "It's *my* fault."

"It ain't that you *have* to do Afros. Ray could do that and you could do your old customers. There ain't nothin' wrong with dividin' up the work thataway."

"Ray ain't go'n do fancy cuts in *my* place. First thing you know, these young fellows come hangin' round there and drive the old customers away."

She chews for a while, sips her coffee, and watches him. She takes her time in swallowing, smacks her lips, and then says: "Then you won't have a place for much longer."

He scrapes at his own plate, trying to avoid her eyes.

"And the way *you* goin'," she adds, "you won't be preachin' much longer either."

This thought he takes to bed with him while she lingers in the kitchen and sips, with irritating emphasis, another cup of coffee.

* * *

On another slow Monday morning, Ray, shaping his own moustache at the mirror, says: "You know, Reverend, I been thinking. Maybe we ought to go into processes. Nobody can say *now* that's imitating the white man. And there's guys on the block still wearing them."

Butler turns from the window, his face twitching. Images of winos and hustlers flash through his mind. "That's what you been thinkin', huh?" he says to Ray.

"Yeah, Reverend," Ray says, laughing to himself in the mirror. "Since the white folks always imitating us, maybe we could even process some of them."

"I don't process," Butler answers.

"It's work," Ray says, dropping the laugh and looking serious.

"It's devil's work," Butler says.

"Right now, I'd say we ain't got much of a choice."

Butler stands behind him. They exchange looks in the mirror. Ray works the scissors in his right hand, shaking off the hairs. Then he begins to clip his moustache again, drawing in his chin. Butler watches. After a while he says: "Ray, I know you think I'm a fool. I can't help that. But when you get to be my age change is just hard. You can shape a boy's life by what you do to his hair," he says, looking over at Mickey tossing coins against the wall. "Now everybody can't do that, but I'm proud to say I done it more than once in my lifetime. And I want to do it some more. But scrapin' a few loose hairs off every Tom, Dick, and Harry that come in here, just to get the money, why anybody can do that. You understand what I'm sayin'?"

Ray lowers the scissors but does not answer.

"You, Mickey? You understand?"

Mickey thinks it over, tossing another coin to the wall. After a while he says, "Naw, suh," and nods his head.

Butler walks back to the window. "That's what I figured," he finally says, looking out.

A little after one o'clock John Gilmore comes in for a quick shave during his lunch hour. Lying almost parallel in the chair, his rust-brown lips and eyelids showing through the lather, he makes careful conversation while Butler exercises the repressed magic in his hands. "Times being what they is in religion and all," he says, "I been wonderin' what you been plannin' to do."

"About what?" Butler says, not pausing in his work.

"Well," Gilmore begins, "Marie say Second Calvary ain't drawin' no stronger membership. In fact, a lot of folks thinkin' about plain quittin'."

"That's their business," he answers, holding back Gilmore's ear. "They git what they pay for."

Gilmore waits until his ear is allowed to fall back into place. Then he says: "I hear Reverend Tarwell thinkin' 'bout *you* for assistant pastor of his place. Times bein' good for the colored like they is, he thinkin' 'bout goin' into politics in a few years. When he step down, there sure go'n be a crowd over at his place for somebody."

Butler paused to wipe the razor. "Ain't most of his people from South Carolina?" he asks.

"Some."

"Well, most of mine from Alabama. There's two different styles."

Gilmore licks some lather off his lip with a delicate flicker of his tongue. He moistens both lips in the process. "That don't make a difference no more," he says. "People thinkin' 'bout *unity* these days. All of us in the same boat no matter where we from."

"Guess so," Butler says lightly. But after cleaning his razor again he says: "Where you from?"

"Alabama."

"Then why you worryin' about Tarwell's church? Why don't he bring his people over to *mine*?"

Gilmore tightens his lips.

"He's the one plannin' to leave the community, not me."

"I'll tell him that," Gilmore says, closing his eyes tight and easing into a resolved silence.

* * *

Late on Thursday afternoon, Ray, his eyes averted, says he has to go. "It was a good shop, Reverend," he says, "but I got me a family to support."

"Where you goin' to?" Butler asks.

"This new parlor over on 145th."

"It's all set up, huh?"

Ray says, "Yeah."

"Well," Butler says, forcing a smile, "maybe my luck will change some now with you gone."

Ray looks sad. His fat jaws break out in sweat. He wipes it away, turning up the edge of his moustache. Lately he has taken to wearing his hair long about his ears: a steady warning, but of unsuspected proportions. "It ain't nothing to do with *luck*, Reverend," he sighs. "God-damn! Everybody done switched over but *us*. Even the *barber schools* don't teach them old down-home cuts no more. You just *plain stubborn!*" Now he pauses, checking a great part of what has been building up in him. "Look, you want to get in on the money? It's easy as pie. There ain't no work involve in it. All you have to do is trim. *Trim!*" He sighs, smoothing down his ruffled moustache while stroking his face again. "You getting to be an old man, Reverend. You should be looking ahead. That's what I'm doing. That's *all* I'm doing."

"I'll take over your regulars."

"What regulars?" Ray says. "There ain't no regulars to divide. I cut your hair, you cut mine. Sometime Willie Russell or Jack Gilmore come in here out

of guilt and let you burn their ears. What's gonna happen when they get tired? Who you go'n cut then, yourself?"

"You can take your stuff with you," Butler tells him, oblivious of Ray's exasperation. "But mind you don't take the goodwill over there to 145th."

Ray, locking his mouth against more hot words, sprawls into his own chair, penitent and brooding. Mickey, smoking a cigarette and listening in the john, blows a stream of smoke into the air and thinks his own thoughts.

* * *

"Now old Isaac," he tells his people on another Sunday morning, "he's a-layin' down to die. He done followed out God's directions and now ain't worried about but one thing: makin' his dyin' bed comfortable. He done married to Rebekah, accordin' to his *father's* will; he done planted, in his old age, the *seed* of a great nation in her wombs. But now he's tired, Church, his eyesight is a-failin' and he's hungry for *red meat*. He's just about ready to lay his blessin' on anybody, just as long as he can get a taste of venison steak. But God, Glory Glory, is a-workin' against him, as he always works against the *unwise*. He can't run the risk of that blessin' fallin' on Esau, who is all covered with hair. So he has to make Rebekah his instrument, one more time, to see that his work git's done. I want you to picture old Isaac now, just layin' in his darkness pantin' for meat. And Jacob, God's beloved, sneakin' in to blind Isaac's bedside, a goat-skin on his head, a service tray in his hand. But look here, Church: yonder, over there, runnin' up from the woods with his hair holdin' him down, here come old Esau just a-hustlin' home. It's gonna be a close one, Church; both these boys is *movin' fast*. Now who go'n put money down on Esau? I say who go'n *bet* on Jacob? Both these boys is hustlin' on in. Who go'n lay somethin' on Esau this mornin' now . . . ?"

No one responds.

". . . Well, then, who go'n *bet* on Jacob . . . ?"

Most of them are confused. But some of the oldest, and most faithful, lay uninspired "a-mens" on Jacob.

". . . The race is gettin' closer by the minute . . ."

Marie Gilmore, dressed in her best white usher's uniform, gets up and leaves the room.

* * *

There is John Butler, the barber, on another Monday morning; again loitering by the window, again considering the rhythm of the street. He has not housed a complete checker game for almost a month.

"How do you do one of these Afros?" he asks Mickey, turning from the window.

"Nothin' to it, Rev," says Mickey, a careful boy who bears the jokings of his buddies concerning his own close-cut hair in order to keep some steady work. "Nothin' to it," he repeats, anticipation in his wise eyes. "You just let it grow, put some stuff on it, and keep it even all the time."

"What kind of stuff? Sound like a process to me."

"Naw, Rev," Mickey says.

"What is this *stuff*?"

"It's just to keep dandruff out."

"You think I could do one?"

"Hell, Rev, *anybody* can do it."

Butler thinks a bit. "Mickey, what does it do for these kids?"

Mickey looks up at him, his face suggesting the fire of deeply held knowledge. "What *don't* it do for you?" is his answer.

Butler considers this.

* * *

Just before closing time that same day John Gilmore comes in. He does not need a shave or even a trim. Nor does he offer much conversation. Butler waits. Finally Gilmore musters sufficient courage.

"Marie says she ain't comin' back to Second Calvary no more."

"Gone over to Tarwell, I bet."

Gilmore nods. His large hands dangle between his legs as he sits on the green metal chair across from Butler.

"She was a fine usher," Butler says. "Now Tarwell done beat me out of somethin' fine."

"You beat yourself," Gilmore says. "She didn't no more want to go over there than I want to stop comin' in here."

Butler looks into him. Gilmore looks down at his hands.

"So that's how it is?"

Gilmore nods again.

"And you call yourself a *Alabama* boy."

"That's been over a long time ago. Things change."

"I suppose you fixin' to grow yourself an Afro too, with that bald spot on your head."

Gilmore grows irritated. He gets up and moves toward the door. "I ain't fixin' to do *nothin'*," he says. "But if I was you I'd be fixin' to close up shop for a while so's I could reread my Bible for a spell."

"I know the Good Book," Butler says. "Thank you kindly."

Gilmore turns at the door, his long right hand holding it open. "Or maybe give up the Good Book and go back down home where you can cut the kind of hair you want."

"Maybe *all* of us ought to go back," Butler calls after him. But John Gilmore has already closed the door.

Through the ebb of the afternoon he slumps in his chair, taking inventory of his situation. He is not a poor man: the title to the shop is clear; the upper floor of his duplex is rented out to a schoolteacher; and there is, besides, a little money in the bank. But there is Mickey to consider if he should close up shop; his salary comes to three-fifty a week, regardless. He would not like to see Mickey leave too. He would not like to see Mickey over on 145th, picking



Once you come to Almadén, you've come all the way.
Almadén Champagnes. Brut, Extra Dry, Blanc de Blancs.

up ideas which have always been alien to his shop. He thinks some more about Mickey. Then he thinks about the South. Closing time comes, and goes. Mickey, passing down the street, sees him there and comes in. Butler sends him for coffee and then leans back again and closes his eyes. He thinks about going home, but again he thinks about the South. His feet braced against the footrest, the chair swinging round on its own, he recalls the red dirt roads of Alabama.

"Gimmie a 'fro."

Having lost all sense of direction, he has to raise himself before the sound can be connected.

"Gimmie a 'fro, please?"

A boy is standing next to his chair. He is Tommy Gilmore, youngest son of his former customer. Butler once baptized him during the heat of a summer revival. Tommy's hair is gray-black and tightly curled, his mouth is open, his dungarees faded and torn at the knee; a dollar bill is held up to Butler in the edge of his fist.

"What you want?"

"A haircut."

"It's after closing time," Butler tells him. Then he sees the dollar. "And anyway, it's gonna cost you one-fifty. You got that much?"

The boy hands up the dollar.

"That ain't enough," Butler says, handing it back.

"What else you got in your pocket? How much Marie give you?"

"Ain't got no more," the boy mumbles.

Greed lifts its thumb, but charity quickly waves it away. "You sure that's all you got?"

"Yes, sir."

Butler moves over to the hot-water heater and takes the board from behind it. He lays it across the armrests of his chair, takes a fresh cloth from the drawer and gives it a decisive snap. "Sit down, Mister," he tells the boy. "I'm gonna give you the nicest schoolboy you ever seen."

Tommy does not move. His fist tightens around the dollar. Part of it disappears into the vise. His eyes narrow cynically. "A schoolboy ain't no 'fro," he states.

"Git up on the board, son."

"You go'n *gimme* one?"

"I'm a barber, ain't I?"

The boy mounts.

Butler secures him, and then ties the cloth.

Mickey comes in with the coffee, surveys the room, and then sets the steaming cup on the counter below the mirror.

Butler fastens the safety pin in the knot behind the boy's neck. "Now look here, Mickey, and you'll learn something," he says as Mickey stands back to inspect the boy in the chair.

Mickey's eyes flicker over the scene, the curiosity in him slowly changing to doubt. "How you go'n do it, Rev? You ain't got no *comb*, you ain't got no *stuff*, and it ain't even *long* enough yet."

The boy begins to wiggle in the chair. The board

shifts under him. "It is *too* long enough," he says.

"Naw it ain't," says Mickey, malice in his eyes, his eyes on the younger boy's face, his head solemnly swaggering. "You got to go four, five months before you get enough. And you ain't got but one or two yet."

"Shut your trap, Mickey," Butler orders. He straightens the board with one hand and places the other on the struggling boy's shoulder. "I'm going to work on it now," he says, pressing down.

"But it ain't go'n do no *good*!"

"Shut up or go on home!" Butler says.

Mickey struts over to his own green chair at the end of the row, his face beaming the aloofness of a protected bettor on a fixed poker game. He sits, watching with animal intensity. The boy sees him and begins to squirm again.

"Quiet down, now," the barber says, this time pressing down on the boy's head. "I know what I'm doin'."

The boy obeys, whimpering some. Butler begins to use his shears. The hair is hard and thick, tightly curled and matted; but, deep inside it, near the scalp, he sees red dust rising. He is furious in his work, a starved man: turning and clipping and holding and brushing and shaping and holding and looking and seeing, beyond it all, the red dust rising. In ten minutes it is done. He stands back for a final look, then opens the pin, undoes the knot. Again he shapes the white sheet-square; again he brushes. The boy steps down, still whimpering softly. The board goes back behind the hot-water tank. And Butler lifts him up to the long mirror. The last whiffs of steam curl out from the cooling coffee. Mickey tightens his mouth and reaches into his pocket for a coin to toss against the wall. The boy looks into the mirror.

* * *

There is the barber: under the single bulb which sends light out through the windows of his shop. Gesturing, mouthing, making swift movements with his hands in the face of the shouting John Gilmore, who stands between him and the window. The boy is clinging to the man, crying softly. There is Mickey, still in his green chair against the wall, his own eyes, his own mind deciding.

"If you didn't call yourself a minister of God, I'd *kick your ass*!" the tight-fisted John Gilmore is saying. His bottom lip is pushed far out from his face.

"Didn't you ever have a schoolboy when you was his age? Just answer me that."

"I went to a different school. But my son ain't no *plantation* Negro."

"He didn't have nothin' but a dollar anyhow."

"Then you should of send him somewheres else!"

Tommy's mouth is open. He is crying without sound.

"Look at him! You can't *tell* me he don't look better now."

"We go'n close you down, old man. You hear what

Here's what your average prescription costs. And why.

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That's all.

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What we'd like is your understanding.

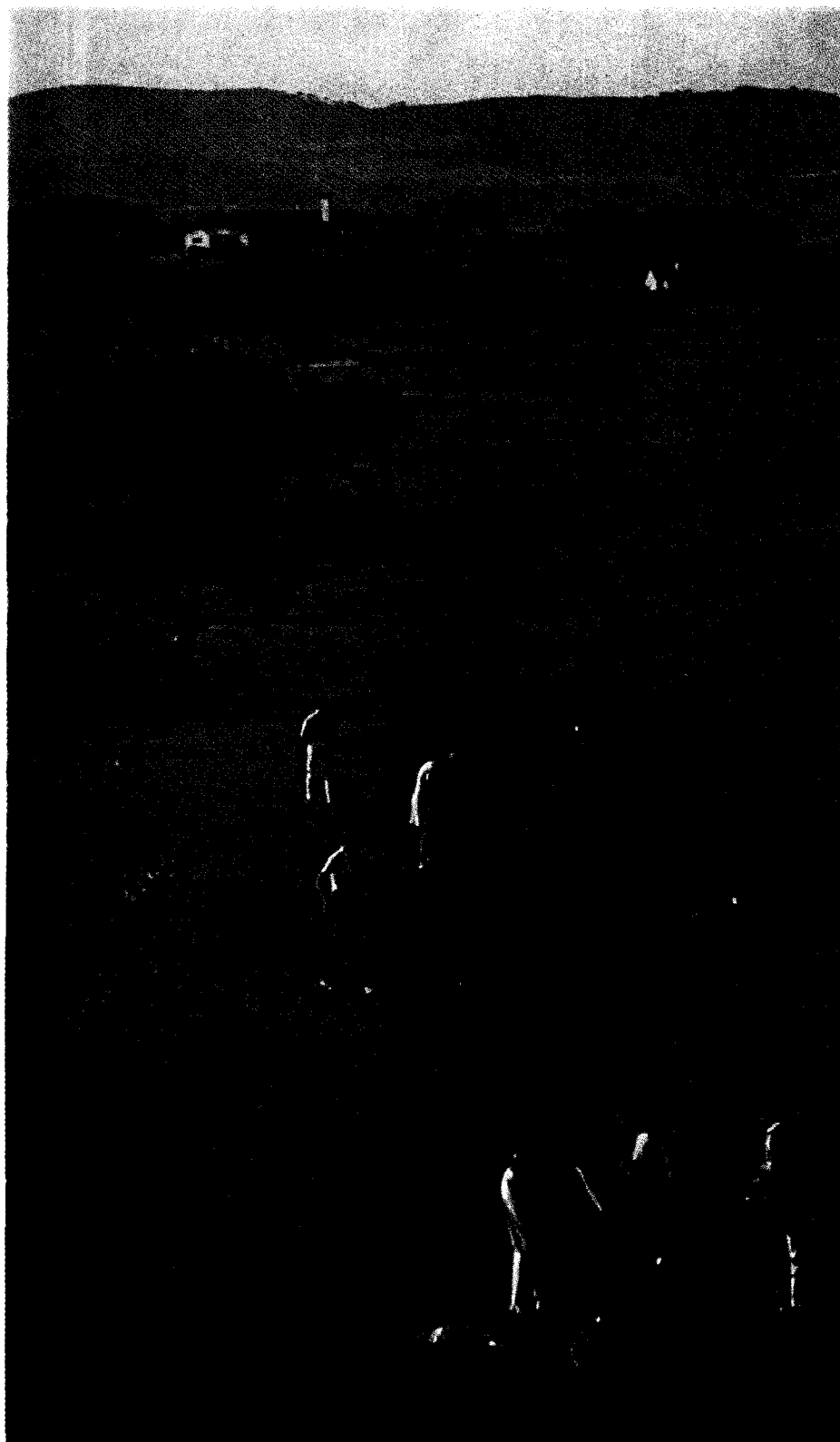
Because once you understand, then that \$4.19 seems pretty reasonable.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, "When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask." It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. AT-4, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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FOLLOW YOUR DREAM. COME TO SPAIN.

I'm sayin'? We go'n close this joint down and your church *too!*"

"You go'n close us *all* down."

"We go'n run all you Toms from the community . . ."

Mickey slides his hand into his pocket, rattling the coins.

* * *

On still another Sunday morning he stands, tired now, old, facing the last few strays of a scattered flock. It is almost Easter. Word is going around that Tarwell has already nailed the cross together in the basement of his church. Some say they have seen it. Others, some of those who are sitting here, are still reserving judgment. Marie Gilmore is back; but she has not come for the sermon. She sits at the back of the room in a purple dress, her eyes cast down. Butler, looking fierce and defensive, stares at the six or so faces peering up at him. Some look sheepish; some impatient; some look numb as always, waiting to be moved. He stands before them, his two hands gripping the edges of the pulpit. They wait. Several plump ladies fan themselves, waiting. One, Betty Jesup, sitting on the front pew, leans forward and whispers: "You fixin' to preach, or what?"

He does not answer.

Now the people begin to murmur among themselves: "What's wrong with him?" "When's he gonna start?"

"We are a stiff-necked people," he begins, his voice unusually steady, the music gone. "Our heads turn thisaway and thataway, but only in one direction at a time." He pauses. "We'll be judged for it."

"Who go'n judge us?" Marie Gilmore suddenly fires from the back of the room. They all turn, their mouths hanging loose. Marie Gilmore rises. "Who's to say what's to be judged and what ain't?" she says through trembling lips. "Who's left to say for certain he knows the rules or can show us where they written down?" she says.

The people are amazed. Several of them wave their hands and nod their heads to quiet her. Marie Gilmore does not notice. Her eyes are fixed on Butler.

He stands behind the pulpit and does not say anything.

* * *

At Sunday dinner Ella says: "Well, what you go'n do *now*?"

"Send that truant officer after Mickey," he says quietly.

"What else?"

He shifts his eyes about the room, looking for something.

Ella sighs and strikes her chest. "Lord, why I had to marry a man with a *hard head*?"

Butler looks her in the face. "Because you couldn't do no better," he tells her. □

A VERY GOOD PUZZLE

I have sat in the armchair in the living room now about three mornings before breakfast with this puzzle I can't do.

Usually I am pretty good at puzzles, but this one, where you take a flat white square at one corner of a little open box and work it over to a different end by sliding vertical and horizontal bars, orange and green, and two very small squares, purple, which are, I realize, the key pieces, has stopped me cold. It looks quite easy, and has in fact been done once while I watched, but fast, so that I hardly saw the moves. Of course there are puzzles and puzzles, some anyone can do, designed for children, and are supposed to make them happy, not frustrated—but ultimately these aren't grown-up fun—and problems, mate in two or three or four, really a matter of time and doggedness.

There are the Chinese boxes which drive you mad with something always left over or left out, and even, I suppose, the absolutely perfect puzzle, the nightmare that is soluble but which you can't solve, where there's one correct way only, but in its nature no way to find the way. Time almost up.

We are both late, I'm being useless . . . the little pieces, always the key pieces, because they shift most freely—and I know it, and I know the damned thing works, but here I am again: if he won't move you can't, and then I can't, and then it's blocked. Damn all. For one last time? I seem so close, stupidly wanting to ask, all right show me again, just once, a hint, a clue—but yes I know: that spoils it all, and you—you know. Well, coffee: cut my loss, I quit. You're smiling, I'm not cross. What can you do when a puzzle won't be beat? Put it away? Maybe. Maybe you cheat.

by Arthur Freeman

FRANKLY, MISS DODDS

by William Zinsser

AFFILIATED UTILITIES COMPANY

Dear Miss Dodds:

Thank you for your letter deploring the 14,000 fish deaths apparently related to thermal outflow into Long Island Sound from our nuclear power facility at Squaw Point. While the blame for this regrettable incident might most properly be ascribed to the fish, which swam closer to the Connecticut shore than is their normal habit, we believe that the ultimate solution must be found in terms of "the human element." Specifically, it is a task of public education in this era when customer demand for power markedly exceeds the deliverability capability of the electrical segment of the energy usage industry.

Do you ever stop to think, Miss Dodds, where the power comes from when you flick on your air-conditioner, your hair dryer, your cake mixer, your vacuum cleaner, and the myriad other appliances that enable you to live in "the lap of luxury" vs. the meager subsistence standard enjoyed by most of the peoples of the world? Until the American housewife is willing to go back to the egg beater and the broom, the utilities industry cannot be made the scapegoat for occasional episodes of ecological incompatibility.

Many consumers today advocate "zero growth" and a turning back of the clock to a simpler agrarian past. Quite frankly, if the rural American of 1900 had been as counter-oriented to the ongoing thrust of technology as certain ro-

mantic elements are in 1973, the outhouse would never have been supplanted by the flush toilet.

Very truly yours,



NORMAN R. HOWELL
Vice President for
Consumer Relations

* * *

GENERAL UNITED FILM & CAMERA

Dear Ms. Dodds:

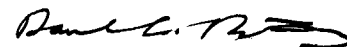
I sincerely regret that you were offended by our advertisement showing three little girls—wholesome American tourists—sitting on the lap of an old Indian chief in Taos, with the caption: "You'd kick yourself if you didn't catch this happy occasion for your memory book!"

You can be sure that nobody at General United Film & Camera would have approved the "ad" if we had felt that "it represents the most callous exploitation of minorities such as has come to typify America's habitual abuse of Indians, blacks, Chicanos and other Third World peoples and its genocidal extermination of Vietnamese peasants."

Frankly, Ms. Dodds, to all of us here at GUF that photograph says "God bless America!" We are proud to be part of a "melting pot" where the red man and the white man can sit down together and smile over past misunderstandings. If the day should come when American corporations must tailor their

advertising to the vague moral parameters of the "new consciousness," the consequent slowdown in product exposure could quite simply strangle free enterprise as we know it.

Cordially,



PAUL G. POTTER
Advertising Director

* * *

UNIVERSAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Dear Miss Dodds:

As a stockholder we value your letter concerning our recall of 68,000 new Puma automobiles for installation of urethane foam on the steering wheel to hopefully minimize driver collision impact and asking why this safety feature was not installed at the time of manufacture. In particular I welcome this opportunity to answer your question: "Are you guys just a bunch of cold-blooded murderers?"

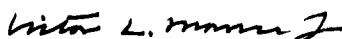
No, Miss Dodds, I assure you we are not! Universal Motors is presently making every effort, for example, at compliance with new regulations for development of occupant-protection devices such as the passive-restraint system, or "air cushion," even though our engineers are not yet convinced that it will prove efficacious, or, in laymen's terms, that the air bag will fill with air.

Similarly, the urethane foam coating on the Puma steering wheel,

which was unexpectedly mandated by the government for the 1973 model, is a flagrant example of "regulatory overkill." If the automotive industry is going to be required to install every safety gadget dreamed up by every Tom, Dick, and Harry, we might as well stop making cars and go back to the "horse and buggy."

You and I know, Miss Dodds, that it is not the wheel which is unsafe, but the man behind the wheel. Until the government applies safety codes to all the drunken drivers who are now loose on our highways, the "cold-blooded murderers" will be the bureaucrats in Washington, not the forward-looking executives in Detroit.

Most sincerely,



VICTOR L. MORRISSEY, JR.
Director of Public
Responsibility

* * *

GENERAL FIRE & BOMB

Dear Mrs. Dodds:

We are in receipt of your letter urging us to "cease and desist from the manufacture of antipersonnel weapons, in particular the 'Sawtooth' cluster-bomb unit which has rendered much of Indochina uninhabitable for innocent civilians who cannot walk in their own fields for fear of having their flesh torn apart." Letters such as yours have the salutary effect of forcing us at General Fire & Bomb to re-examine our policies with respect to the national defense posture vis-à-vis their possible conflict with the Geneva accord and other humanitarian protocols.

It is true that our company is the major supplier of area-denial weapons such as the electro-optically-activated Sawtooth and that thousands of these undetonated bomblets are now scattered across the countryside of Vietnam. Personally I share your regret that these devices cannot distinguish between a soldier and a ci-

vilian or child. While we at G.F. & B. are proud of our "smart bombs" which were used in the selective aerial demolition of Hanoi and Haiphong, we must concede that the Sawtooth is as yet comparatively dumb. Hopefully with research and development we can raise its IQ!

As to your request that we cease production of antipersonnel weapons, permit me to quote the statement made by our president, E. Roy Bassett, at the annual meeting of the corporation on May 28, when a similar demand was made by pacifist and clergy elements:

"Let me say loud and clear that General Fire & Bomb owes it to this great nation to manufacture whatever weaponry is needed to protect our boys. I, for one, want America to be ready when another madman like Tojo comes down the pike. The mentality that fostered Dunkirk and Pearl Harbor will not be tolerated at G.F. & B. as long as E. Roy Bassett is at the helm, and if it is necessary to kill a few gooks to develop a sophisticated ordnance alphabet, that's a small price to pay for keeping the Red, White, and Blue safe for democracy."

Most cordially,



EARLE K. WILLOUGHBY
Vice President for
Research and Development

* * *

AMALGAMATED FLETCHER

Dear "Ms." Dodds:

What are we going to do with you "women's lib" gals! First you want American business to promote more women to executive positions. Now you want us to put them on the board of directors!

Seriously, though, you may have a point when you say that many of the problems facing our nation are "of more fundamental concern to women than to men": high prices, pollution, peace, and the like. But then you go on to say, "The sooner women get into the policy-making

levels of industry, the sooner America will clean up the mess."

Do you honestly think women have the experience to make hard-nosed decisions as between options that would maximize profits and still provide a meaningful response to consumer demands for improved product performance, safety, and service? Perhaps you didn't see the recent Pollinger Poll in which 72.6 percent of those surveyed found men "appreciably more likely to make hard-nosed decisions than women" and 68.2 percent found men "more likely to implement policy-making clout." Quite frankly, all of us here at Amalgamated Fletcher find those figures a pretty convincing argument for sticking with our present sex-ratio representation.

With all best wishes,



G. DONALD STUBBS
Ombudsman

* * *

NATIONAL REFRACTORY & BRAKE COMPANY

Dear Miss Dodds:

Thank you for your letter concerning our company's contribution to pollution through the plant that you noticed "belching" black smoke. Let me assure you that National Refractory & Brake is cognizant of the limited assimilative capacity of our nation's air resources. We have expressed our willingness to meet with the National Air Pollution Control Administration to investigate the possibility of initiating a program of joint funding by government and industry for development of a technology which would markedly reduce fly-ash emissions of the type that you characterize as "intolerable" at our Milltown facility.

Until such a conference draws up requisite guidelines for stack-scrubbing equipment to capture such emissions, however, we feel that it would be fiscally imprudent to proceed "on our own" with pollution-abatement measures, as the atten-

dant costs would necessarily be passed on to the consumer, with resultant potential loss of public confidence in the petrochemicals industry and reduction of its ability to provide more jobs for a better America.

If we can be of any further assistance, please do not hesitate to contact us.

Sincerely yours,



CARL M. BAXTER
Vice President for
Environmental Affairs

* * *

**AMERICAN EXCELSIOR OIL
COMPANY ("AXCO")**

Dear Miss Dodds:

The president of the American Excelsior Oil Company has asked me to reply to your letter expressing displeasure at the "tall and fantastically ugly" signs along Route I-93 that call attention to our "AXCO" service stations, which "spoiled an otherwise beautiful drive through a part of New England not yet scarred by commercial exploitation."

Actually, though you find our "AXCO" signs "ugly," they have been called "beautiful" by many customers who sighted them when their youngsters were crying for a drink of water or a clean comfort station. Might it not be, Miss Dodds, that with respect to our signs, beauty is in the eye of "the beholder"?

Some states have experimented with smaller signs in answer to complaints from the beautification interests, but the attendant loss of revenue by oil companies suggests that to give priority to aesthetic considerations is not consistent with sound management principles.

Faithfully yours,



GEORGE F. MAGRUDER
Vice President for Sales

SNAKE CLOTHES

My wife complains to me
relying on her dowry.
She washes and washes her blue sash again
and again, afterward drying it
on top of marigolds;
breathlessly she then
sings
ballads.

My wife hopes
to dress up
in all the world's flowers;
even though half the blooms were left over, she wouldn't even
consider giving any to the neighbor women.
She puts on a screaming peacock,
embroidering and embroidering it again
and again over her chi-pao;
anyway, my wife thinks sewing is more important than Congress.

My wife thinks
the Western Hemisphere,
although we enjoy the same sun together,
has no husband as lazy as hers
(What about that time I went to buy a jar of jelly?);
I just can't
sing
ballads.

In spring
my wife—
an egret hankers after its pond—
her mirror.
My wife, in spring, thinks and thinks again
and again.
I think she should go to the elegant snake's to borrow some clothes.

by Ya Hsien

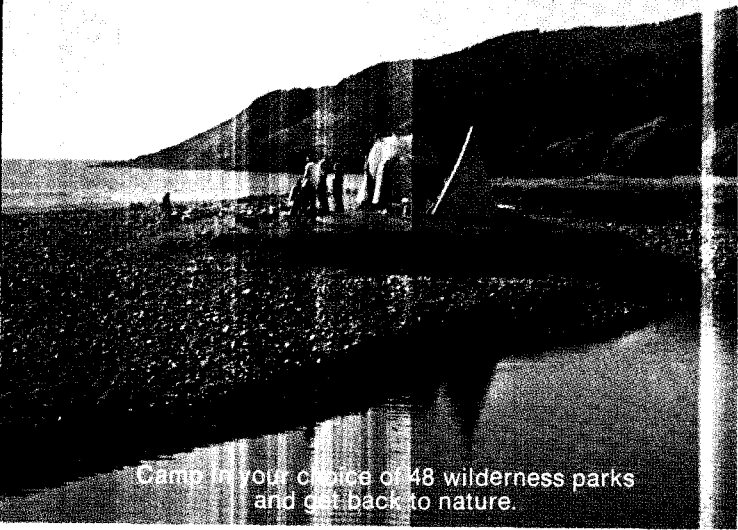


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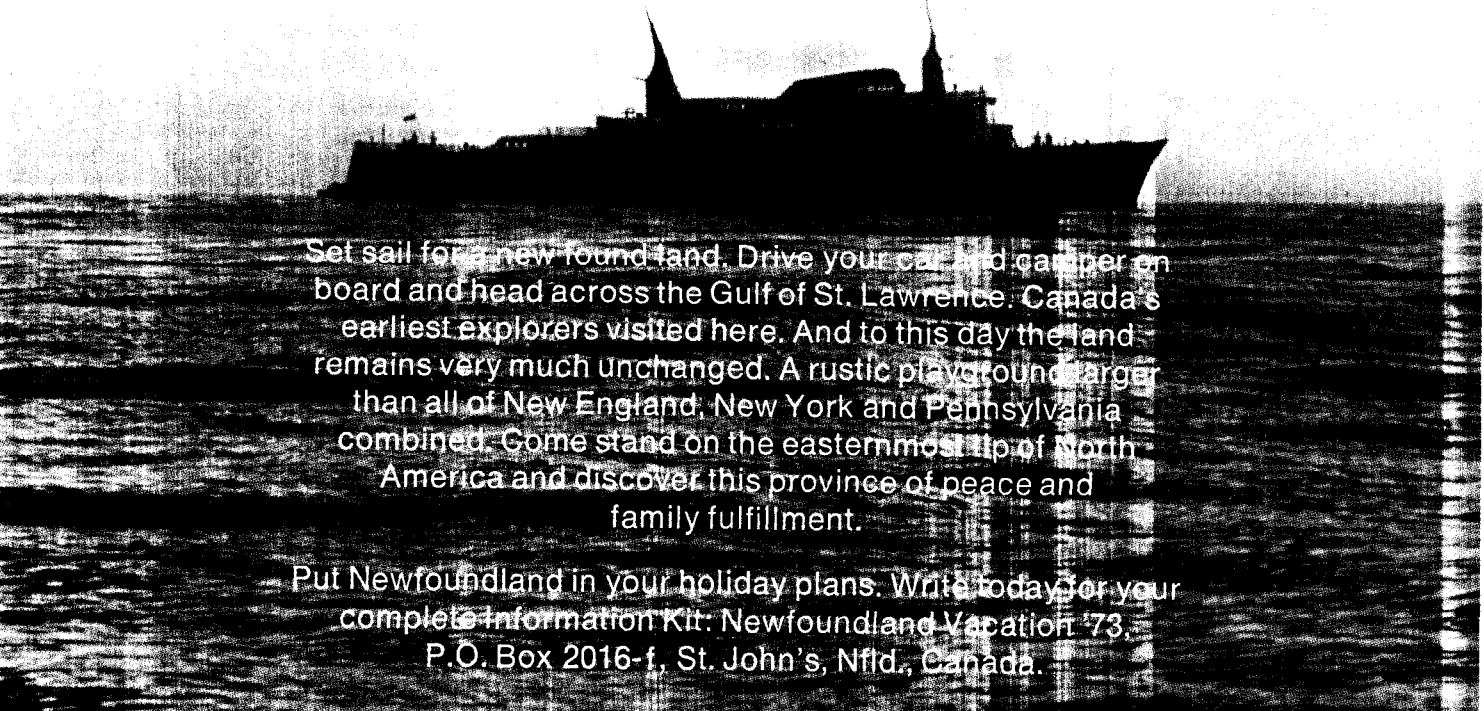


You'll love the accents and there's
no mistaking the hospitable smiles.

You'll come home with carvings and
of local crafts, out of a local heritage.



Camp in your choice of 48 wilderness parks
and get back to nature.



Set sail for a new found land. Drive your car and camper on
board and head across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Canada's
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NEWFOUNDLAND

Another world next door.

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ALTERNATIVES

A story by Alice Adams

It is the summer of 1935, and there are two people sitting at the end of a porch. The house is in Maine, at the edge of a high bluff that overlooks a large and for the moment peaceful lake. Tom Todd and Barbara Rutherford. They have recently met (she and her husband are houseguests of the Todds). They laugh a lot, they are terribly excited about each other, and they have no idea what to do with what they feel. She is a very blond, bright-eyed girl in her twenties, wearing very short white shorts, swinging long thin legs below the high hammock on which she is perched, looking down at Tom. He is a fair, slender man with sad lines beside his mouth, but (not now!) now he is laughing with Babs. Some ten years older than she, he is a professor, writing a book on Shelley (Oh wild West Wind!) but the Depression has had unhappy effects on his university (Hilton, in the Middle South): 10 percent salary cuts, cancellation of sabbaticals. He is unable to finish his book (no promotion); they rely more and more on his wife's small income from her bookstore. And he himself has been depressed—but not now. What a girl, this Babs!

The house itself is old, with weathered shingles that once were green, and its shape is peculiar; it used to be the central lodge for a girls' camp for underprivileged girls that Jessica Todd owned and ran before her marriage to Tom. The large, high living room is still full of souvenirs from that era: group pictures of girls in bloomers and middies, who danced or rather posed in discreet Greek tunics, and wore headbands; and over the fireplace, just below a moldering deer's head, there is a mouse-nibbled triangular felt banner, once dark green, that announced the name of the camp: Wabuwana. Why does Jessica keep all those things around, as though those were her happiest days? No one ever asked. Since there were no bedrooms Tom and Jessica sleep in a curtained-off alcove, with not much privacy; two very small rooms that once were storage closets are bedrooms for their children, Avery and Devlin. Babs and her husband, Wilfred Rutherford, have been put in a tent down the path, on one of a row of gray

plank tent floors where all the camper girls used to sleep. Babs said, "How absolutely divine—I've never slept in a tent." "You haven't?" Jessica asked. "I think I sleep best in tents."

A narrow screened-in porch runs the length of the house, and there is a long table out there—too long for just the four Todds, better (less lonely) with even two guests. The porch widens at its end, making a sort of round room, where Tom and Babs now are, not looking at the view.

Around the house there are clumps of hemlocks, tall Norway pines, white pines, and birches that bend out from the high bank. Across the smooth bright lake are the White Mountains, the Presidential Range—sharp blue Mount Adams and farther back, in the exceptionally clear days of early fall, such as this day is, you can see Mount Washington silhouetted. Lesser, gentler slopes take up the foreground: Mount Pleasant, Douglas Hill.

Beside Babs in the hammock lies a ukelele—hers, which Tom wants her to play.

"Oh, but I'm no good at *all*," she protests. "Wilfred can't stand it when I play!"

"I'll be able to stand it, I can promise you that, my dear."

Her accent is very Bostonian, his Southern; both tendencies seem to intensify as they talk together.

She picks up the instrument, plucks the four strings as she sings, "My dog has fleas."

"So does Louise," he sings mockingly, an echo. Tom is fond of simple ridiculous jokes but he feels it necessary always to deliver them as though someone else were talking. In fact, he says almost everything indirectly.

They both laugh, looking at each other.

They are still laughing when Jessica comes out from the living room where she has been reading (every summer she rereads Jane Austen) and walks down the length of the porch to where they are, and says, "Oh, a ukelele, how nice, Barbara. Some of our girls used to play."

Chivalrous Tom gets up to offer his chair—"Here

you are, old dear." She did not want to sit so close to the hammock but does anyway, a small shapeless woman on the edge of her chair.

Jessica is only a few years older than Tom but she looks considerably more so, with graying hair and sad brown eyes, a tightly compressed mouth. She has strong and definite Anglo-Saxon notions about good behavior (they all do, this helpless group of American Protestants, Tom and Jessica, Barbara and Wilfred) which they try and almost succeed in passing on to their children. Jessica wears no makeup and is dressed in what she calls "camp clothes," meaning things that are old and shabby (what she thinks she deserves). "Won't you play something for us?" she asks Babs.

"Perhaps you will succeed in persuasion where I have failed," says Tom. As he sees it, his chief duty toward his wife is to be unfailingly polite, and he always is, although sometimes it comes across a little heavily.

Of course Jessica feels the currents between Babs and Tom but she accepts what she senses with melancholy resignation. There is a woman at home whom Tom likes too, small, blond Irene McGinnis, and Irene is crazy about Tom—that's clear—but nothing happens. Sometimes they kiss; Jessica has noticed that Verlie, the maid, always hides Tom's handkerchiefs. Verlie also likes Tom. Nothing more will happen with Babs. (But she is wrong.) It is only mildly depressing for Jessica, a further reminder that she is an aging, not physically attractive woman, and that her excellent mind is not compelling to Tom. But she is used to all that. She sighs, and says, "I think there's going to be a very beautiful sunset," and she looks across the lake to the mountains. "There's Mount Washington," she says.

Then the porch door bangs open and Wilfred walks toward them, a heavy, dark young man with sleeves rolled up over big hairy arms; he has been washing and polishing his new Ford. He is a distant cousin of Jessica's. "Babs, you're not going to play that thing, are you?"

"No, darling, I absolutely promise."

"Well," Tom says, "surely it's time for a drink?"

"It surely is," says Babs, giggling, mocking him.

He gestures as though to slap at the calf of her long leg, but of course he does not; his hand stops some inches away.

Down a wide pine-needled path, some distance from the lodge, there is a decaying birch-bark canoe, inside which white Indian pipes grow. They were planted years back by the camper girls. Around the canoe stands a grove of pines with knotted roots, risen up from the ground, in which chipmunks live. Feeding the chipmunks is what Jessica and Tom's children do when they

aren't swimming or playing on the beach. Skinny, dark Avery and smaller, fairer Devlin—in their skimpy shorts they sit cross-legged on the pine needles, making clucking noises to bring out the chipmunks.

A small chipmunk comes out, bright-eyed, switching his tail back and forth, looking at the children, but then he scurries off.

Devlin asks, "Do you like Babs?" He underlines the name, meaning that he thinks it's silly.

"She's OK." Avery's voice is tight; she is confused by Babs. She doesn't know whether to think, as her mother probably does, that Babs's white shorts are too short, that she is too dressed up in her pink silk shirt for camp, or to be pleased at the novel sort of attention she gets from Babs, who said last night at dinner, "You know, Avery, when you're a little older you should have an evening dress this color," and pointed to the flame-gold gladioli on the table, in a gray stone crock.

"Her shorts are too short," says Devlin.

"What do you know about clothes? They're supposed to be short—*shorts*." Saying this, for a moment Avery feels that she *is* Babs, who wears lipstick and anything she wants to, whom everyone looks at.

"Mother doesn't wear shorts, ever."

"So what? You think she's well dressed?"

Devlin is appalled; he has no idea what to make of what she has said. "I'll tell!" He is desperate. "I'll tell her what you said."

"Just try, you silly little sissy. Come on, I'll race you to the lodge."



It's nice to know America leads the world in medical research.

Just don't get sick.



Pick up almost any recent issue of *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, and chances are you'll discover some impressive new advances in the life sciences. The discovery of a powerful family of hormone-like agents called prostaglandins, the mapping of human chromosomes, Nobel prize-winning insights into the causes of cancer . . . or a score of other fascinating achievements.

Our medical and paramedical technologies are leaping forward. Each year, each month, each day there are fewer limits on our abilities to diagnose and cure disease, alleviate suffering and prolong life.

Unfortunately, a tragic gap separates what we can do from what we *are* doing. As other articles in *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* have shown, our health care system, responsible for delivering the blessings of medical technology to the people, is shamefully disorganized, outdated and expensive—resulting in needless pain, physical damage and death.

Three years ago the situation was critical. This year it is intolerable. Next year it will be worse.

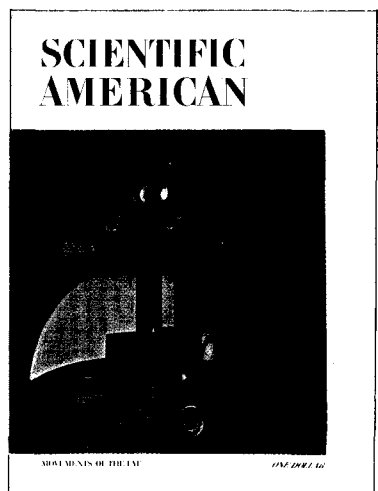
The need to do something about it is

now recognized in the White House, the Congress and the medical community itself.

In September, an entire issue of *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* will be devoted to the growing health care crisis. Many of the articles may surprise you, perhaps even shock you. Like all *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* articles, they will bring you facts you won't find anywhere else . . . explain in advance problems that may make headlines months or even years from now . . . and do it all with unparalleled accuracy and objectivity. As usual, all the articles will be written by leading authorities who are directly involved in the issues they are discussing.

Modern health care, of course, is just one of the vital current issues *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* covers on a continuing basis. Pick any major subject area from race relations to national defense, and you're likely to find a whole string of articles running back twenty years or more—each a clear, meticulously documented, often prophetic analysis of problems and solutions.

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makes sense today out of
issues that will make
headlines tomorrow.**

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Both children scramble up, Avery first, of course, and run across the slippery pines, their skinny brown legs flashing between the trees, and arrive at the house together and slam open the screen door and tear down the length of the porch to the cluster of grown-ups.

"Mother, do you know what Avery said?"

"No, darling, but please don't tell me unless it was something very amusing." This is out of character for Jessica, and Devlin stares at his mother, who strokes his light hair, and says, "Now, let's all be quiet. Barbara is going to play a song."

Babs picks up her ukelele and looks down at it as she begins her song, which turns out to be a long ballad about a lonely cowboy and a pretty city girl. She has an attractive, controlled alto voice. She becomes more and more sure of herself as she goes along, and sometimes looks up and smiles around at the group—as Tom—as she sings.

Tom has an exceptional ear, as well as a memory for words; somewhere, sometime, he has heard that ballad before, so that by the time she reaches the end he is singing with her, and they reach the last line together, looking into each other's eyes with a great stacy show of exaggeration; they sing together, "And they loved forever more."

But they are not, that night, lying hotly together on the cold beach, furiously kissing, wildly touching everywhere. That happens only in Tom's mind, as he lies next to Jessica and hears her soft sad snores. In her cot, in the tent, Babs sleeps very soundly, as she always does, and she dreams of the first boy she ever kissed, whose name was not Tom.

In the late forties, almost the same group gathers for dinner around a large white restaurant table, the Buon Gusto, in San Francisco. There are Tom and Jessica, and Babs, but she is without Wilfred, whom she has just divorced in Reno. Devlin is there, Devlin grown plump and sleek, smug with his new job of supervising window display at the City of Paris. Avery is there, with her second husband, fat, intellectual Stanley. (Her first marriage, to Paul Blue, the black trumpet player, was annulled; Paul was already married, and his first wife had lied about the divorce.)

Tom and Barbara have spent the afternoon in bed together, in her hotel room—that old love finally consummated. They are both violently aware of the afternoon behind them; they are partly still there, together in the tangled sea-smelling sheets. Barbara presses her legs close. Tom wonders if there is any smell of her on him that anyone could notice.

No one notices anything; they all have problems of their own.

In the more than ten years since they were all in Maine Jessica has sunk further into her own painful and very private despair. She is not fatter, but her body has lost all definition, and her clothes are delib-

erately middle-aged, as though she were eager to be done with being a sexual woman. Her melancholy eyes are large, terribly dark; below them her cheeks sag, and the corners of her mouth have a small sad downward turn. Tom is always carrying on—the phrase she uses to herself—with someone or other; she has little energy left with which to care. But sometimes, still, a lively rebellious voice within her cries out that it is all cruelly unfair; she has done everything that she was taught a wife is expected to do; she has kept house and cared for children and listened to Tom, laughed at his jokes and never said no when he felt like making love—done all those things, been a faithful and quiet wife when often she didn't want to at all, and there he is, unable to keep his eyes off Babs, laughing at all *her* jokes.

Tom has promised Barbara that he will leave Jessica; this winter they will get a divorce, and he will apply for a teaching job at Stanford or U.C., and he and Babs will live in San Francisco; they are both in love with the city.

Avery has recently begun psychoanalysis with a very orthodox Freudian; he says nothing, and she becomes more and more hysterical—she is lost! And now this untimely visit from her parents; agonized, she questions them about events of her early childhood, as though to get her bearings. "Was I nine or ten when I had whooping cough?"

"What?" says Jessica, who had daringly been embarked on an alternate version of her own life, in which she did not marry Tom but instead went on to graduate school herself, and took a doctorate in Classics. (But who would have hired a woman professor in the twenties?) "Tom, I'd love another drink," she says. "Barbara? you too?" Late in her life Jessica has discovered the numbing effects of drink—you can sleep!

"Oh, yes, divine."

Sipping what is still his first vermouth, Devlin repeats to himself that most women are disgusting. He excepts his mother. He is sitting next to Babs, and he cannot stand her perfume, which is Joy.

Looking at Jessica, whom, curiously, she has always liked, Barbara feels a chill in her heart. Are they doing the right thing, she and Tom? He says they are; he says Jessica has her bookstore and her student poet friends ("Fairies, most of them, from the look of them," Tom says), and that living with him does not make her happy at all; he has never made her happy. Is he only talking to himself, rationalizing? Barbara doesn't know.

All these people, so many of them Southern, make Avery's husband, Stanley, feel quite lost; in fact, he finds it hard to understand anything they say. Tom is especially opaque: the heavy Southern accent and heavier irony combine to create confusion, which is perhaps what Tom intends. Stanley thinks Tom is a little crazy, and feels great sympathy for Jessica, whom he admires. And he thinks: poor Avery, growing up in all that—no wonder Devlin's queer and Av-

ery has to go to a shrink. Stanley feels an awful guilt toward Avery, for not supplying all that Tom and Jessica failed to give her, and for his persistent "premature ejaculations"—and putting the phrase in quotes is not much help.

"I remember your whooping cough very well indeed," says Tom, pulling in his chin so that the back of his head jerks up; it is a characteristic gesture, an odd combination of self-mockery and self-congratulation. "It was the same summer you pushed Harry McGinnis into the swimming pool." He turns to Stanley, who is as incomprehensible to him as he is to Stanley, but he tries. "Odd gesture, that. Her mother and I thought she had a sort of 'crush' on young Harry, and then she went and pushed him into the pool." He chuckles. "Don't try to tell me that ladies aren't creatures of whim, even twelve-year-old girls."

"I was nine," says Avery, and does not add: you had a crush on Harry's mother, you were crazy about Irene that summer.

Jessica thinks the same thing, and she and Avery are both looking at Tom, so that he feels the thought.

"I remember teasing Irene about the bathing suit she wore that day," he says recklessly, staring about with his clear blue eyes at the unfamiliar room.

"What was it like?" asks Barbara, very interested.

"Oh, some sort of ruffled thing. You know how those Southern gals are," he says, clearly not meaning either his wife or his daughter.

"I must have thought the whooping cough was a sort of punishment," Avery says. "For having a crush on Harry, as you put it."

"Yes, probably," Jessica agrees, being herself familiar with many varieties of guilt. "You were awful sick—it was terrible. There was nothing we could do."

"When was the first summer you came to Maine?" Devlin asks Babs, coldly curious, nearly rude. It is clear that he wishes she never had.

"1935. In September. In fact September ninth," she says, and then blushes for the accuracy of her recall, and looks at Tom.

"Verlie took care of me," says Avery, still involved with her whooping cough.

Jessica sighs deeply. "Yes, I suppose she did."

Almost ten years later, in the middle fifties, Tom and Barbara are married. In the chapel of the little church, the Swedenborgian, in San Francisco, both their faces stream with tears as the minister says those words.

In her forties, Barbara is a striking woman still, with her small disdainful nose, her sleekly knotted pale hair, and her beautiful way of walking, holding herself forward like a present. She has aged softly, as very fine-skinned very blond women sometimes do. And Tom is handsome still; they make a handsome couple (they always have).

Avery is there; she reflects that she is now older

than Barbara was in 1935, that summer in Maine. She is almost thirty, divorced from Stanley, and disturbingly in love with two men at once. Has Barbara never loved anyone but Tom? (Has she?) Avery sees their tears as highly romantic.

She herself is a nervy, attractive girl with emphatic dark eyebrows, large dark eyes, and a friendly soft mouth, heavy breasts on an otherwise slender body. She wishes she had not worn her black silk suit, despite its chic; two friends have assured her that no one thought about wearing black to weddings anymore, but now it seems a thing not to have done. "I wore black to my father's wedding"—thank God she is not still seeing Dr. Gundersheim, and will use that sentence only as a joke. Mainly, Avery is wondering which of the two men to marry, Charles or Christopher. (The slight similarity of the names seems ominous—what does it mean?) This wondering is a heavy obsessive worry to her; it drags at her mind, pulling it down. Now for the first time, in the small dim chapel, candlelit, it wildly occurs to her that perhaps she should marry neither of them, perhaps she should not marry at all, and she stares about the chapel, terrified.

"I pronounce you man and wife," says the minister, who is kindly, thin, white-haired. He is very old; in fact he quietly dies the following year.

And then, almost as though nothing had happened, they have all left the chapel: Tom and Barbara, Avery and Devlin, who was Tom's best man. ("I gave my father away," is another of Avery's new postwedding jokes.) But something has happened: Tom and Barbara are married. They don't believe it either. He gives her a deep and prolonged kiss (why does it look so awkward?) which embarrasses Devlin terribly, so that he stares up and down the pretty, tree-lined street. He is thinking of Jessica, who is dead.

And he passionately wishes that she had not died, savagely blames Tom and Barbara for that death. Trivial, entirely selfish people—so he sees them; he compares the frivolity of their connection with Jessica's heavy suffering. Since Jessica's death Devlin has been in a sort of voluntary retreat. He left his window-display job and most of his friends; he stays at home on the wrong side of Telegraph Hill, without a view. He reads a lot and listens to music and does an occasional watercolor. He rarely sees Avery, and disapproves of what he understands to be her life. ("You don't think it's dykey, the way you sleep around?" was the terrible sentence he spoke to her, on the eve of Jessica's funeral, and it has never been retracted.) Sometimes in his fantasies it is ten years back, and Tom and Jessica get a divorce and she comes out to live in San Francisco. He finds her a pretty apartment on Telegraph Hill and her hair grows beautifully white and she wears nice tweeds and entertains at tea. And Tom and Barbara move to hell—Los Angeles or Mexico or somewhere. Most people who know him assume Devlin to be homosex-

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FDR sat here.

At the age of 39, Franklin Delano Roosevelt contracted polio. He went to bed one night feeling ill, and in the morning he couldn't get up. He couldn't walk.

He had a handicap. And yet, seven years later, he became governor of New York. Eleven years later, President of the United States.

He led the country out of the dark days of the depression, and still in a wheelchair, through the bitter years of a world war.

He was obviously as smart sitting down as he was standing up. And he was willing to work hard enough to prove it to himself and

to the people of America.

Today, there are millions of Americans with physical and mental disabilities. Millions of people with handicaps. And they, too, realize that they have to prove themselves. But all too often, they don't get the chance.

They don't get the understanding they need to gain the confidence to ask for a break. Or they find the physical barriers to entering and leaving buildings, or to using public transportation, so discouraging that they don't even try.

And this is a tragic waste. This is the real handicap.

What can you do to help? You can take the time to think. You can take the trouble to understand. You can give these people your confidence, so they can have confidence in themselves. And you can give them the same chance you'd give anyone else.

Then, when you've given all this, you can do one final thing. You can stop thinking of them as handicapped. And start thinking of them as friends and neighbors, as people with talent and a contribution to make to the world.

Isn't it about time we stopped handicapping the handicapped?

ual; asexual is actually the more accurate description.

They stand there, that quite striking group, all blinking in a brilliant October sun that instantly dries all tears; for several moments they are all transfixed there, unable to walk, all together, to their separate cars, to continue to the friend's house where there is to be the wedding reception. (Why this hesitation? do none of them believe in the wedding? what is a marriage?)

Five years later, in the early sixties, Avery drives up to Maine from Hilton, for various reasons which do not include a strong desire to see Tom and Barbara. She has been married to Christopher for four years, and she came out from San Francisco to Hilton to see how it was away from him. Away from him she fell wildly in love with a man in Hilton named Jason Valentine, and now (for various reasons) she has decided that she needs some time away from Jason.

She drives smoothly, quietly, along the pine-needled road in her Corvair to find no one there. No car.

But the screen door is unlatched, and she goes in, stepping up from the old stone step onto the long narrow porch, from which the long table has been removed, replaced with a new one that is small and round. (But where did they put the old one?) And there are some bright yellow canvas chairs, new and somehow shocking against the weathered shingled wall.

Inside the house are more violent changes, more bright new fabrics: curtains, bandanna-red, and a bandanna bedspread on the conspicuous wide bed. Beside the fireplace is a white wicker sofa (new) with chintz cushions—more red. So much red and so much newness make Avery dizzy; almost angrily she wonders where the old things are, the decaying banners and sepia photographs of girls in Greek costumes. She goes into the kitchen and it is all painted yellow, into what was the large closet where she used to sleep—but a wall has been knocked out between her room and Devlin's; it is all one room now, a new room, entirely strange, with a new iron bed, a crocheted bedspread, which is white. Is that where they will expect her to sleep? She wishes there were a phone. Tomorrow she will have to drive into town to call Jason at his studio.

Needing a drink, Avery goes back into the kitchen, and finds a bottle of an unfamiliar brand of bourbon. She gets ice from the refrigerator (terrifyingly new—so white!), water from the tap—thank God, the same old sink. With her clutched drink she walks quickly through the living room to the porch, down to the end. She looks out across the lake with sentimentally teared eyes, noting that it is clear but not quite clear enough to see Mount Washington.

Being in love with Jason, who is a nonpracticing architect (he would rather paint), who worries about

his work (his nonwork), who loves her but is elusive (she has no idea when they will see each other again), has tightened all Avery's nerves: she is taut, cries easily, and is all concentrated on being in love with Jason.

A car drives up, a Mustang—Barbara is faithful to Fords. And there they are saying, "Avery, but we didn't expect you, we went into *Portland*, for lobsters. Oh, dear, how awful, we only bought *two*!" Embracing, laughing. Tears (why?) in everyone's eyes.

They settle down, after packages are put away, Avery's bags in the new guest room, and they watch the sunset: a disappointing pale pastel. And they drink a lot.

Barbara is nervous, both because of this shift in schedule and because of Avery, whom she regards as an intellectual, like Tom. She is always afraid of what Avery will say—a not-unfounded fear. Also, she is upset about the prospect of two lobsters for three people.

What he considers her untimely arrival permits Tom's usual ambivalence about Avery to yield to a single emotion: extreme irritation. How inconsiderate she is—always has been! Besides, he was looking forward to his lobster.

Avery chooses this unpropitious moment to announce that she is leaving Christopher. "We've been making each other miserable," she says. "We have been, for a long time." She trails off.

Tom brightens. "Well, old dear, I always think incompatibility is a good reason not to live together." He has no notion of his own prurience in regard to his daughter.

She does. She says, "Oh, Christ."

Barbara goes into the kitchen to divide up the lobster; a skilled hostess, she does quite well, and she makes a good mayonnaise, as she listens to the jagged sounds of the quarrel on the porch. Avery and Tom. She sighs.

Now darkness surrounds the house, and silence, except for a faint soft lapping of small waves on the shore, and tiny noises from the woods: small animals shifting weight on the leaves, a bird moving on a branch.

"Although I have what I suppose is an old-fashioned prejudice against divorce," Tom unfortunately says.

"Christ, is that why you stayed married to mother and made her as miserable as you could? Christ, I have a prejudice against misery!" Avery feels her voice (and herself) getting out of control.

Barbara announces dinner, and they go to the pretty new table, where places are set, candles lit. Barbara distributes the lobster, giving Tom the major share, but he scowls down at his plate.

As Avery does at hers—in Hilton, with Jason, she was generally too overstimulated, too "in love" to eat; now she is exhausted and very hungry. She turns to Barbara, as though for help. "Don't you ever wish you'd got married before you did? What a waste

those years were. That time in San Francisco, why not then?"

Startled, Barbara has no idea what to answer. She has never allowed herself to think in these terms, imaginatively to revise her life. "I feel lucky we've had these years we have had," she says—which, for her, is the truth. She loves Tom; she feels that she is lucky to be his wife.

"But those last years were horrible for mother," Avery says. "You might have spared her that time."

"I think I might be in a better position than you to be the judge of that." Enraged, Tom takes a characteristic stance: his chin thrust out, he is everyone's superior—he is especially superior to women and children, particularly his own.

"Oh, yeah?" In her childhood, this was considered the rudest remark one could make; then Avery would never have said it to Tom. "You think she just plain died of a heart attack, don't you? Well, her room was full of empty sherry bottles. All over. Everywhere those drab brown empty bottles, smelling sweet. Julia told me, when she cleaned it out."

This information (which is new) is so shocking (and so absolutely credible) to Tom that he must dismiss it at once. His desperate and hopeless guilts toward Jessica have forced him to take a sanctimonious tone in speaking of her. He must dismiss this charge at once. "As a matter of fact, Julia is quite unreliable, as Verlie was," he says.

Avery explodes. "Julia is unreliable! Verlie was! Christ—why? because they're black? because they're women?"

Barbara has begun to cry. "You've got to stop this," she says. "Why quarrel about the past? It's over—"

Tom and Avery stare at each other, in terrible pain; they would like to weep, to embrace, but they are unable to do either.

Tom draws himself up stiffly—stiffly he turns to Barbara. "You're quite right, old dear," he says.

Several things attack Avery's mind at once: one, that she would like to say, goddam you both, or something obscene, and take off down the turnpike, back to Boston; two, she is too drunk for the turnpike; and three, she has just noticed that Tom speaks to Barbara exactly as though she were Jessica, as though neither of them were people but something generic named Wife.

And so the moment goes, the awful emotions subside, and they all retreat to trivia. Although Avery's hands still shake, she comments on the mayonnaise (she is not excruciatingly Southern Jessica's daughter for nothing), which Barbara gratefully takes up.

"I'm never sure it will come out right," she says. "I've had the most embarrassing failures, but of course tonight, just for family—" She is unable to finish the sentence, or to remember what she meant.

Later, during the next few years before Tom's death, Avery looks back and thinks that yes, she should have left then, drunk or not. She could have

found a motel. That would have been a strong gesture, a refusal to put up with any more of what she saw as Tom's male imperialism, his vast selfishness. (But poor Avery was constantly plagued with alternatives; she constantly rewrote her life into new versions in which she did not marry Stanley. Or Christopher. Sometimes she thought she should have stayed with Paul Blue; in that version, of course, he was not married.) After Tom died she thought that perhaps it was just as well she hadn't left, but she was never quite sure.

Against everyone's advice, early in the summer after Tom died, Barbara drove alone to Maine. Even Devlin had called to dissuade her (in fact ever since Tom's funeral, to which Avery did not even come—Tom had died while she was in Mount Zion Hospital being treated for depression—a new and warm connection had been established between Barbara and Devlin; they wrote back and forth; she phoned him for various pieces of advice—she had begun to rely on him as she was used to relying on Tom).

Devlin said, "Darling Barbara, do you see it as an exercise in masochism? I wouldn't have thought it of you."

"Angel, you don't understand. I love that house. I've been extremely happy there."

"Barbara, let me be blunt: don't you think you'll be fantastically lonely?"

"No, I don't."

And so, after visits with friends and relatives in Boston, Barbara drives on to Maine in her newest Ford, and arrives in a twilight of early July. She parks near the house, gets out, pausing only briefly to observe the weather, which is clear, and to smile at the warm familiar smell of pines. Then she walks briskly over to the porch and opens the padlock on the screen door.

Her first reaction, stepping up onto the porch, could be considered odd: she decides that those yellow chairs are wrong for the porch. This pleases her: changing them for something else will give her something to do. She enters the living room, sniffs at the musty, airless space, and goes into the kitchen, where last summer she hid a bottle of bourbon in the flour bin. (Sometimes stray hunters or fishermen break into the house and take things.) No one has taken it, and she makes herself a good stiff drink, and goes to the rounded end of the porch, to sit and rest.

And much more clearly than she can remember anything that happened last month, last winter or fall, she sees that scene of over thirty years ago, sees Tom (how young he was, how handsome), as he urged her to play her ukelele (play what? did he name a song?), and she sees Jessica come out to where they are (making some reference to the girls who used to come to camp—poor Jessica), and Wilfred, as always angrily serious, puffing although not

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yet fat, and then wild, skinny Avery (why did she and Jason Valentine not marry?) and frightened Devlin, holding his mother's arm. She sees all those people, and herself among them, and for an instant she has a sense that she *is* all of them—that she is Jessica as well as Barbara, is Wilfred, Avery, Devlin, and Tom.

But this is an unfamiliar mood, or sense, for her, and she shakes it off, literally shaking her head and lifting her chin. She remembers then that she put the old chairs and the table in the shed next to the kitchen.

Three days later Barbara has restored the lodge to what (to herself) she calls its "old look." The old chairs and old long table are back. She has even put up some of Jessica's old pictures in the living room.

She has no idea why she made such an effort, except that she firmly believes (always has) in the effi-

cacy of physical work; she was driven by a strong, controlling instinct, and she also believes in her instincts. She even laughs to herself at what could seem a whim, and in writing a note to Devlin she says, "You'd have thought I was restoring Williamsburg, and you should see my blisters!"

And so at the end of her day she is seated there at the end of the porch, and everything but herself looks just as it did when she first saw it. She drinks the two stiff highballs that she allows herself before dinner, and she remembers all the best times with Tom, San Francisco hotels and Paris honeymoon, the big parties in Hilton, and she sheds a few tears, but she does not try to change anything that happened. She does not imagine an altered, better life that she might have had. □

PROPOSITION TO A PERFECT STRANGER

If I stood naked before you
would you scream and run back,
or look me in the eyes not unfriendly
and shake my hand?
Would you pull down the blinds and whisper
"Don't be afraid my darling,
it's only a lady's apartment"?
Or would you say like a tough old nurse,
"Relax there, boy, I've seen better men
than you'll ever be"?
Do you suppose we could sit down?

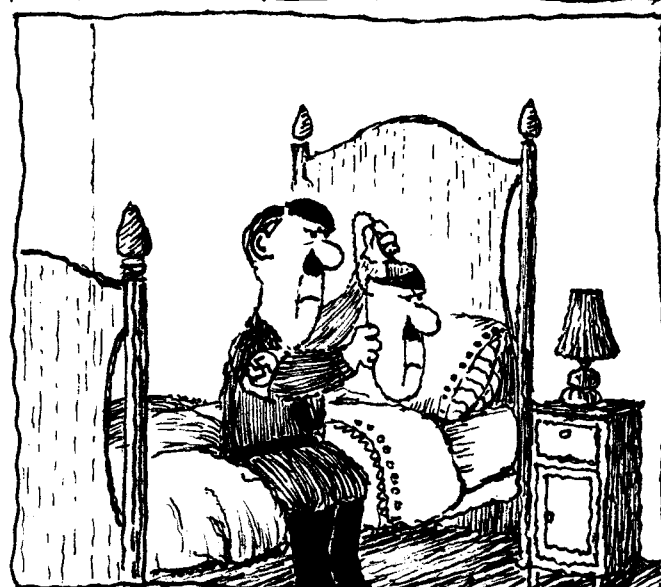
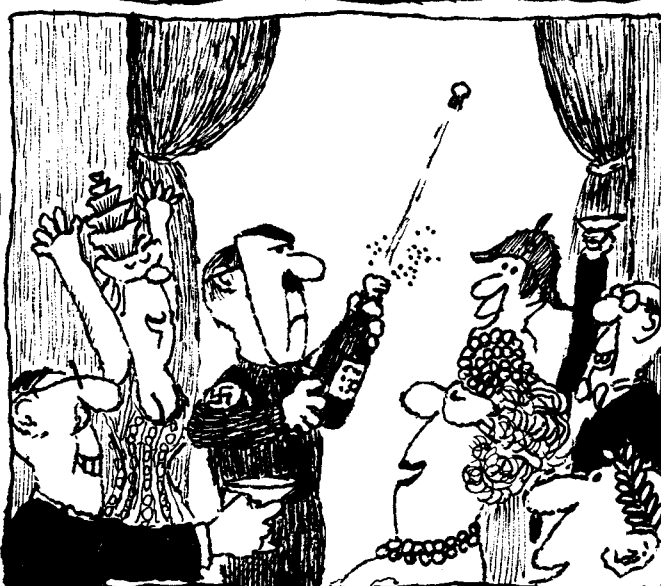
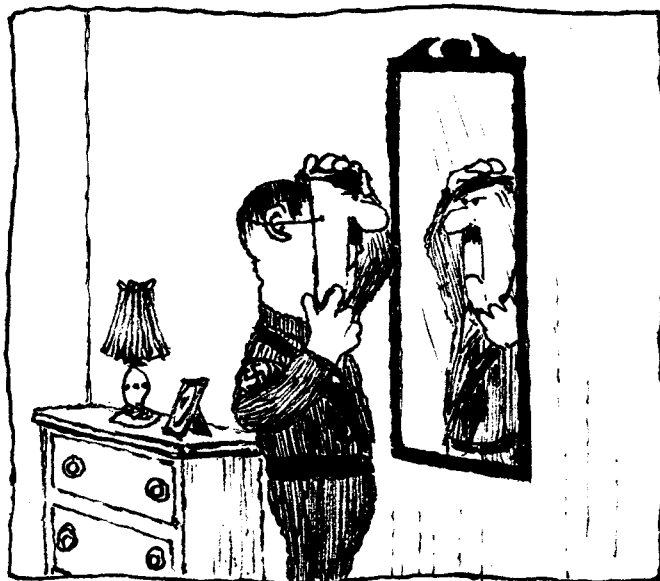
If *you* stood naked before *me*
I would take you in with a glance
lasting three hours
I would promptly send a boy for your clothes
to a nonexistent street
I would patiently explain how our bodies
may be said to differ
I would nickname all your parts like a moonmap
after your previous lovers
I would make faces and gibber
until you made faces back and squawked—

and then, all courtship past, we would each
stand on one leg and salute

by Jarold Ramsey

THE LAST LAUGH

by Fernando Krahn



LIFE & LETTERS

CECIL AND GRETA: A LOVE STORY

by William Abrahams

MEMOIRS OF THE FORTIES
by Cecil Beaton
McGraw-Hill, \$10.00

I am prepared to believe that the events in Cecil Beaton's discreetly titled volume, the major portion of which is a memoir of himself in love with Garbo, happened exactly as he has described them. And yet, as though to remind us once again that art sets the pattern that life follows, the events compose themselves (or are composed) into a kind of novel, a belated recruit to a genre one had thought extinct: the quasi-confessional, ardently self-absorbed romance of a young man in love that came into solemn being with *The Sorrows of Werther* in 1774, flourished through the nineteenth century (Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe* is a notable example), and received the coup de grace in our own time in a work of comic genius, *Lolita*—a fittingly perverse end of the line, and quite possibly the last great love story. Mr. Beaton, as we know from his nostalgic ballet and theatrical designs, is much taken with the past, and it is not surprising that the "Cecil" of his chronicle should be closer in spirit to Goethe's Werther than Nabokov's Humbert; he himself remarks on his, Cecil's, affinity to Adolphe.

What unites these young men—indeed, inherent in the genre itself—is the highly developed sense of "role-playing." As heroes they cut recognizable figures: young men in love who know that they are "young

men in love"—such is their role and they play it to the hilt, suffering the pains and luxuriating in the pleasures (or vice versa) of love requited-unrequited, all the while observing and recording with scrupulousness (even with self-approval) the least of their sensations. The ladies who inspire these transports tend to be enigmatic, elusive, sometimes saying Yes, sometimes saying No, difficult to pin down, usually impossible to bed down, and in the end lost to their distracted lovers: of such is the kingdom of romantic love.

Because Mr. Beaton is not a novelist (though one feels, given the multiplicity of his talents, that he could easily become one if he chose), and because the story he has to tell is literally true and without disguise, the traditional story as I have suggested it is even more recognizable than might otherwise be the case. Mr. Beaton's version begins in the winter of 1946. Already a famous photographer, and friend and acquaintance of countless notable figures around the world, he had come to New York to discuss some projected theater designs with producers and to take photographs for *Vogue*, settling down at reduced rates in a suite he had decorated in the Plaza Hotel. On the evening of March 15, his friend Margaret Case arranged the fatal interview: his first "reunion" with Garbo.

"Reunion"—for ten years earlier, in Hollywood, they had spent a single evening together, but the

memory of it lingered. "On that extraordinary evening," Mr. Beaton writes, "having quaffed large quantities of Bellinis (peach juice laced with champagne), we had improvised wild dances, done impersonations, acted charades, and altogether behaved as if we had known each other forever. We had been like two elemental creatures, loving and laughing with none of the usual barriers of shyness or modesty that strangers must overcome. But when, eventually, dawn broke over Beverly Hills and Garbo drove away in her ramshackle old car, she gave me no indication that she would allow me to continue this so violent and intimate a friendship. In fact she refused my suggestion that I should eat a spinach lunch with her later that day at the studio and the following afternoon I left Hollywood. I did not write to her for I knew that was how she would have preferred it. I would certainly have received no reply." But in the intervening ten years Garbo remained for him "the most mysterious and alluring phenomenon in the wide world," and he concludes wistfully, "Would I ever be fortunate enough to meet for a second time, this most elusive of creatures?"

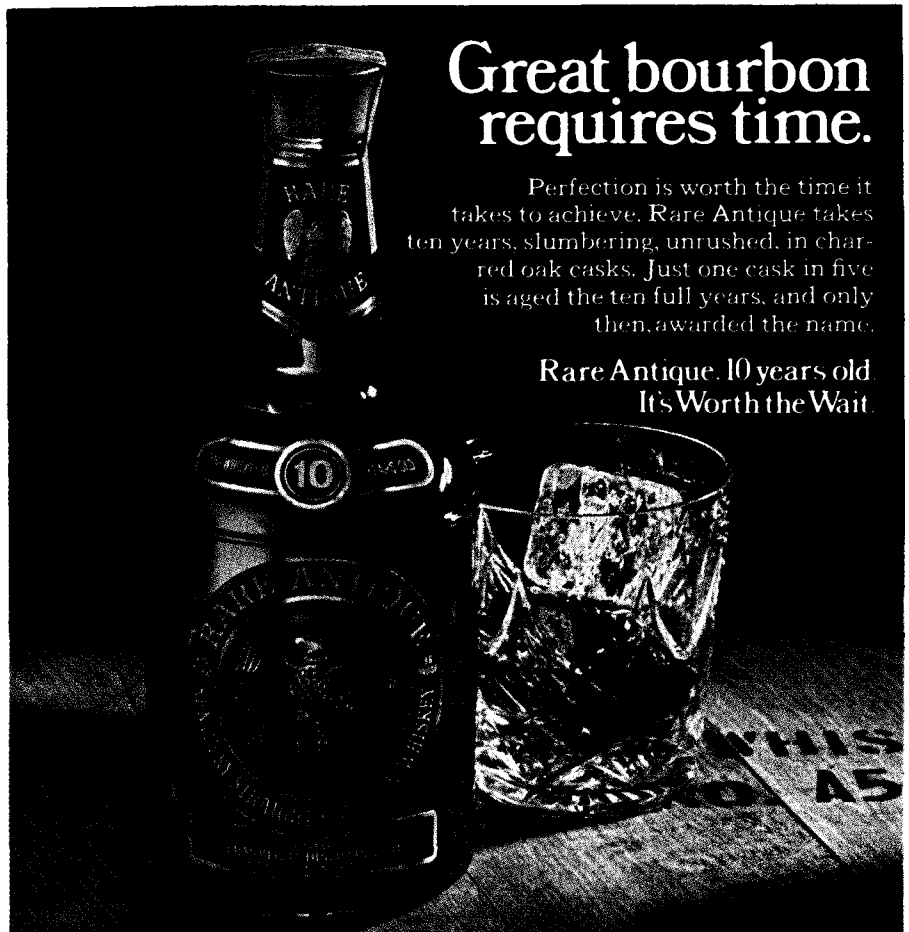
So much for the prologue. We come now to the story itself. The young man arrives at his good friend's apartment on a wintry night in March. The alluring one is already there. What follows is a perfect replica of romanticism in its full-blown flower: "At the sight of

Garbo I felt knocked back, as if suddenly someone had opened a furnace door onto me: I had almost to gasp for the next breath. The warmth of her regard, her radiance, her smile—robbed me of equilibrium: I held onto the back of the chair. Garbo made no sign of recognition but seemed to glean amusement from the mere sight of me. She took it for granted that once again I had immediately fallen in love with her.”

Given the youthful fervor of the prose, it seems advisable to remark that Mr. Beaton at this time was forty-two; Miss Garbo, some five years in retirement from the screen, was forty-one; but no matter—in spirit they were still young, young, young, and after a silence of several days she telephoned to him from her suite at the Ritz Tower and their friendship took fire. That same afternoon, in his suite at the Plaza, he asked her to marry him—“not as a pleasantry but to be taken very seriously.” With a self-absorption worthy of Werther, he remarks, “I had never before asked anyone to marry me, and yet to make this proposal now seemed the most natural and easy thing to do. I was not even surprised at myself.” But Garbo, well within the tradition of the elusive heroine, “looked completely astounded,” and made the traditional heroine’s reply: “Good heavens! But this is so sudden!”

It is not necessary to follow the story through to its last inevitable farewell. Throughout, the conventions of the genre are evident—both in their earlier and later manifestations, so that at times we leave the terrain of the novel for its reincarnation on film. There is the evening when Cecil and Greta are at the house on upper Fifth Avenue of their friend Mona Harrison Williams. “Most of the vast rooms [are] under dust sheets. It is in one of these dismantled rooms that—among packing cases and covers—by the light of a street lamp outside the window and to the beat of relayed music from *Carousel*—Greta and I dance for the first time. I am completely ecstatic.” But surely, one feels, one has watched this romantic scene or its prototype before, on the screen, perhaps even with Garbo playing the role of Garbo?

Role-playing remains at the heart



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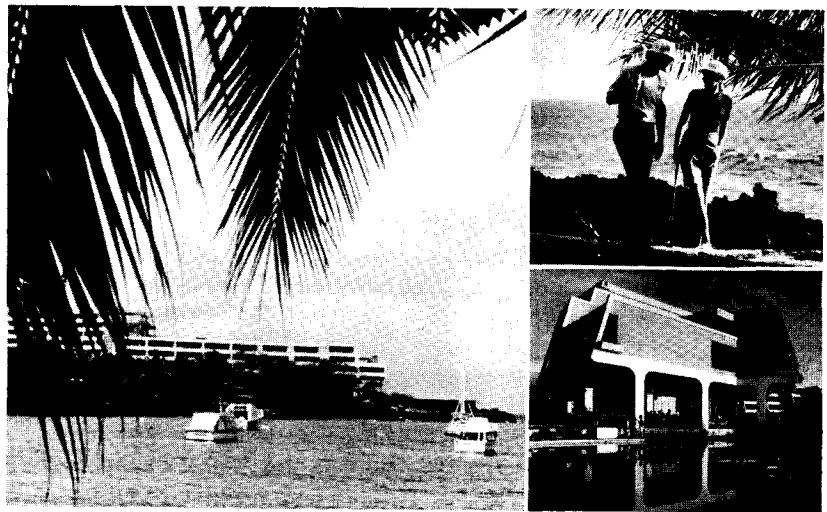
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of it, and Mr. Beaton, playing his, is almost flawless. (Garbo, it has to be said, is less persuasively rendered—elusive to the end.) Yet the realities of the unromantic, contemporary world do break in. For Beaton is not only a young man in love; he is also a famous photographer, and the most revealing episode in the memoir—the only one that would be likely to interest a contemporary novelist—has to do with his taking photographs of Garbo and selling them to *Vogue*, much to her distress. (One would be curious to see what Muriel Spark, for example, might make of such material.)

I have referred earlier to the genre as “extinct”; in that light this tale of Cecil and Greta must have its ghostly effect. No doubt sociologists, psychologists, and anthropologists, not to mention literary critics and historians, will have reasons to account for the disappearance of the romantic love story from our literature. Role-playing is as much a part of our lives as it has ever been: but the role of the romantic young man in love, even as the role of the woman as goddess, has lost its power to compel. It is difficult to imagine people now taking themselves seriously in such roles. We have arrived at a point in time where Werther, whose lover’s anguish wrung tears from generations of readers, is now written off by W. H. Auden as “a complete egoist, a spoiled brat, incapable of love because he cares for nobody and nothing but himself . . .” and who would disagree?

Of Mr. Beaton’s sincerity in the role he played as a young man in love there need be no question. It is the authenticity of the role itself that is in doubt. Unbeknownst to himself, he is caught in the paradox that Lionel Trilling has recently and so splendidly described in *Sincerity and Authenticity*: “Society requires of us that we present ourselves as being sincere, and the most efficacious way of satisfying this demand is to see to it that we really are sincere, that we actually are what we want our community to know we are. In short, we play the role of being ourselves, we sincerely act the part of the sincere person, with the result that a judgement may be passed upon our sincerity that it is not authentic.”

PSYCHIC FARMING: COUNTRY BOOKS

by Richard Todd

A book I sometimes read with covert pleasure is called *Five Acres and Independence*, a manual of small farming (very small farming) written with a maniacal attention to detail—diagrams of orchards, root cellars, drainage systems—and with a lust for agricultural bookkeeping. It was published in 1935. God knows how many Depression dreams this book nourished, but more than could ever have been fulfilled. My copy is from the eighth printing. It is one of a rich genre, back-to-the-land books, most of them quickly forgotten, though if you look in the secondhand bookstores you can find them, poignantly evoking the anxieties of their time. The postwar forties and fifties produced a batch of memoirs by admen and show folk escaping the rat race to rural Connecticut or Rockland County. Most of these are infected with a smug false simplicity. There are, of course, some classics: Helen and Scott Nearing’s *Living the Good Life* and Louis Bromfield’s Malabar Farm books, the story of his transformation of hundreds of farmed-out acres in Ohio into productive land. (The ascetic Nearings sit oddly next to Bromfield, whose house looked like Gatsby’s, but both writers are favorites of contemporary converts to rural life.) And now we have a fresh resurgence of country books.

You can get a sense of the cultural appetite for such books in the success of a memoir of Vermont boyhood, *A DAY NO PIGS WOULD DIE* by Robert Newton Peck (Knopf, \$4.95), which recounts the desperately impoverished life of a family that adhered to “Shaker ways.” Christopher Lehmann-Haupt said of this book, in the *New York Times*, that love “suffuses every page,” and he remarked that although it risks sentimentality, it manages to avoid that trap. But I fear it is ruinously sentimental, and that the extent to which it affects Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, or you, or me, is a measure of how much more time we all ought to

spend cleaning out the chicken coop. The book is told in the voice of the boy, but, in the manner of a children’s book, it is full of dialogue and images that are too clever by half, that let the author’s self-approval show through. “Hear me, God,” the boy cries at a climactic moment. “It’s hell to be poor.” The pleasure of the book is its evidence to the contrary. It invites you surreptitiously to enjoy the condition you lament. And yet it touches a subject of importance. It is offering the reader a swap: turn in your comfort and I’ll give you coherence, an emotional and an actual landscape that make sense—a bargain that growing numbers of people couldn’t resist.

The worries from which we seek solace in country books have grown more cosmic. You can see this even in the how-to-do-it manuals. A contemporary equivalent of *Five Acres and Independence* was published not long ago: *GROW IT!* by Richard W. Langer (Saturday Review Press, \$8.95), and its emphasis, as could be guessed, falls on natural methods of farming; its promise is a feeling of restoration. In a world where almost any gesture can be seen as destructive, spreading manure becomes a sacred act. In Iowa, Vance Bourjaily writes of putting the bends back in the streams, reseeding the banks, replanting the woods, in his new book of essays, *COUNTRY MATTERS* (Dial, \$7.95); in Vermont, Edward Hoagland speaks of the virtue in doing nothing to his woodland, “which I’m informed is probably generating enough oxygen for eighteen hundred people to breathe.” Hoagland is one of the best celebrants of the natural world now writing. The essay I’m quoting from, in his new collection, *WALKING THE DEAD DIAMOND RIVER* (Random House, \$7.95), develops the uneasy case for “escapism—a word that’s going to lose its sting.” A word, also, that recalls some of the deepest temptations and desires of our culture. In two new books, in par-

ticular, these old yearnings can be seen at work, and at play.

HOME COMFORT is the most recent offering from Total Loss Farm, a commune in Vermont that no doubt is the most successful literary/farming operation in the country. I've used two words there that would nettle the Total Loss farmers: "operation" and "successful"; but still, the place does make you think in terms of yield. The group has previously given us: *Total Loss Farm* by Ray Mungo (the central spirit of the place, author also of *Famous Long Ago*; he's now left the commune); *Burnt Toast*, a novel by Peter Gould; *The Food Garden*, by Marty Jezer; *The Body's Symmetry*, a book of poems by the exquisitely named Verandah Porche; and Alicia Bay Laurel's book of lore, *Living on the Earth*. And now there is *Home Comfort*, essays by all the "People of Total Loss Farm," which is a Book-of-the-Month Club choice (Saturday Review Press, \$8.95). Marty—all the essays are signed on a first-name basis—points out that the farmers also publish a newspaper, *The Green Mountain Post*, and says, if we see someone hawking it, "Buy a copy. It's pocket money for a movie or a boogie," that is, hamburger, and, sure, I will buy a copy, though without the sense that I'm helping the needy. Anyway, a certain easefulness prevails at Total Loss Farm.

The Total Loss farmers are mostly former political radicals who decided that they would do more good by participating in the "Let's Live Decent Lives Movement." They bought their farm five years ago. About a dozen people live there, in the company of a cow, some chickens and other fowl, and some pigs. Their mortgage payments are \$2700 a year, and even at that the Total Loss farmers estimate that they live on less than \$10,000 annually. (Royalties notwithstanding: members are free to skim off what they will from whatever money they earn.) They drive old cars, burn wood, grow much of their own food, though they also eat a lot of rice and dried salt cod. Yet for all this admirable frugality, a mercantile spirit hangs over the farm.

At some moment the Total Loss People have discovered that every fragment of their experience is mar-

ketable, a mixed blessing for any writer (or group of them), and this has led to such essays as "Where Barf Barf Is," Barf Barf being a dog shot by a hunter. The dog's grave is sought by Marty, who really isn't into dogs. "Now cats are something else. I really dig cats and would rather be telling you a story about one of the cats we know." Along about the time Marty reaches Far Out Creek, the search turns into a religious experience with Barf Barf appearing in the sky: "My God, I thought. I am seeing God and He's Barf Barf and He's right here before me."

As "Barf Barf" suggests (among other things too dizzying to describe), the communards are into clever names: Madame and Generalissimo Chiang (the geese), Zsazsa (the tractor), ro-co-co (the hot chocolate), and—a word that many may now be passing into the larger language—"ped-xing," inspired by the California street signs and referring to any necessary but pedestrian activity. All of this—dogs in the sky, private language—contributes to a sense of remarkable self-involvement (love might not be too strong a word) that flourishes on Total Loss Farm, all the more remarkable still for the skill of the farmers in self-packaging.

But self-involvement is essential to the well-being of Total Loss Farm. As the authors are aware, their wholeness depends on their insularity. They are consciously enacting homemade myths, which lift the farm out of mundane experience. One consequence of this is that for all the evocations of "Far Out Creek," the Peach Orchard, and "The Depresso" (a room of the house), you're not at all sure what the farm looks like. You learn with some surprise partway through the book—Verandah has been describing the pleasures of nude weeding—that a neighbor can hear them at work in the garden.

The effect of the prose is to dislocate the place in time and space. You can get a feeling for the difference between the myth and its raw materials in Verandah's account of pig-slaughter, apparently an inept and squalid occasion, punctuated by Verandah's scream. Her essay ends by noting that a drum has been made from the pig's skin, "to mark

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April Report on

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Once in a while a manuscript turns up that an editor finds irresistible. **RANCH ON THE LARAMIE**, **TED OLSON's** memoir of growing up on a Wyoming ranch fifty years ago, was just that. It so happened, too, that the first time his editor went West it was to work on a ranch a few miles up the Laramie River from the former Olson ranch. Who can say life is not without design . . . ?

Olson's experiences were a good deal more rugged than the teen-age editor cowhand's. The chinked-log cabin was cozy but primitive. Everyone in the family of Norwegian-born parents and four children had his chores. Ted, the youngest, soon learned to do a man's work in the round of the seasons, from spring plowing and seeding, through haying, threshing, harvesting, roundup, log-cutting and hauling, winter stock feeding. The work was hard, but there were also frolics in the form of rodeos, country dances, or the annual overnight trip by wagon to town—all part of a now vanished way of life.

The special quality of *Ranch on the Laramie* has brought spontaneous, warm responses from readers. William Eastlake "fell in love with the people and the place." Wallace Stegner who "had just such a childhood as Olson's" has "never had it revived more acutely than his book revives it. . . . He kind of makes me believe I am what I half thought I was."

RANCH ON THE LARAMIE
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LITTLE, BROWN

and measure times of celebration." It's the forced elevation of tone that is interesting, and it pervades *Total Loss Farm*.

Ray reminds those who might get too involved in the grit: "All in all, we are in danger of experiencing the land as real. But the lesson, as always, is that nothing is real, and the farm is in truth an outgrowth of fantasy-consciousness." As you would expect, they have a name for this rural mythmaking, which might serve for other country residents: "psychic farming."

Not far from *Total Loss Farm*, over the line in Massachusetts, lies "Clabberville," fictive name for a town described by Mark Kramer in *MOTHER WALTER AND THE PIG TRAGEDY* (Knopf, \$5.95). Given the title, and the knowledge that Kramer comes from much the same dropout-radical past as the *Total Loss People*, you might expect a book similar to theirs, but you wouldn't be entirely right.

Kramer lives on a farm, though not a commune. He may live with someone else or occasionally with a few others: it isn't clear. The ambiguity is to Kramer's credit. Whatever society he may be creating interests him less, as a subject, than the society into which he has moved—the surrounding rural life, whose fragility he anxiously examines.

Kramer has gotten admirably involved with Clabberville; that is, deeply involved, but with a sense of limits. The salient effect of his move was a muting of his world view ("I have learned more about classes, working and ruling, than ever I knew in my bad old leftist days"), but he has also learned how to milk, can take over from a neighboring dairy farmer, Hank, and knows that the name of the hormone that lets the milk down is oxytocin. He has achieved considerable knowledge about haymaking and silage. He has read his predecessors, not just Scott Nearing but Solon Robinson, chronicler of nineteenth-century Massachusetts agriculture.

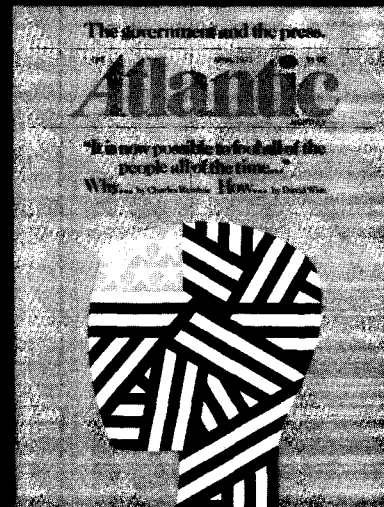
Kramer has a good way of rendering the emotions that young emigrants from the city are likely to experience, such as a heightened sense of mortality, or perhaps it is a new-

found way of looking mortality in the eye. An essay called "Summer Solstice" works to this end; Kramer attends a party at someone's country playhome, and some of the guests, weekend visitors, besport in the nude. The next morning Kramer wakes up early with a vague malaise and takes a walk through the woods, where he finds the skull of a winter-killed deer (he apologizes for the symbolic heaviness of this discovery) and stops to talk with a neighbor, an old and ailing man chopping wood. They talk about the severity of the past winter. The old man tells a lame joke about it, and "we both laughed loud and deep and his face turned red, and then he took his ax and went back to work, and I took my deer skull and padded back up the hill to see who might be awake."

I know; "padded" is the wrong word, but Kramer is the sort of young writer whose slips bring out an avuncular corrective impulse in you, and when he lapses, as he occasionally does, into the cookbook chattiness that is endemic to these books ("the cows will say yecch"), you take this as blemish, not as his essential style. He can turn around and deliver precision, as in his description of the pleasure of farm mechanics, "excluding, at least for brief periods, the dangerous multiplicity that usually keeps us in dread and blandness." Or well-specified outrage, as in his worry for the fate of the town: "I dread things to come soon, when the area I live in goes the way of southern Vermont, the relics of its 'atmosphere' peddled for export to the city, its honest citizens either moved out or converted into dishonest servants of city folk at play."

Two themes run through this book. One has to do with the morality of living in the country. "Well, that's over," Kramer says of his former apprehensions about the self-indulgence of country life, about being complicitous in oppression by failing to pursue radical politics, about retreating from reality. Kramer feels that radical politics aren't working, and that the city has no monopoly on problems or on life, and that he is a great deal less certain than he used to be about his ability to prescribe change, more confident in his privately moral

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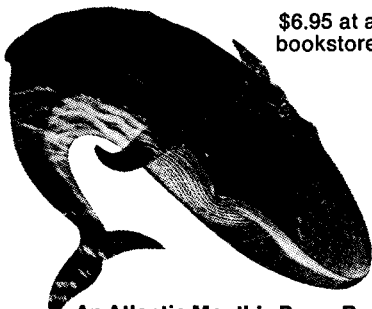
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skills. You suspect those alterations in character will stick. A related question of morality persists—how to use one's gifts. Genius can flourish in the country, but talent has a hard time. The smart money for writers as well as others is still in town or on the campus, and if a writer is to make his subject the country, he must face the possibility of turning into a sort of calendar artist. I'd guess that the drawer into which Kramer has put this issue won't stay shut.

The second theme in the book grows out of Kramer's melancholy apprehension about the future of rural life. Like most people who move to the country, he feels that he has arrived just in time to watch its disappearance. "This is the time that things are changing for the worse." "The old order is dying, the rural social order with roots which stretch back clear to medieval England. Farmers whose great-grandfathers were farmers now must become handymen on city people's summer estates." The best sustained piece of writing in the book dwells on this. Called "Leaving the Farm," it's a lament for the plight of a neighbor who has very reluctantly decided to get out of dairy-farming, urged, in part, by the carrot and stick of rising land prices. To stay and make money he figures he'd have to double the size of his herd. To double the size of the herd would mean spending \$35,000, which would keep him in debt until he was past sixty. The new equipment would save labor, but the new cows would create it; he'd still be putting in days that lasted at least fourteen hours; longer in the summertime. If he could stay small, he'd stay. Kramer roundly rejects the other, hip solution: "If Jo-Anne was only into weaving homespun and sewing far-out rags for little Benjie, everything would be fine. The sometimes absurd fashion of my own life here becomes all the clearer in the light of Hank's staunchness." Staunchness subsumes a multitude of virtues. What makes the farmer such a compelling figure, I suspect, is that he offers a resolution between old and new; he is an enactment of the notion that a traditional life is possible without the pretense of the *arriviste* farmers from the city. And when the farm

sells, he'll be evidence on the other side.

Does it matter? Kramer tries to say that it does: "I admire the diversity and specificity of his knowledge, and the virtuosity he applies to the daily problems of running a farm. That is a city boy's admiration, I know, because men around here are supposed to know these things. Yet no factory job and no contract to mow another man's field can give constant play to Hank's knowledge. He has been forced by hard times in the nation's economy, and perhaps by the nature of that economy, to trade in independence for security, resourcefulness for efficiency. Hank's youngest son won't know his dad's craft, and he will be prey to the same modern work city boys are prey to, and to the same malevolent spirit." That passage isn't wholly under control, torn by its effort to avoid romance. And yet I find it rather affecting—in part, I think, because of the situation itself, but also because of Kramer's visible struggle to speak in a full but un-sentimental voice.

So: a flawed but engaging book. Its failures, moreover, aren't entirely a matter of individual talent and energy. To write about the country is to take on a peculiarly risky chore.

The best contemporary book I know on the subject of pastoral concerns is *THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN* by Leo Marx, a different order of book altogether from the ones I've discussed so far. It helps to explain the aesthetic and spiritual difficulties in writing about the threatened countryside. *The Machine in the Garden*, published in 1964 by Oxford, is a history of the pastoral tradition in American literature—a mode of thought and feeling, Marx argues, that stands at the center of both our literature and our society.

Marx offers a crucial distinction between "sentimental" and "complex pastoralism." The first consists of a simple belief in the timeless beneficence of the land. The second begins with that emotion, but quickly qualifies it with an awareness of the conflict between the pastoral ideal and the imperatives of civilization. Much of the energy of our culture—high and low—has gone toward an effort to reconcile those opposing forces. The best of our

writers, almost without exception, have given themselves to this theme. And yet there has been no resolution.

The pastoral mode, of course, predates American literature, but in American literature it has found a special urgency—for reasons implicit in our history. What had been a purely literary convention abruptly became, with the discovery of the New World, a social and political question. As Marx demonstrates, violently opposed philosophical visions of nature emerged from early accounts of the newly discovered continent: it was a bountiful Eden, it was a “howling wilderness.” By the time of American independence, however, these images had been reconciled into a compromise whose literary origins can be traced as far back as Virgil: the “middle landscape,” a concept of man at peace with his surroundings in a garden-like setting. But this was, to repeat, not just a literary conceit: it was, in the minds of Americans, a practical vision of their destiny. Its quintessential spokesman was, of course, Jefferson. In the late eighteenth century, when nine of ten Americans lived on farms, it seemed a vision tantalizingly attainable. Yet no sooner had this society been successfully imagined than it was threatened by the incursions of industrialism.

Common sense said that in the vastness of the country, room existed for both technological progress and pastoral tranquillity, and reams of popular literature argued this case. But literary instinct said otherwise. Countless instances in nineteenth-century literature—in Hawthorne, Melville, Thoreau, Twain, James—turn on the author’s realization that the presence of “the machine in the garden” (the railroad, for example, disturbing the peace of Walden Pond) will profoundly upset the culture.

The collision between technology and nature has by now become a commonplace way of seeing the world. We drive into a shopping center, mourning the apple orchard that once was there, in a car named after an animal that is headed for extinction. These ironies—so obvious and available to everyone—are painful to state.

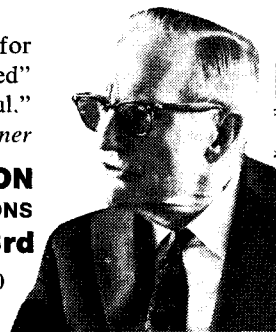
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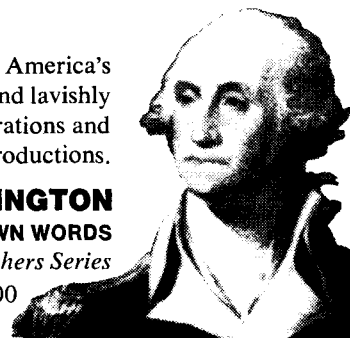
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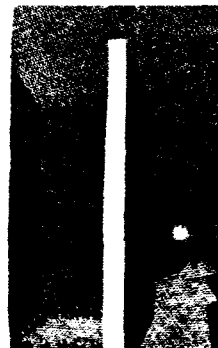
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when large portions of the society are, in some inchoate and ineffective way, aroused about our inability to live at peace with the natural world, there is scarcely a thing you can say that is not despairingly trite. "Complex pastoralism" is virtually an exhausted literary theme. (Who but the boldest of contemporary writers, Norman Mailer, has persisted in pursuing it?)¹ As Leo Marx concludes, "The machine's sudden entrance into the garden presents a problem that ultimately belongs not to art but to politics."

And, one might add, to daily life. If the problem of how to write about the country doesn't nag at many lives, the concomitant difficulty, how to *think* about the country, surely does. If you live there, you live with your heart in your throat awaiting the next assault. The very word "country" seems delicate; how long will we write it without quotation marks? Is it an anachronism, a sentimental figure of speech? In caring for it, are you caring for anything at all, or romanticizing both the present and the past?

At the center of this anxiety lies the question: *What is real?* If you're a Total Loss farmer, the answer is at hand: "... nothing is real, and the farm is in truth an outgrowth of fantasy-consciousness." At an interesting moment in their book, the farmers allude to the dangers of agribusiness, speculators, land developers "grasping at the borders of our land." The writer finds a quick way to incorporate these concerns into the Total Loss dream: "But they belong to a present that has already become obsolete. We've gone back to our roots, discovered the past, and inherited a future." But you probably aren't a Total Loss farmer, and can't wish your life into this private and essentially literary resolution.

And yet I'd argue that to recognize the irrevocable ascendancy of technology isn't to acquiesce to a world reduced to an "industrial park," that oxymoronic phrase that represents still another attempt to harmonize the two warring cultural forces. The landscape may no longer be a symbol of our highest

aspirations, but that is not to say that it need be empty of meaning. The question of its future, as Leo Marx points out, will not be resolved in fiction but in legislatures, in journalism, and in court. But in the effort to preserve what is left of "the middle landscape" (and to recreate it), it is useful to remember that a certain artifice has always been a part of country life.

I think of an oddly comforting item in *The Machine in the Garden*, a quotation from the Encyclopedia Britannica of 1797: "It may in truth be said, that in no part of the world are the people happier . . . or more independent than the farmers of New England."

The niceness of the sentence pro-

ceeds from its blandly reckless use of the word "truth." Did the writer know that he didn't know? No matter. The sentence, like a wealth of literature it represents, reminds us that a certain mythology governed American rural life from the start. Today, striving to avoid sentimentality, we expel romantic pictures from our heads, imagine a cheerless, driven past. But that vision itself commands no more reality than a Currier and Ives print. Rural life was willed, self-conscious, stylized. There was always a bit of "psychic farming" going on. And (I'll go this far with the Total Loss Farm People): if the existence we value was always partly imaginary, cannot imagination help keep it alive?

MOVIES MEDIA ORGY

by David Denby

LAST TANGO IN PARIS
directed by Bernardo Bertolucci
United Artists

Passing by the small East Side theater in New York where Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* had opened the day before, I happened to witness a sordid little incident. A crowd had been waiting in a cold, driving rain for advance tickets when suddenly an extra box-office window was thrust open and an usher announced that a handful of seats for the next show was available. The scene of shoving, elbowing, and cursing that followed was like the beggars scrambling in the mud for the Pharaoh's gold in every biblical spectacular ever made. Only something extraordinary could reduce New Yorkers to a state well below their normal level of brutal incivility; in this case it was a reportedly scandalous movie which had set off one of the maddest and most extensive media competitions in years, a veritable journalistic saturnalia of cover stories, photo layouts, naughty interviews, columns wherein critics dropped hints about one another's sexual predilections, and so on. Even the exclusion of Rex Reed from pre-opening screenings by United Artists helped build excitement around the movie; if

Reed was foolish enough to describe his treatment on radio and TV as an event of national importance, then people could only think the movie must be a real sizzler.

By the time the film opened on February 1, the brazen excitement of the publicity was threatening to obliterate what Bertolucci and Brando had put on the screen. For weeks it had been impossible for someone who had seen the movie to go anywhere without being asked, "Do you really see Brando doing it?"

Perhaps this question explains why people were fighting at the door. As Eric Bentley wrote a few years ago, it was basically the sight of the penis that was driving everyone to all those nude plays. In this case the star is kept well covered, although you wouldn't know that from some of the more gaga writing about the film.

No doubt the rest of the country has begun to develop a severe ache from being journalistically overstimulated without any chance of immediate satisfaction. Except for a March opening in Los Angeles, *Last Tango* won't play outside New York until late spring, and even then United Artists may confine the X-rated movie to the big cities and college towns where it won't be ha-

¹Especially in *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, but also throughout his journalism.

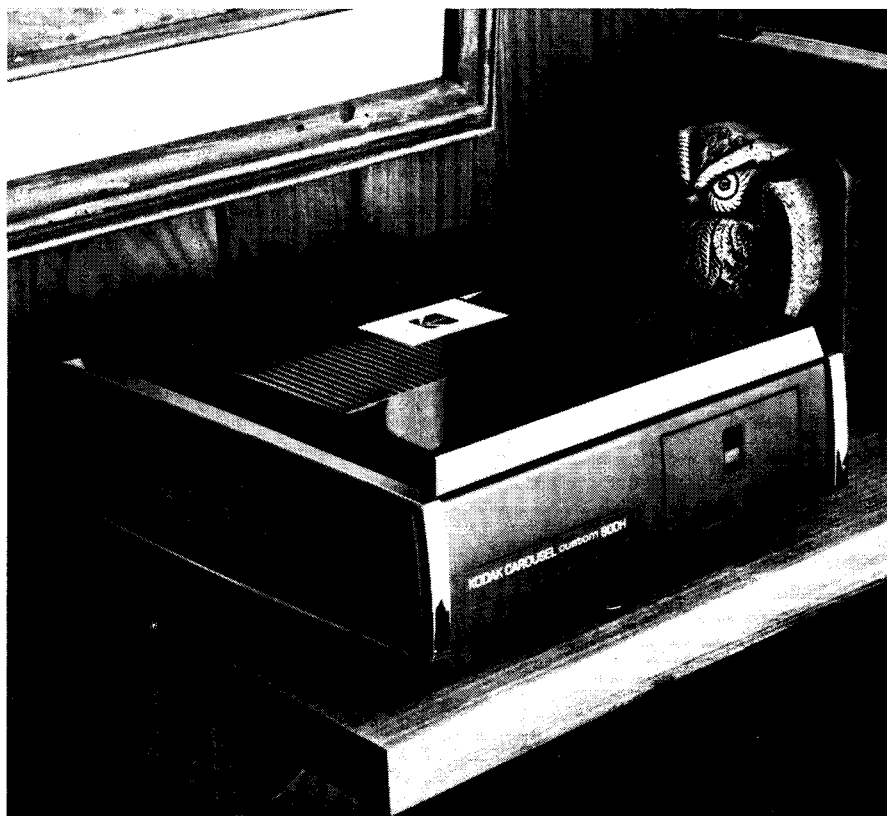
passed by pressure groups and attention-grabbing local officials. The big joke is that this movie may be the most powerful piece of anti-pornography ever made; *Last Tango in Paris* is an emotionally difficult and often unlikable film, and its strongly negative, death-embracing eroticism may be a disappointment to those expecting a blissful erotic feast.

Yes, Brando's American expatriate and Maria Schneider's French bourgeoisie agree to meet for sex in an empty Paris flat without telling each other their names or anything about their lives, and yes, he degrades her and finally himself, too, but the celebrated couplings are fully clothed and nasty, brutish, and short.

This kind of power-play sex satisfies an image in the participant's mind more than it satisfies the body: for the man, it's proof of his dominance; for the woman, a step into a pornographic adventure. The movie is sensual only in moments of play, the brief intervals between battle. For most people, the movie is a sexual turnoff. As an actress friend put it: "You can kill someone in bed that way," and this is precisely what the movie is about. What's shocking is not the sex per se but the violence of Brando's performance and the extremity of his character's disintegration.

In her long and now famous review, Pauline Kael wrote eloquently about the emotional excitement of seeing such dangerous and private material up there on the screen. But what she may not have anticipated is the publicity machine's power to destroy the freshness of any experience.

By the time the media-dazed, misinformed, oversold moviegoer gets to see *Last Tango*, the material will have been coarsened for him, and he may be too stunned by the ambiguity of what he sees on screen to do anything but respond to the "shocking" material he's already heard about. All of that media hype stands between him and the movie. For instance, watching the film a second time with a theatrical audience, I was struck by how many people refused to accept the painfulness of *Last Tango*. In particular, the men laughed raucously at Brando's sexual taunts and insults;



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it's as if they were determined to find the material funny in a conventionally dirty way—like a nightclub act—so as to avoid thinking about its cruelty. But who could blame them? They were set up for that response by weeks of jokes on the talk shows. And then there was widespread disappointment in the lobby over Brando's death at the end. But the whole film is a movement toward death; there's no other way it could have ended. Perhaps none of us is capable of remaining emotionally open to the humiliations of sexual warfare and the tragedy of romantic failure after reading about them in a cover story or two.

The struggle for journalistic coups can seriously distort the way movies are written about and received. Take the case of *Time's* cover story (January 22) on *Last Tango*. When the rumor got out that *Newsweek* had sewed up an exclusive interview with Brando and was planning a cover, *Time* decided to beat them to the draw. Competition between the two magazines is always fierce, particularly on entertainment and other "marginal" news, where coverage of a given event is not a necessary public service. *Time* was particularly eager to be first, because *Newsweek* had won the last big race on *The Godfather*. But Brando, who loathes interviews to begin with, refused to cooperate because of his distaste for *Time's* foreign-policy positions over the years, according to a *Time* editor—and no amount of pleading could change his mind. With the star attraction missing, how do you make the story a winner?

The solution was to play up the erotic stuff by pulling it out of context and making it sound like a real turn-on. As written by senior editor Christopher Porterfield, the article opens with a passage of hair-raising sexual description right out of Irving Wallace, goes on to promise "more to come" (in the movie and by implication in the article as well), and then delivers with additional sex and explicit reference to some of Brando's more painful obscenities. The coverage also features a rather misleading picture of a nude Brando and Schneider sitting intertwined, with Brando's head thrown back in apparent ecstasy (*Newsweek's* subsequent, more sober

cover story used this picture, too). Really, it's not mere pedantry to point out that the lovers are *parodying* sexual transport at that moment; when Brando's character actually makes love he remains fully clothed, the point being that this man is too contemptuous of the expected mutual sharing of love-making (including its pleasures) to give anything of himself to the girl. The movie has *that* kind of eroticism.

In its eagerness to justify honoring the subject as its cover story, *Time* managed to offend many of its readers. Within two weeks the magazine had received over three thousand letters, almost all of them negative and many of them furious, as well as hundreds of subscription cancellations. It was the largest outburst of reader antagonism since the "Is God Dead?" issue of a few years ago.

When I spoke to Porterfield, he was a little rueful about the response: "We see so many movies with sex and nudity here in New York, and also nude plays, dance, and so on, but for people in small cities and towns the cover story jumped out of the blue. The sexual revolution in the arts hasn't hit them yet." But Porterfield defended the story and the magazine's approach to it: "The reaction in some ways justifies the choice of this subject; we touched a nerve out there. Besides, the subject wasn't chosen from way out in left field. There was a lot of interest in this movie and people wanted to know more." But did they really? Could *Time* have mistaken the provocations of New York media competition for a nonexistent burning curiosity in the rest of the country?

Time's cover story did a certain amount of harm to the movie's reputation that may be irreparable. The day after the issue hit the stands, Harry Reasoner attacked the movie on ABC's evening news program. Reasoner admitted he hadn't seen the film, but from *Time's* coverage he could tell it was a "sex movie," and he was outraged at the hypocrisy of a society that could prosecute in court an openly pornographic movie like *Deep Throat* while acclaiming *Last Tango* as art because of its respected and well-known star. The commentary ended

with the clear implication that censorship might not be a bad idea after all.

Reasoner is not alone in his conviction that the movie is pornography masquerading as art, and some people may join him in that reverse snobbery of preferring exploitation to a serious attempt to deal with sexual material. That pornography may be what is wanted is indicated by the bizarre and widespread complaint (it even turned up in Vincent Canby's piece in the *New York Times*) that the movie isn't really a breakthrough because the sex is only *simulated*. What nonsense! Have we become so appreciative of the meaningless realism of pornography that we can't respond to acting any more? Do we require film companies to slaughter the extras in cowboys-and-Indians movies?

In pornography the fantasy quality is uppermost: lovers never tire, flagellants are always ready for a fresh beating, and no one ever changes or develops. What Bertolucci has done is to use the themes of pornography while throwing out the asinine fantasy element. His lovers are excited by the degradation of their affair, by its resemblance to porno fantasy, but they feel the pain and madness of it, too, and soon pornography gives way to the complications of life. Brando starts out as a Sadean hero, a lecturing satanist who demands of his sexual captive that she renounce love and family at the same time that he is sodomizing her, but by the end he has fallen in love and asks for her affection. And while Maria Schneider begins as the passive ninny-heroine of pornographic fiction and movies, adoring the man who defiles her, she quickly realizes she will be destroyed by this half-cracked American, and she walks out on him. The film is virtually a demonstration of the emotional and expressive inadequacies of pornography, and it may be hated in some quarters for that very reason. *Deep Throat* is comparatively easy to take, but the mutual humiliations of *Last Tango in Paris* make us shudder.

If people can discard all the nonsense they've heard about the movie, it could provide one of the strongest moviegoing experiences in recent years.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

NOBEL LECTURE

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.00
(cloth); \$1.00 (paper); bilingual edition

The response by the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature has assumed more significance in the last twenty-five years as nations have grown closer, more vulnerable, and more worried. The most profound utterance by an American was that of William Faulkner in 1949, when the development of the hydrogen bomb had submerged people everywhere in the depths of fearful thinking. "Our tragedy today," Faulkner said, "is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it," and he went on to denounce the pervasive influence of fear in our daily living and, more seriously, in our literature. He demanded that writers return to their rightful concern, "the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself," and he concluded with those brave words: "I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail."

The most eloquent response in the long history of the Prizes was written by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the 1970 Prize winner, after his expulsion from the Moscow Writers Union, written, not spoken, because he dared not attend the ceremony in Stockholm for fear that he would be denied reentry to his native land. He begins by considering Art and how in our self-confidence we seek to re-form it today; then he turns to his master: "Dostoevsky," he writes, "once enigmatically let drop the phrase: 'Beauty will save the world.' What does this mean? For a long time I thought it merely a phrase. Was such a thing possible? When in our bloodthirsty history did beauty ever save anyone from anything? Ennobled, elevated, yes; but whom has it saved?" At that point, as if over the strings and woodwinds of a great orchestra, Solzhenitsyn states his first theme. "To reach this chair from which the Nobel Lecture is de-

livered—a chair by no means offered to every writer and offered only once in a lifetime—I have mounted not three or four temporary steps but hundreds or even thousands, fixed, steep, covered with ice, out of the dark and the cold where I was fated to survive, but others, perhaps more talented, stronger than I, perished. I myself met but few of them in the Gulag [the state prison-camp] Archipelago, a multitude of scattered island fragments. Indeed, under the millstone of surveillance and mistrust, I did not talk to just any man; of some I only heard; and of others I only guessed. Those with a name in literature who vanished into that abyss are, at least, known; but how many were unrecognized, never once publicly mentioned? And so very few, almost no one ever managed to return. A whole national literature is there, buried without a coffin, without even underwear, naked, a number tagged on its toe. Not for a moment did Russian literature cease, yet from outside it seemed a wasteland. Where a harmonious forest could have grown, there were left, after all the cutting, two or three trees accidentally overlooked." No man living has ever condemned censorship with such feeling.

He expresses his gratitude to the "protective wall put forward by prominent writers of the world" which saved him from worse persecution; to the Norwegian writers who promised him hospitality were he exiled, and to François Mauriac, who, with his colleagues, nominated Solzhenitsyn for the Prize. Then with powerful conviction he moves to his major statement, that literature is no longer a matter of internal affairs: literature, which he calls one of the most sensitive and responsive tools of human existence, "has been the first to pick up, adopt, and assimilate this sense of the growing unity of mankind." Writers and artists can vanquish lies, and without lying, naked violence cannot survive. One must read Solzhenitsyn's lecture to feel the full

force of his argument and the fortitude which prompted it.

HOURLY OF GOLD, HOURLY OF LEAD
by Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$7.95

I well remember how stirred the American people were by Charles Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927. His courtship of and subsequent marriage to Anne Morrow, the daughter of our Ambassador to Mexico, were a reward in keeping. The emergence of this shy, gifted Smith graduate, a poet in being, as his copilot in a flight that broke the transcontinental record and then in more hazardous flights to the Orient by way of Alaska, continued a romance which we followed with vicarious pride in Anne's books, so candid in their description of the fear she conquered, the discipline she learned, the exhilaration she experienced with her husband. "To be deeply in love," she writes in her introduction to this volume, "is, of course, a great liberating force. . . . The loved one is the liberator." With Charles at her side Anne developed a new confidence. "I always feel like standing up straight when he is behind me." But she too was the liberator, bringing him into the expansive warmth of a devoted, cultivated family, adding to his superb confidence in a technical world her world of poetry and deep feeling. Then came the kidnapping and killing, and in the aftermath it was Anne who became the shield and the solace. Such is the story of happiness, daring, and sorrow revealed in these letters and journals.

How the lovers were hounded! En route from Mexico to Cleveland, Anne wrote, "This morning I woke up to a little boy's voice. He had traveled all night alone. He got off very proudly and his first words to his family were 'Lindbergh's fiancée is on my train!'" Before their marriage, when Charles flew down to see her in Mexico City, their only chance to escape from the crowd was to take a picnic lunch and fly away to some open prairie. On their return from one jaunt, Charles saw that they had lost a wheel on takeoff. He put Anne in the seat behind, braced her with pillows, and told her to open the window so that

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KENNER**

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MORROW

if they rolled over she could get out. He flew the plane back to the airfield and around until the gasoline was exhausted, landed on one wheel, and, when the axle grounded and they flopped, he emerged with a dislocated shoulder, asking the crowd not to take souvenirs.

He would not bring her with him on the long flights until Anne had become a pilot familiar with the radio code. For her, flying "provided time alone, peace to sink down into oneself, to think, to learn poetry." She was equal to any emergency. At Aklavik the self-starter on their sea-plane broke down; Charles had to crank it by hand while she sat in the front cockpit and switched the ignition on and off. Once the engine had started, she had to crawl out and back along the wing into her seat while Charles jumped into the cockpit, all while the plane was taxiing across the water. And when their plane turned over in the treacherous Yangtze and Charles shouted to her to jump, she did so, "thinking calmly as I went under, 'I am jumping up-current and the ship is falling over in that direction. I'll probably get hit.'"

The Lindberghs' sympathy for those who faced the terrific sternness of life at Point Barrow and for the millions who were homeless and starving at Nanking is put with feeling. Her own sense of loss is written in words one can hardly bear to read aloud: "Night—so long to live forgetting that baby—with the picture getting dimmer and dimmer. The ghost of a little boy whom I can't even see in my waking mind. Then, as though something in me denied this, I dreamed heavily about him. Under the crust of consciousness lay another consciousness that held the image of him securely. Only I could not bring it back with me when I woke early in the morning and cursed the birds and could not get to sleep again." This book is an awakening of a gallant, sensitive, and expressive woman.

WELLINGTON: PILLAR OF STATE
by Elizabeth Longford
Harper & Row, \$10.00

In her preceding volume, *Wellington: The Years of the Sword*, Lady Longford described the

growth and the tempering of her Irish-born hero, Arthur Wellesley, from the early campaigns in India which founded his fortune to the five hard years on the Peninsula, where he mastered the tactics that were to destroy Napoleon at Waterloo. As the foremost commander in Europe, adored by his countrymen as only Nelson before him had been, the Duke did what Nelson could never have done: he became the representative of Britain in foreign affairs and the voice of common sense, whose judgment was deferred to in crisis after crisis on the home front. How he did this and at what cost to his home life, how he maintained his freedom of action, and his hold on the men and women who loved him, is the substance of Lady Longford's new book, a volume so lively, so sound, and, thanks to Wellington, so quotable that I read it with every bit as much enjoyment as I did the first.

After Waterloo, the Duke's first concern was for the wounded, his second the destination of Napoleon, who had fled to the South of France and was bargaining unsuccessfully for safe passage to America. With Bonaparte's removal to St. Helena, Wellington addressed himself to the conference table as the spokesman for England and the commander of the Allied Army of Occupation. He accepted the material honors, the £60,000 prize money from Waterloo and the £200,000 grant from Parliament, but not the title, "Prince of Waterloo." He had small use for the restored monarch, Louis XVIII, but much respect for Madame de Staël, who never hesitated to spur him. "You must become the greatest man, not of our time, but of all times," she wrote him, "and give us back France."

In England, Stratfield Saye became the beloved home for his Duchess, the shortsighted, impulsive Kitty, who could not help being jealous of her hero. In his long sojourns in France and in London, the Duke preferred to live apart from her. The truth is he had outgrown Kitty, and, as Lady Longford well says, "the women with whom he could have been happy . . . attracted him by their beauty, wit, grasp of politics and social graces rather than by their domesticity."

That he had his loves is certain, but he walked a tightrope. The scandal sheets prattled, there were libel suits, and more often than not damages were paid.

The history of British politics is not everyone's meat, but what keeps one threading one's way through the alarms and excursions is Wellington's response to tumult. His most fervent admirers, as the biographer points out, had agreed that he was totally lacking in political imagination: "Battlefield imagination, yes; it was his forte. A favourite carriage-game often played with Croker as they bowled along the English roads together was to guess what kind of terrain lay 'on the other side of the hill.'" But his conservatism was set by the time he entered political life and when he became the target of the Radical revolutionaries he had to barricade himself in Apsley House. It was his pressure which brought about the police force—the bobbies, named after Robert Peel—to take over the protection formerly provided by the Guards; and it was his common sense, in or out of the Cabinet, which often resulted in the moderate compromise. In this full-length portrait the reader is captivated by Wellington's integrity, his capacity for the telling phrase, his ludicrous tendency to put buckshot in his friends rather than in the grouse, his relations with his two sons, his outbursts against Kitty, his half-concealed friendships with the most attractive women of his day.

SURFACING

by Margaret Atwood
Simon and Schuster, \$6.95

Margaret Atwood is a Canadian poet, one of the best, and this is a poet's novel. The story takes place on an island two miles long in the wilderness of northern Quebec, on the last rim of marginal civilization. Miss Atwood's sense of the place, of the lake in its various moods, of the animal life retreating before the intruder, is beautifully conveyed. In the most intense passages of the book her writing reminds me of Iris Murdoch.

To the abandoned cabin on the island come two young couples from Toronto, guided there by the heroine, whose father is missing and

presumed dead. She knows what a recluse he had been; this was her home before her mother's death, and she must find him if he still lives. She brings with her for companionship's sake Joe, her lover, and their friends David and Anna, a married couple who have never experienced the wilderness before.

It is fashionable these days to write about the inept, the rejected, and these four characters of Miss Atwood's—only one of them, David, over thirty—certainly qualify. The reaction of three of them to the raw, silent North is predictable; in their cheap way they are bewildered and derisive. It is the heroine who does all the cooking, keeps them afloat, cleans the fish, and, using every pretext, begins to search for her missing father. The cabin is as he left it, well provisioned; his maps, his books, his drawings in place, even the photograph albums which tell of her rude schooling and unhappy girlhood in this remote spot. Her past reawakens her: her suppressed admiration for her botanist father, with his woodlore and his craving for isolation; her pity for her ailing mother, her anger at the persecution she received from the French Canadian children, her mother's driving away of the bear that had been ravaging their supplies—all this is vital and in sharp contrast to the zany photography and amorous dawdling of her companions.

But when she took refuge in the city after her mother's death, the heroine entered a long cold corridor: her abortion, her broken marriage, her shallow work as an illustrator brought her to dead center. But in retracing this deadening progression the novelist jeopardizes first our sympathy for, and then our interest in, the character who alone is holding up the tent of the entire narration.

There are, as I have said, passages of fine writing in this book, and scenes of considerable power, such as the diving under the cliff and the discovery of the dead heron, identification of sensibilities in this North country which I believe to be true. I think it a pity that at the end, when she hides and strips herself for a fresh start, the heroine's behavior and her future with Joe are so hard to believe.

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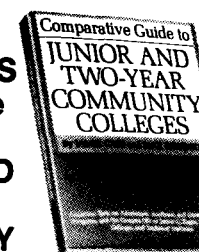
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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE HAWK IS DYING by Harry Crews. Knopf, \$5.95. George, the hero of Mr. Crews's fine new novel, is a man who has never had any fun in his life. At forty, he finds himself afflicted with a successful business, an expensive house, a sister who has been weeping and whining ever since her husband ran away, an idiot nephew, and a scruffy juvenile mistress. To distract his mind from this accumulation of nuisances, George takes up falconry. It is an improbable diversion for a manufacturer of car seat covers, one which requires reading, historical understanding, and imagination, things that George has never had time to practice. He proves to have a talent for all of them. His family and staff think he has gone mad, and the resulting misunderstandings produce a bizarre mixture of tragedy and farce. The events of this novel are hardly realistic in the usual sense, but the book becomes immensely convincing because the underlying pattern of desperation over wasted time and neglected abilities is real and recognizable.

ESCAPE FROM THE SHADOWS by Robin Maugham. McGraw-Hill, \$10.00. The shadows are cast by Uncle Willie (W. Somerset), who did not want another writer in the tribe, and the author's father, a man who makes Papa Barrett seem positively lovable. Mr. Maugham became a writer despite these two ogres plus the complications of homosexuality, injury in the desert campaign against Rommel, and an erratic alter ego called Tommy. There have been a number of homosexual autobiographies lately. Mr. Maugham's is by far the most interesting, with a cast that includes Glubb Pasha and Churchill and a parade of London literati. It is also exceptionally revealing while remaining exceptionally discreet.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO GET ALARMED ABOUT by Charles Wright. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95. The author of two tough,

striking novels, *The Messenger* and *The Wig*, Mr. Wright has now published a sort of journal, sketches of the ghetto and gutter New York from which he collects the material of his fiction. In fact, being black, he lives with his material, bang in the middle of it and in constant danger of being submerged. He describes his own troubles with grim humor and peripheral disasters with unsentimental sympathy, miraculously remaining intelligent and humane in a situation where there is everything to get alarmed about.

THE DIGGER'S GAME by George V. Higgins. Knopf, \$5.95. The game lands the Digger hideously in debt to the syndicate, and leads to the double, triple, and finally quadruple cross. The author of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* has done it again.

NO NEUTRAL GROUND by Joel Carlson. Crowell, \$8.95. Memoirs of a South African lawyer who worked hard for decent treatment of the country's black population until he was hounded into exile. The distinction of Mr. Carlson's book lies in his inside view of the conspiratorial system by which South African law is distorted to deprive blacks of even those few rights which that law provides them. The book is not, however, full of legal technicalities. Mr. Carlson writes clearly and vividly. His story is thoroughly readable.

MACAULAY by John Clive. Knopf, \$15.00. In addition to writing *Lays of Ancient Rome*, Thomas Babington Macaulay was a highly influential politician and historian; he was also the man sent out to India to contrive a system of education and law, fragments of which still endure. Professor Clive's well-written study, which ends with Macaulay's return from India, undertakes to explain the shaping of Macaulay's ideas and the directions which his energies took. It is, therefore, as much a history of pre-Victorian social and political thought and action as it is of Macaulay himself.

THE WHITE ISLAND by John Lister-Kaye. Dutton, \$6.95. Mr. Lister-Kaye undertook to help Gavin Maxwell, author of *Ring of Bright Water*, write a book on British wild

mammals and incidentally set up a zoo for the same on a small island in the Inner Hebrides. Maxwell's death ended both projects. His colleague records all the memories, sad and funny, of a season with the beasts and the boats and the melodramatic island weather.

A CHINA PASSAGE by John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95. Professor Galbraith's journal of his recent visit to China is short, amusing, and unpretentious. He clearly enjoyed the trip and admired most of what he saw while remaining well aware that much was not being shown, a condition that has caused him to present his conclusions about the Chinese economy with uncharacteristic diffidence.

YOUNG WINSTON'S WARS edited by Frederick Woods. Viking, \$8.95. Between 1897 and 1900, Winston Churchill was a war correspondent working on the Afghan frontier, with Kitchener at Khartoum, and in South Africa, where he was captured by the Boers and impudently escaped. This carefully annotated collection of his reports will be useful to anyone seriously interested either in Churchill's career or in Britain's colonial wars. Less specialized readers will notice that while Churchill was good at describing action, he was equally good at filling space with patriotic tub-thumpings.

X-RAYING THE PHARAOHS by James E. Harris and Kent R. Weeks. Scribner's, \$10.00. That is exactly what they did—X-rayed a number of mummies and discovered facts that could not otherwise be obtained without destroying the subjects. Some of the information, involving ages and identities, is potentially very important; some of it, like the prevalence of buckteeth in the royal house, amusingly incongruous. Notes, index, pedigrees, and illustrations which non-Egyptian buffs may find macabre.

FAIRY TALE by Erich Segal. Harper & Row, \$4.95. *Love Story* must have some merit—so many readers loved it. No one would suspect, after gagging on this piece of tripe, that the author's previous career went beyond rejection slips from the East Overshoe High School *Leak*.

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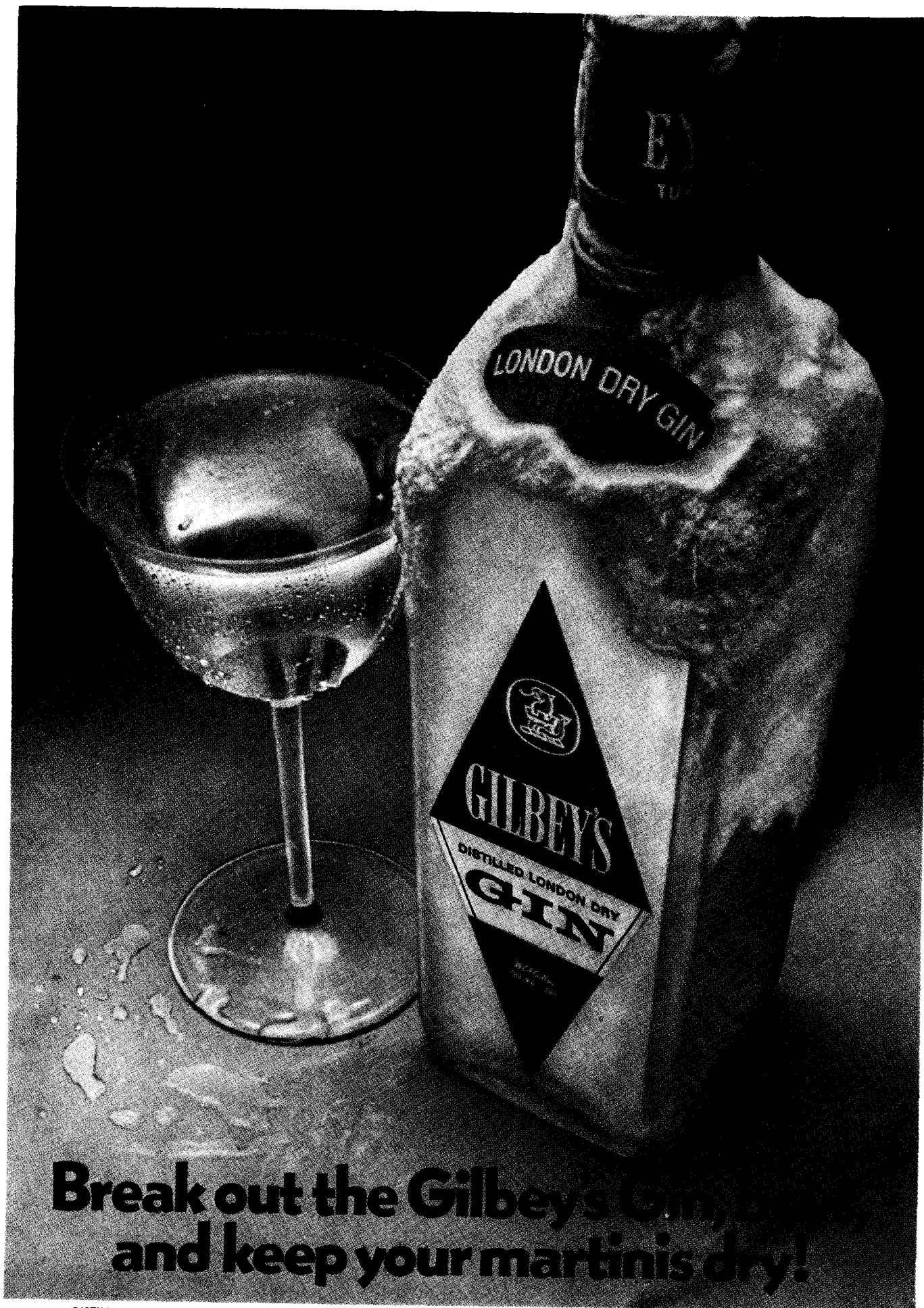
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